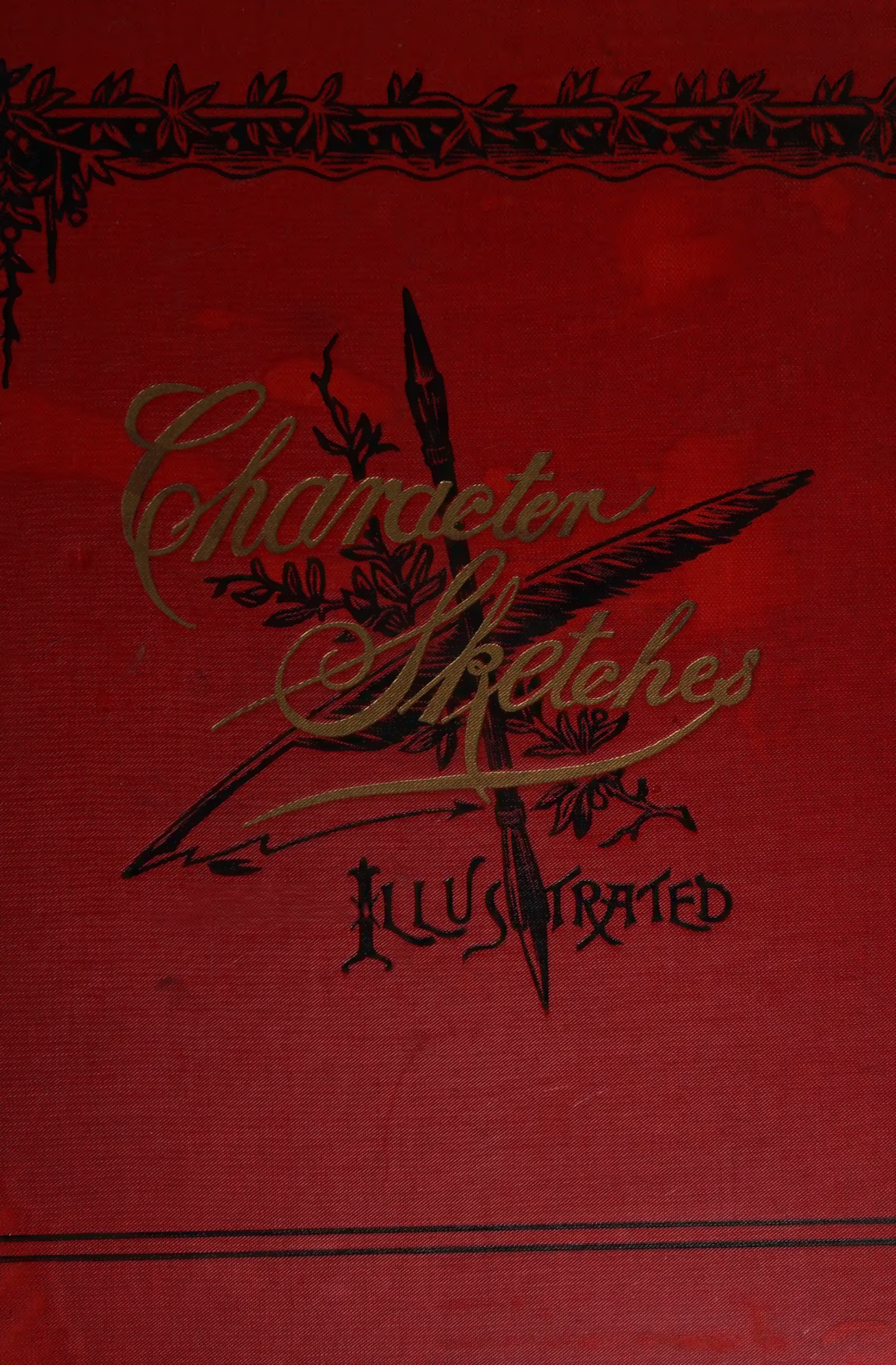
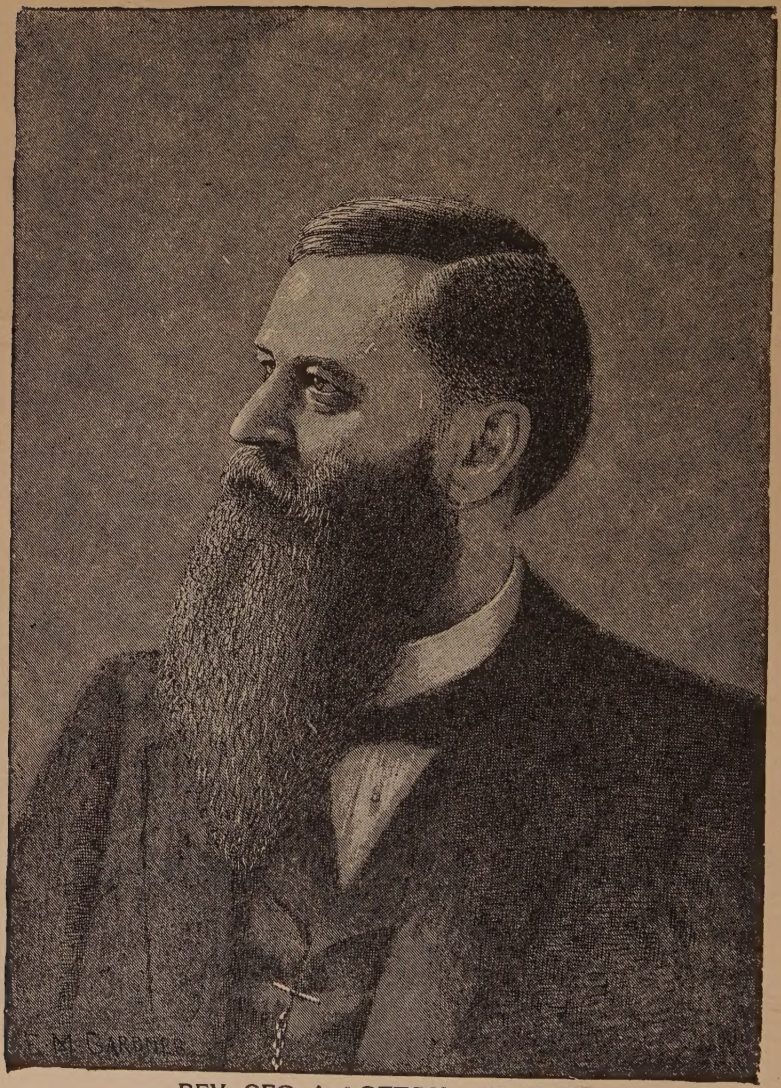

Character Sketches
ILLUSTRATED

Mrs. C. S. Gurney



REV. GEO. A. LOFTON, A.M., D.D.

CHARACTER SKETCHES

OR,

THE BLACKBOARD MIRROR.

A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED DISCUSSIONS, DEPICTING THOSE PECULIARITIES OF CHARACTER WHICH CONTRIBUTE TO THE RIDICULE AND FAILURE, OR TO THE DIGNITY AND SUCCESS, OF MANKIND.

ALSO

A NUMBER OF MORAL, PRACTICAL, AND RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS PRESENTED IN AN ENTIRELY NEW AND STRIKING MANNER, ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER FIFTY ENGRAVINGS FROM THE ORIGINAL

BLACKBOARD DRAWINGS

BY GEORGE A. LOFTON, A.M., D.D

O wad some power the Giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.—*Burns.*

THE SOUTHWESTERN CO.
PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS
NASHVILLE, TENN.

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DEDICATION

TO MY FELLOW-BEINGS, OLD OR YOUNG, AFFLICTED WITH THE SINS, VANITIES, OR MISFORTUNES OF LIFE; STRUGGLING AGAINST THE TRIALS, CONFLICTS, OR TEMPTATIONS OF THE WORLD; INSPIRED BY THE LOFTIER MOTIVES, PURPOSES, AND HOPES OF TIME AND ETERNITY—

This Volume Is Dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

In presenting this volume to the public we do so believing that it fills a place in literature peculiarly its own, and that wherever it goes it will be read and appreciated by the masses of the people with both pleasure and profit to themselves.

The ancient philosopher wisely enjoined, "Man, know thyself;" and the poet has longingly sung,

"O wad some power the giftie gie us;"

but the man who invented the looking-glass alone gave us the physical means

"To see oursels as *others* see us."

This book is truly a mirror. It flings back upon us the reflections of our own characters and those of our neighbors, uncovered and standing side by side, with a vividness of revelation and a truth of comparison that must help one to correct his own faults and exercise a greater charity toward his unfortunate fellows.

The subject-matter and illustrations of the work compose a series of forty-one character sketches and other illustrated lectures or blackboard talks delivered recently by Rev. G. A. Lofton before crowded assemblies on Sunday afternoons. Though delivered weekly in the same building, they created a genuine sensation which lasted for a full year, with increasing intensity from beginning to close. The method employed was but the lever in the master-hand, which, resting upon the fulcrum of truth, delighted, while it

raised the masses to a higher plane of observation, thought, and knowledge on vital subjects. He chose this method of caricaturing and exposing error and teaching practical moral and religious truths for the benefit of his own congregation, without any expectation of attracting the general public or making a book. But from the delivery of the first lecture "his fame went abroad," and the people, old and young, of all sects and creeds, thronged to hear him, so that the large auditorium was seldom adequate to seat the crowds that came.

The pictures, we are requested by the author to say, are intended to convey the idea, interpret the thought, or illustrate the character, extreme or peculiar as it may be; hence he has executed them with a free hand under the full license of the caricaturist's art, without reference to strict rules of anatomical or mathematical precision. They were all drawn in colored crayon on a large blackboard to illustrate the lectures. These drawings were photographed and engraved for the book. The author not only made the drawing, but, with the exception of two Bible scenes and "*Delirium Tremens*," conceived and designed them to fit the character or thought he desired to portray.

It is seldom we find predominating in the same individual the native genius of the *orator* and the *author* who can *tell* or *write*, coupled with that of the *artist* who can *paint* his own ideal conceptions, thus conveying through the double senses the double impression which can never be forgotten. Such a combination, however, we have in the author of this work. He is an educated gentleman, an eminent minister, a devoted pastor, and a profound, practical thinker. From

his youth he has been a close observer of every thing around him, and the reader has in this volume the result of accumulated years of observation from many stand-points of life. On the farm, in the school-room, in business circles, on the battle-field, around the camp-fire, from the pulpit, and in the rounds of pastoral visitations his keen perceptives have caught and made a moral diagnosis of every idiosyncrasy and peculiarity of character passing before him, and with his wonderful scalpel of caricaturing art he has dissected them before the world.

The work enjoys the distinction of being original, both in matter and method. It treats practical, every-day subjects, as well as moral and religious truths, in a manner that is new, unique, and attractive to the reader, young or old. Unlike most other works of a moral purport, it avoids the stilted and Puritanic manner of expression so commonly used, and, on the contrary, is brimful of sparkling wit, diverting humor, and entertaining anecdotes.

While the author is a Baptist minister, the book is strictly *non-sectarian*, the discussion of doctrinal differences being entirely without the scope of this work. For further substantiation of this fact, and indorsement of the work in general, we beg to refer the reader to the following "Introduction," by Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, for a long time the gifted editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, and now one of the distinguished bishops of the Methodist Church.

THE PUBLISHERS.

A WORD WITH THE READER.

THE genius for caricature is inborn and inerad cable with some persons. It is God-given, and, like every other natural endowment, it is bestowed for a good purpose. Like every other good thing, it may be perverted to evil uses. Wit is the ally of truth as well as the weapon of wickedness. Humor has its rightful place in human speech and in literature just as truly as pathos, and they are usually found close together; the risible muscles and the lachrymal glands almost touch in the human organism. Many of the greatest preachers possess wit and humor in a high degree. The sparkling and caustic wit of Robert South has brought down his sermons from the seventeenth century to this day. He was the master of polished sarcasm, impaling an absurdity on the point of an antithesis with a skill never surpassed. Spurgeon's wit is no small element of the popularity which makes him the first preacher of his generation. Beecher's wit was irrepressible and brilliant, and did much toward making the Plymouth pulpit in Brooklyn so irresistibly attractive to crowded and cultured audiences for so many decades. The same quality is found in Talmage in connection with his astonishing powers as a word-painter. The wit of the unique and indescribable Sam Jones has shaken

the sides of a continent. Even the stately grandeur of the great Robert Hall is relieved by flashes of satire that are like sunshine tinting mountain-peaks. Other great preachers could be named whose preaching would have been better and whose too rigid theology might have been softened by a little of the humor that makes all the world kin. The Bible itself is not wholly destitute of satire; it flames out with terrific power in the contest of Elijah with the prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel. On rare occasions, from the lips even of the loving Jesus, issued words of withering sarcasm in dealing with the hypocrites of his day.

Caricature has always been a favorite weapon of infidelity. The devil himself is an inveterate caricaturist. If he cannot arrest or destroy a good thing, he will caricature it. He caricatured the miracles of Moses in Egypt. The lying spirits of the Old Testament caricatured the true prophets of the Lord, and in the New Testament we are warned to try the spirits by certain infallible tests, lest we believe a lie and come into condemnation.

It is a good thing to wrest this effective weapon from the hand of the enemy, and wield it for truth and righteousness. The funny pictures no more belong to Satan than the good tunes. The error that evades an argument may be punctured by ridicule. The weakness that resists persuasion may yield to shame.

Such is the opinion and aim of the author of this

work, upon whom God has bestowed the gift of the caricaturist. Some years ago he discovered that he possessed an aptitude in this direction, and began to illustrate his lectures by blackboard drawings that served greatly to enhance their interest and value. The expressions of approval from large and delighted audiences, and other evidences of the popularity of this method of teaching and impressing spiritual and ethical truth, led him to think that these lectures might, through the printing-press, reach still larger audiences and do still greater good. Thus encouraged, by the advice of friends, and hoping to speak to the minds and hearts of many who will never hear his living voice, he has prepared this volume for the press. This is a worthy aspiration, and its fulfillment will be a rich reward for the labor and pains expended by our brother in its preparation.

The book is not sectarian, partisan, or personal. It deals with prevalent follies and weaknesses of men and women, both in and out of the Church, in a way that is pointed but not bitter, plain without harshness, with the touch of satire *minus* the virus of malice or cynicism. It will be read with avidity. The pictures will strike the eye, while the text will engage the thought of all sorts of readers. Every member of the family will find something here to instruct and to entertain. The illustrations will rivet attention, and the letter-press will reward that attention with lessons that will be a safeguard against folly and an incentive to goodness.

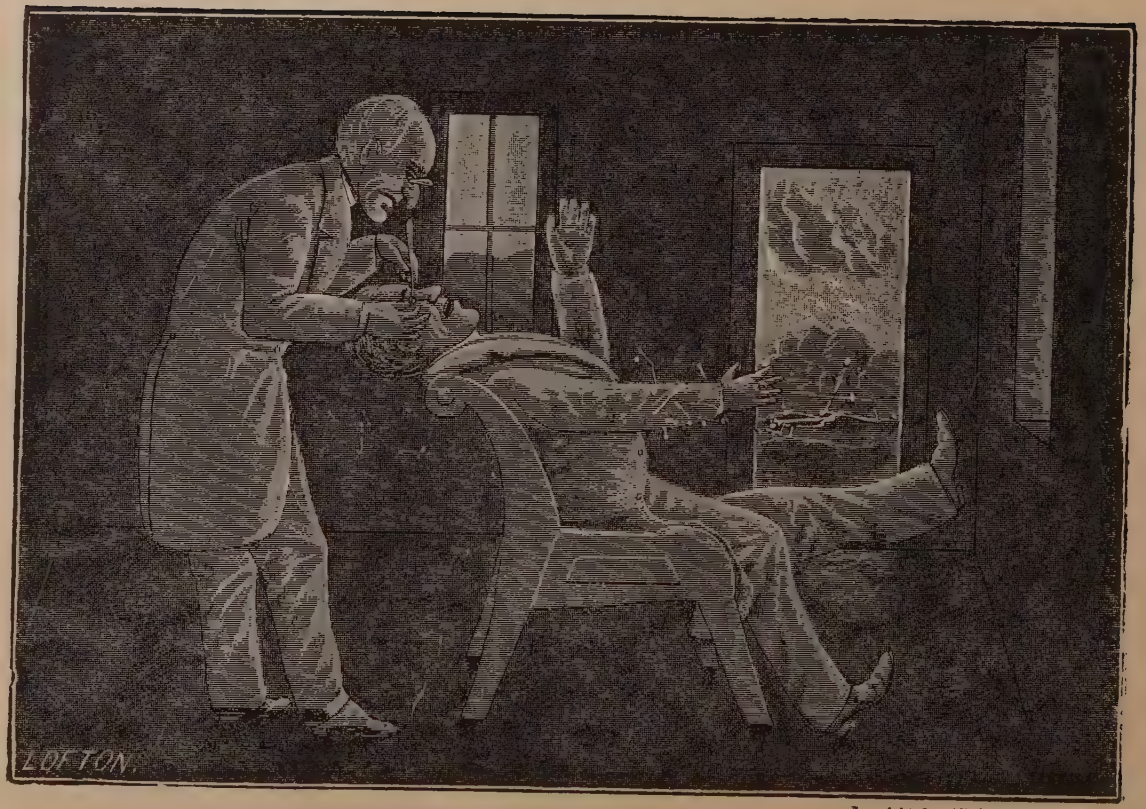
Wishing well to every well-meant effort to use the press for the advancement of truth, the repression of error, and the promotion of the welfare of humanity, I have examined these lectures with friendly care, and commend them to the kindly consideration of the reading public. Their author, the Rev. G. A. Lofton, D.D., is my neighbor and fellow-worker in the city of Nashville, where he is serving his Lord as the popular and successful pastor of the Central Baptist Church. I cordially commend this product of his genius to the blessing of God and the good-will of all who shall read these introductory words.

O. P. FITZGERALD.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Mote-hunter	15
Stick to Your Bush	22
Pick Yourself Up	33
Church Asses	40
Killing Time—Time Killing You	50
Rock of Ages	65
Slander	75
Kindness and Cruelty	85
Rip Van Winkle	95
Whipping the Devil around the Stump	102
On the Fence	113
Two Masters	120
The Perfect Model	130
Delirium Tremens	140
The Lightning-bug Convention	151
Pot Calling Kettle Black	163
Sowing and Reaping Wild Oats	173
Profanity	185
The Sulks	194
The Devil's Sifter	207
Hard-shells	217
Jealousy	229
The Law and the Gospel	239
Bed too Short, Blanket too Narrow	248

PAGE
The Drunkard's Last Offering 258
The Two Ways 268
The Professional Liar 279
Power of Temptation 289
The Five Asinines 299
Strain Out a Gnat, Swallow a Camel 308
The Little Foxes 321
A Fight with Conscience 331
Church Crutches 346
The Crook and the Crank 359
Shimei Throwing Stones 369
Fast Young Man Treed 379
House on a Rock 386
Big "I" and Little "You" 397
The Devil a-fishing 409
Little and Big End of Life's Horn 419
Beauty a Duty 432



THE MOTE-HUNTER

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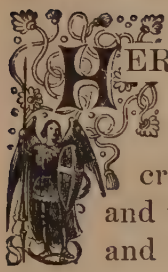
THE MOTE-HUNTER.



HERE we behold a picture of optical surgery at the hands of a hypocrite. It was one of the sins of infinitesimal iniquity, of microscopic turpitude, among the Pharisees; and this species of Pharisaism has an abundant and luxuriant reproduction in this and every other age. "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." This is the preceptive portrait which Jesus drew of this species of hypocrisy; and the picture I have drawn as an illustration of it shows an old, hump-backed, long-faced, crooked-nosed hypocrite complacently and cruelly picking a mote out of his neighbor's eye, while a beam protrudes visibly from his own. He is giving his victim all the pain he can, and the poor fellow undergoes about the same torture that a person does when he gets a railroad cinder extracted by the optician, after having been made to feel the misery of the same for about three days. The hypocrite takes particular

pains to make us keenly sensible of the mote in our eye long before he would extract it; and when he goes to take it out he puts his instrument into the very socket of your eye. If you notice, he is left-handed in the operation; and I want to lay down the proverb: *The mote-hunter always goes for your eye with his sinister hand.* He is both mean and awkward about it, and he aims to hurt you all he can.

The mote-hunter is by far the most microscopic of all the animalcule species. He is always in a small business, expecting to produce big results. His capital consists in mites, and he has the refined and exquisite faculty of producing more to the amount invested than any other man engaged in the business of meanness. He is narrow between his sunken eyes; his forehead is deep, contracted, and sloping; his nose is long and crooked; his chin turns up to meet its aquiline brother; his jaws are hollow, and his cheek-bones prominent; his lips are thin, and his mouth is meretricious. He is a little man, and he deals in little things; and, being a hypocrite, he never troubles about big things in others, however big or monstrous his own sins. His proclivities are such that no lions ever lie in his path; but he hunts bugs and kills insects. He would stand and stamp the life out of chigoes for an hour at a time. Elephants, tigers, hyenas, these never seem to occur to his weasel-intellect; and condors, eagles, buzzards, they never fly in the atmosphere of his contracted brain. His name is little Tomtit, Titmouse, Titcomb; and, being a hypocrite, he hunts among the grass, not for worms and grasshoppers, but for invisible insects. He could not swallow a June-bug at all, and an ordinary house-fly would choke him to death. He is a "small potato."

and rotten at that; and there is no language which can properly caricature his littleness and meanness.

In business this old hypocrite is a "skinflint," and, as it is quaintly and vulgarly expressed, "he would skin a flea for his hide and tallow." He is "penny wise and pound foolish;" and he deals in coppers and petty cash accounts alone. No trust nor confidence does he repose in his fellow-man, especially in small things; and he never has any thing big to deal in. He treats God in the same way he treats his fellow-man in business, if he is in the Church—and he almost always is—and when he gives, he peels off the ragged ten-cent bill from his little roll, or puts in the nickel with a hole in it, palmed off upon him by somebody at last, after twenty years' effort to cheat him. He claims that all he has belongs to God, but that he must take care of the Lord's money; and hence he can stand with unabashed countenance and emotional indifference before the broad charity and generous liberality of others. He spits in the fire when it consumes the coal too fast, and his economy would steal the oats from his own horse. It is said that one such was a deacon-member of a Baptist Church in Tennessee some years ago. He was noted for his pretended piety and for his merciless penuriousness. His pastor had preached a year for his Church, and had received nothing. He arose one Sunday morning, at the close of a sermon, and stated that he was in need of money, food, clothing, and that the Church owed him and did not pay him. The old hypocritical deacon arose in reply, and said: "Go on, pastor, and preach the gospel; and Paul says, 'They that preach the gospel shall live of the gospel.' The Lord will give you souls for your hire." "Yes," said the pastor, "I

know God will give me souls for my hire, and comfort my heart; but I can't eat souls; my family and my horse can't feed on souls; and if we could, it would take about seventy-five souls of your size to make us a breakfast." The stingy old molecule took his seat, and the brethren paid the debt. How many of these little, covetous, stingy hypocrites infest the Churches, like moths that eat through the hive, destroy the honey, and kill the bees!

Again, this old mote-hunter is characteristic in discipline. He is exceedingly cautious about receiving Church-members, especially when they are young. If any man cruelly catechises them, it will be he. With his long face and hypocritical cant, he will examine minutely the candidate for baptism upon all the points of Christian experience, which he closely studies and sacredly guards—that is, in others—and in nine cases out of ten, when he is allowed to examine, he will object to something in the best experience which would be given at the door of the Church. Intellectually keen and technical, he is totally unspiritual, having the confidence of nobody; and yet he is the judge of every man's religion, down to the jots and tittles. In matters of offense against the Church he carries a shot-gun for every trifling infraction—especially against the young people. A parlor dance, an amateur stage-play, a card-party, the circus, or even a play at the social—O these are simply awful! He doesn't mind taking four per cent. a month on money loaned. He counts the grains of coffee when he goes to balance the scales. He is a Shylock for every drop of blood in the pound of flesh which forfeits your promise. He will take any legal shift to avoid a moral obligation. He will rob the widow

and the orphan when defenseless by justice; and he will turn the poor mother and her babe upon the streets if every cent of the rent does not come up at the end of the month. He denounces the saloon and the poor drunkard, but will keep a demijohn of "refreshment" behind the door, with a sprig of snake-root in it in order to claim it for bitters. O yes, he will do all this, and yet he will "fire" the young frolicker out of the Church upon the very first charge of inconsistency. He picks motes out of other people's eyes, but leaves the beam in his own every time.

We find these flaw-pickers amongst every class of people, not only men and women who can intellectually split a hair between the north and the northwest side, but who can see a mosquito on the top of a house, and never see the house itself. We find them among our critical preachers, sometimes, who skin you alive for the least defect in preaching or practice; and yet they are totally blind to their own defects, especially their mean and narrow-minded spirit of criticism and censure. There are thousands of people on a broader or more contracted plane who are ever finding fault with other people, when their own sins and failures stick out of their eyes and their lives like great beams of offense. God deliver me from a flaw-picking and a mote-hunting spirit! I would rather be almost any other character in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" than the old man with a "muck-rake," ever looking down, and never looking up. I despise that spirit, especially, which goes through your garden, and, instead of plucking flowers, only picks weeds, hunts bugs, and goes away complaining that it can find nothing beautiful and good. How many people go to God's apple-tree, full

of luscious fruit, and yet hunt for some diminutive, speckled, shriveled little apple, put it in their pockets, and go off to represent the tree by the specimen plucked, when they could have filled themselves with the best of fruits ever grown. As they do God and religion they do every thing good and glorious. They hunt for the little spots on the sun; and the moon is a fraud because they can see a man in it. A fleecy speck in the clear, blue vault of heaven, with them, spoils the most beautiful day; and if a whole grand character or life is flecked with a scar or a stain never so small, they counterbalance the overshot wheel of overwhelming good and honor by the under-current of little, mean, low criticism and censure. If Spurgeon or Talmage should squint his eye when preaching, it would ruin his eloquence and power; and if one of them should create a smile by a humorous remark, they would never go to hear him again. The old Scotch lady who was so scrupulous about Sabbath observance, to whom was cited the example of the Saviour and his disciples plucking and eating the ears of corn on the Lord's-day, and who replied, "And I never thought any the better of him for it, either," is a case in point.

After all, these flaw-pickers and mote-hunters do us good. They keep us on the watch and the alert, and on the scratch, as do the mosquitoes and fleas and flies. They are always around and about us. Serpents, tigers, and hyenas are more rare, and we can guard against larger and more conspicuous beasts of torture and prey, but you cannot keep out of the way of the little stingers. The mote-hunter is sure to find you and give you a lively time in this world; and, being properly exercised thereby, they work out for us

the peaceable fruits of righteousness. They keep us well trimmed and particular, and in all the little and nicer points of life they contribute largely to etiquette, punctiliousness, and scrupulosity in small as well as in great things. They help considerably to kill off the little foxes which spoil our vines and eat our tender grapes, and for all the good they do us, whatever the absence of good motive, we should be profoundly grateful. The good they do is incidental to their meanness and littleness; but this is the compensation, in God's all-wise and overruling providence, which accrues to those who desire and try to do right in spite of their infirmities. The mote-hunter—the flaw-picker—has a mission. These animalculæ of the microscopic world are our multitudinous and infinitesimal scourges, and if we are improved thereby, we should always thank God, take courage, and go forward to a better conduct of life.

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

SOME boys and girls went into the woods to pick berries; and, as is usual, most of them played about; a few of them picked casually, from bush to bush; one, it is said, stuck to his bush until he got the berries from it, and soon went home with his bucket full. In the picture you see some running around, one lying flat on his back, one dancing, and another standing upon his head; one sitting near the industrious boy looking on, and another leaning against a tree and looking as if he expects to get, without laboring himself, the berries this boy has picked. It is just so with the world. One man labors, and another expects to reap without sowing; while a large number play, or else work in such a desultory and inefficient manner as to accomplish but little. Some sleep, some idle, some watch for others' labor; but life is "a hard road to travel" to the man who does not work, whether he steals or gambles or begs; and the moral of the whole story is that he who sticks to his bush is almost always certain of success. The motto of life is: "Stick to your bush."

Now it is highly important for a man to start right in the world by selecting the right kind of a bush to stick to. Some people stick to a very poor bush.

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(23)

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

some to a very bad one; and hence for some the fruits of life are meager, for others poisonous. We do not want to select a barren tree, nor do we want one that bears evil fruit. In choosing the vocations of life we need to follow that which suits our talents and peculiarities of genius; and if we make a mistake at first, we must search for the right tree until we find it. Many a good farmer has only made a second-class lawyer or doctor; and many a splendid mind has wasted its energies behind the plow-handles—a place, however, where wasted genius has never done any harm. Some men debauch life and talent behind the counter of a bar-room; but this is choosing a bohun-upas beneath which to die yourself, and beneath which you draw others to circle, center, and die. The great point in life is for one to choose what he can best do, and then stick to it until he succeeds; and herein lies a great lesson for teachers, parents, and preachers to learn, since they have so much to do in molding the mind and shaping the destiny of the young. I knew a prominent and wealthy lawyer once, who had a son possessed of a mechanical genius of extraordinary development. He educated his boy in that direction, and finally gave him to an apprenticeship in a machine-shop, where he worked hard for years. That boy is now the master mechanic in one of the great railroad shops of this country, filling an honorable and lucrative position. His father first encouraged him to study law; but the boy's native bent chose the mechanic bush, and his life, perhaps a failure in law, has proved a success and blessing in the direction of native capacity and qualification. Often we make mistakes in choosing the right bush, and as often we see fitful, spasmodic, and unsuccessful lives. Sometimes we see men who

are shifting all the while from bush to bush, never succeeding at any thing— "Jack-at-all-trades, and good for nothing," fulfilling the old proverb that "a rolling stone never gathers any moss."

The great misfortune of this labor-saving age lies in the fact that too many people are hunting professions and soft places who would do infinitely better on the farm or in the machine-shop. The consequence is— in the South especially, where the negro rents and runs and ruins the "old plantation"—our lands are going to rack, with but little exception, while our boys are all going to the city, and as many of the negroes as can get there. The agricultural bush, the most beautiful and essential, is left to wither and perish, whereas a first-class agricultural education would turn many a genius into the channel of its greatest usefulness, and make our sunny land the garden spot of the world. We do pretty well on *guano* at the hands of novices and soil-annihilators; but what a country we could have if we had the universally educated farmer! We shal' have to wait for the German and the live Yankee; while our farmers rent out their beautiful lands to negroes, go a-fishing in spring-time, run little stores, and sit around small towns whittling sticks or running for office. O for a splendid class of farmers educated to scientific toil, and anxious to stick to the agricultural bush! Our country places would spring up from dilapidation; our gullied hills would grow green again with grass and clover; fine cattle would low and graze upon a thousand hills; schoolhouses would dot the land; good country Churches would cease to starve poor preachers; and law and order and culture would refine and develop the old-fashioned country home, as we used to have it. Boys

and girls, more of you stick to the old farm bush and make it grow.

Having found the right bush in life, the great point is to stick to it. Continuity and tenacity—"stickability," as it is vulgarly called—is one of the prime elements of success. A man may possess every other quality and qualification; but, this wanting, the grandest talents and gifts will prove a failure. Genius consists in ability, motive, and will, coupled with energy, zeal, and system; and when such a genius can hold on, hold fast, and hold out, in the proper calling of life, nothing but disease and misfortune can bring failure. Opportunity will never be wanting; for tenacity will always find an opportunity for success in the generous course of time. I remember, twenty years ago, a youth in a certain city who secured a paper-stand in the corner of a post-office front. He had a taste for books and papers; and, in connection with his little stand, he sold pea-nuts, candies, and other trifling articles of merchandise, exercising a rigid economy over his paltry means. In a year or two he had laid up some money, and he rented a small store-house, when he enlarged his business and increased his capital. In a few years more he rented a larger house, and set up a bookstore of grander proportions. It was not long until he owned the store and was doing a flourishing business. He now owns several stores, an opera-house, and a considerable amount of real estate in the city. He stuck to his bush—went in at the little end of life's horn, and he is coming out at the big end, while thousands try to go in at the big end only to come out at the little end. So thousands have done in business; and our greatest men in all the callings and professions

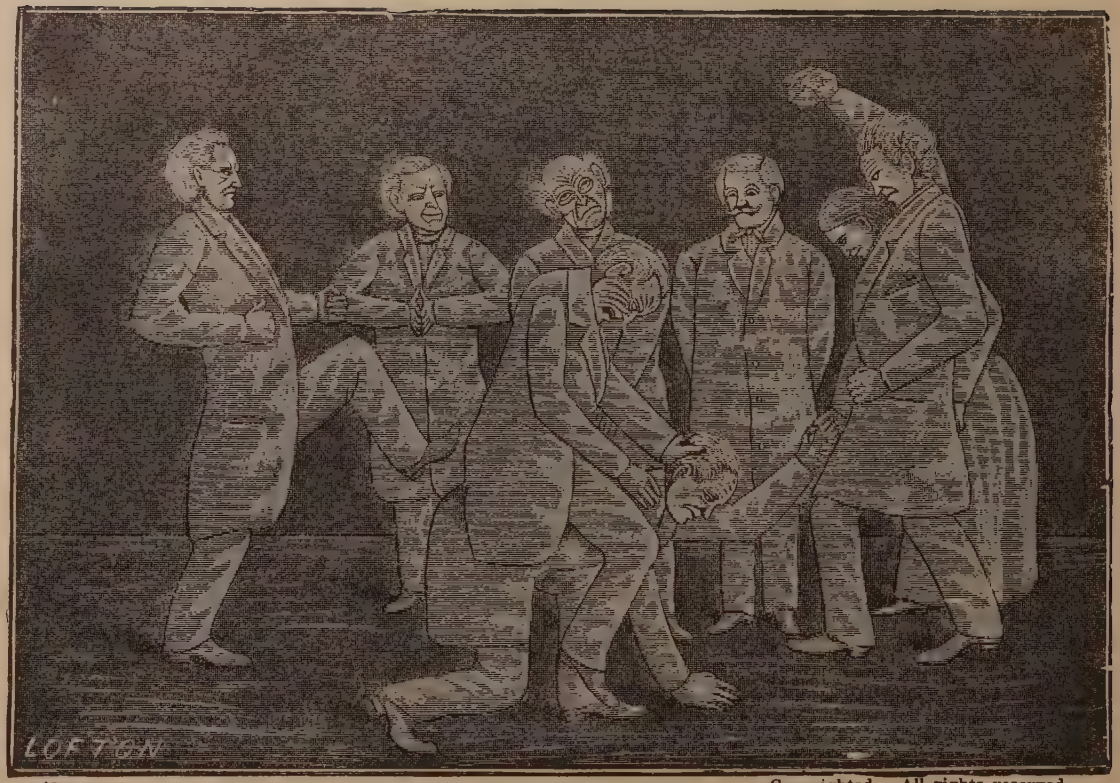
of life to-day are those who chose their bush early, and stuck to it. The Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Stewarts—the millionaires of America—began poor and by littles, and gradually worked their way up to fortune and prominence upon their "one idea" of success; and this is largely the history of the world's enterprise and progress in every land and age.

I knew a young man who studied law by the light of a pine-knot fire at night, working hard upon the farm by day. To be a lawyer was his idea and his ambition, and with the aid of an old practitioner he was at last fitted for admission to the bar. He went to a small town and rented an office of small proportions, with a table and a few books which his scanty means had enabled him to purchase, being also feebly aided by a poor father. He sat in that office for five years before he ever got any thing like an important case; but he stuck to his bush—his books—and thus accumulated capital for future business. An old lawyer friend secured for him a place in a great criminal trial in an adjoining county, and the young man had to walk ten miles and carry his books upon his back in order to attend the trial. His speech was so able and marked for its eloquence and power that he made a reputation at a single leap, and from that time on his practice grew into a lucrative business. He went to the Legislature, the Senate, ran for Congress, and before he died he sat upon the supreme bench of one of our Southern States. This story of struggle and conflict against poverty, obscurity, and adversity is but one of a thousand which illustrates the fact that true manhood and greatness arise from the persistency of a single idea against all odds to successful consummation.

There is no royal path to honor, glory, or wealth at best; and those who have been suddenly or instrumentally lifted to high position seldom maintain it without having been educated to receive it. The only road to great and ultimate success is bedewed with the sweat and tears of patient pertinacity and growth in life's callings. It consists in choosing a good bush and in sticking to it. Let the beginnings be what they may, "stick to your bush."

What is true of the secular callings of life is also true in religion. The faculties of concentrativeness and adhesiveness belong to the moral as well as to the business character of a man. You often see the difference in Sunday-school scholars and Church-members. One is always at his post; another is ever on the pad, in and out, tramping from one school or Church to another, or otherwise pursuing an irregular and unsteady course. You can generally read the future destiny of the man or the woman in these characteristics of boys and girls as illustrated in their tenacious or desultory attachment to the Sunday-school and the Church. If I were hunting for a service boy or watching out for a partner in business or a companion for life, I would as soon go to the Sunday-school and the Church as anywhere else. Here "stickability" sticks out, often contrary to nature itself; and it is not unfrequently here, from both temporal and eternal stand-points, that character and destiny are fixed and made. Some people begin in the Sunday-school in childhood, and they never get out. Converted, they become the most ardent and devoted Church-members; and much depends upon that tenacious disposition which sticks to your bush. There are but few exceptions to the rule; and it is

generally observed that religious life thus begun holds out best in the long run. There are some people who go from Church to Church, not as a matter of conviction, but for the want of settled convictions and fixed purposes; and it may be set down as a fact that such lives are fruitless of any good. A man will do more good by sticking even to some erroneous views in religion than to be hunting for truth always, and never finding it. Some men change from conviction, and stick when changed. They find a better bush perhaps; but it does no good to change too often, much less to be always changing. The best plan is to find a good religious bush to begin with, and then stick to it. Some stick, however, who do no good; but, as a rule, under all circumstances, however erroneous in minor respects a man's position, *sticking* is better than *rolling*. Almost any religious bush is better than no bush; and if a man will take his Bible and follow his convictions, he will not be long in finding a bush to stick to, and, sticking to it, he will fill his basket for eternity.



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PICK YOURSELF UP.

PICK YOURSELF UP.

THE illustration preceding this sketch shows a poor fellow, for any reason, down in the world. He is surrounded by seven characters principally representing the many who oppose and the few who help him. On his back is the bold and outspoken enemy who "sits down upon him." In his front is the man less bold who stands at a distance and throws stones at him. In his rear is the sneak who slips up behind him and kicks him. On the left of him stand three characters —the left-hand of whom is a business man who looks on with cold concern, but who feels that it would not "pay" to help him. On the right of the three is the policy man who politely presses his hands together and concludes that it might not be "popular" to help him. In the midst of the three is the regular old hypocrite, heartless and blind with prejudice, who walls his eyes heavenward and says, "He had no business to get down in the world, to do wrong. Let him stay where he is; he ought to be there;" and while he takes no positive part in keeping him down, except by a cold, philosophical criticism of his sins or errors, he will do nothing to encourage his getting up. In front of the poor fellow a woman, representing true charity, is seen taking him by the hand and helping

him up in the face of all his opposition. The picture represents a man determined to rise, and the following sketch of my lecture on this subject gives a little advice to the point. Several other characters, of minor importance, both opposing and helping the man who is down, might have been represented, but these suffice, in general outline, to show the chief difficulties of a rising man, especially when he is once down.

Nothing is more common than for people to stumble and fall, and it is about as true morally as it is physically. There are but few people in the world who never made a mistake, committed a blunder, nor got a tumble of some kind, even in the plainest path marked out for human conduct. People are often safest in the most dangerous way, because more on their guard. Every boy has stumped his toe, and, not unfrequently, upon the smooth pavement an orange or a banana-peel causes us to slip and bruise our body, if we do not break our back or crack our head. Sometimes these falls are fatal or maim us for life, but generally we get up again, either by ourselves or by the help of others--more or less hurt—and in a little or a great while we are up and out again. So in the business and social affairs of life. He who attempts or risks much—meets the temptations and oppositions of the world—sometimes errs, stumbles, and falls, and, like the physical man, he may fall fatally or get badly hurt or casually bruised. In the ruin of himself, sometimes he gets beyond the possibility of self-reformation, or, in the eyes of mankind, he may be unable to reach restoration to position or honor. In any event, however, if self-ruin has not been wrought, or if our fall is not beyond recovery in the eyes of men, we have the same encouragement that a physically

hard man has to recover; and if we have not committed an unpardonable crime in God's sight, we have the chance and the inspiration to rise to heaven, whether we can recover with our fellow-man or not. He that has never stumbled nor fallen—never erred nor done wrong—has never traveled far nor attempted much; and our case must be an exceedingly bad one not at last to have the general sympathy of mankind in getting upon our feet again if we keep on trying.

When you fall, my friend, pick yourself up. This is a case of ordinary possibility; and in every case of restoration we have one of the sublimest illustrations of manhood. I like the boy who stumps his toe, knocks off the nail, tumbles heels over head, and, without a grunt or a whine, gets up again, grins and bears it, and goes limping on his way. The little fellow that sprawls out and bawls, and waits for his mother to come and pick him up, pet and coddle him till he gets well, is not the fellow to pick himself up and get on his feet, a-going again. It is always a mark of manhood not to fall, if we are doing any thing in the world; but it is often a mark of greater manhood to pick yourself up when down than it is in some people not to tumble at all. Some people deserve but little credit for not falling. Cold-hearted or well balanced, so conditioned or circumstanced in life as never to meet temptation or trial, they never get in the way of a tumble. Some are negative and inert, or never subjected to conflict with the world; and they never "spoil a horn to make a spoon." They never make any spoons; and it is useless to talk about manhood being put to the test in such people. They do not compare, for manhood, with the poor fellow who has been trying to do something in conflict with the world and his own nat-

ure, and, though fallen, has picked himself up and is making a man of himself once more. Perhaps he had a thousand conflicts with himself and with all the powers of seductive evil, of delusive darkness, of which the other man never dreamed. The man who picks himself up and goes on against the double opposition of his own weakness and the world's attempts to crush him, against the friction of habit and of a lost or damaged character, displays a heroic manhood if he rises again to position and honor. But few ever do it, because few ever press to the end the heroic remedy of self-treatment.

It is a sad fact that, in extreme cases, so few of the fallen, or failing, ever pick themselves up. All about us the world is strewn with human wrecks, and no age ever witnessed greater efforts upon the part of charity for human restoration. Thousands fall, and seem to persist in falling, especially in drunkenness, lewdness, and other vices, when, if they would, the world never before offered such chances to rise again. After all, the world admires heroes; and old Time is a wonderful healer and forgetter of the past. He that can himself be inspired to forget the things behind him, and can be made to press for the prizes of the future before him, has a thousand chances of honor and position he imagines are forever lost to him when down in the world. The man struggling to rise in faith and hope always has God on his side; and God and the hero, struggling for restoration and manhood, are a big majority against all opposition. Earth and hell combined cannot battle down such a man or woman. I don't care what such a man or woman may have done, how far or low he or she may have fallen into crime and disgrace, recovery is possible, at least in virtue

and honor, and in the consciousness of rectitude and happiness; and, under God, there is no telling what position such a man or woman may attain to, even among men, if health and life do not forsake them too soon. God's grace is sufficient for the restoration of every wreck of life, willing and determined to be and do something again. Mary Magdalene, the thief on the cross, John B. Gough, and thousands of others have been saved and elevated to honor and position by religion. David picked himself up, under God; and Samson might have done so before the Philistines if he had not lost his eyes, and God had so willed. Millions have picked themselves up, have lived honorable and useful lives before they died, and have gone home shouting to God and to glory, saved and sanctified by grace and grit combined.

I wish to notice two great difficulties in the way of picking yourself up, and which have to be overcome:

1. Our own *weaknesses.* A man once down loses self-confidence and often self-control, and by repeating his falls he continues to weaken all the forces of manhood. Bad habit breaches the fortress of character, and every repetition of vice in the line of bad habit opens wider still the breach, however often repaired. A man may become so discouraged by his own weakness, growing weaker still, that every motive to rise is finally lost. Pride and ambition, hope and resolution, take their flight, and sooner or later the sense of virtue and honor becomes deadened, the strong column of conscience crumbles from under the fabric of character, and the victim of habit loses all the elements of manhood upon which to work for restoration. Often there is nothing left, apparently, for God and religion to work upon. There is a point, therefore, at which the

fallen must stop—a point beyond which to go, and recovery seems impossible. The deadening of the soul's faculties by continued indulgence—the loss of self-confidence and control—added to the consciousness of the world's contempt and abhorrence of us, and a man will soon lose all hope and finally plunge into the vortex of inextricable and irretrievable ruin, as thousands do. Hence the man who would pick up must take his case in time, and, with all the help he can get from God and others, he must go to the work of repairing the breaches of weakness in the fortress of his own character. He must take his case in time, and not wait, as many consumptives do, who go to Florida or Colorado, too late and simply to die.

2. Another difficulty in the way is the uncharitable and the tempting world—to say nothing of the devil himself. A man's enemies, and the cold, uncharitable element of humanity around him, will take pleasure in arraying his past history before him, and his old companions in vice, stronger than himself—and the very agents of the devil for ruin—will seek to draw him back to the horrible pit and the miry clay. The Puritanic and the Pharisaic will scowl him into hell itself, if possible—thrust him into obscurity, at best, and tell him, if he does reform or rise, he must keep a back seat the balance of his life. Such people never pick anybody up, never help anybody but themselves and their own. Upon the whole, however, the majority of the world is more charitable than we think, and a man trying to rise will have just about enough to help him pull his kite-string, while there will be plenty enough to create a breeze of opposition sufficient to make it rise, if he will keep on pulling the string. This is just about as it should be, for a

man needs enough opposition to rise up successfully, appreciate his fall, and stay picked up when he gets up. It would not do to get up too easily, else he would not stay up, and the harder the fight he has in getting up, if he stays up, the better for him. It would be all the better for him if he could fight it out all unaided and alone. He would then be better able to stand and to become all the more useful and eminent if he turned his talents and energies, thoroughly educated by sad experience, into the channels of God's glory; and let me conclude by saying that no one upon earth is so capable of doing his fellow-man good as a thoroughly and permanently reformed man or woman. They know themselves, and they know the world better than any other class of people; and if they will only turn their experience into the gold of other's good, they may rapidly lay up treasure in heaven as no other class of people can do. Unfortunate men and women, pick yourselves up. There is a chance for you all, if you have not fallen too hard and killed yourself in the utter loss of your moral and intellectual strength. Ordinarily, there is a bright and glorious future for every fallen and failing victim of vice or misfortune determined to rise up and live again. The world always kicks a fellow when he is down. It loves to wallow him in the mud; but the world always shouts applause, at last, to the man who rises and returns the compliment by wallowing it in the mud. Don't be so much afraid of the world as of yourself, and be sure that God is on your side if you only trust him. Nobody can hurt a man half so badly as himself, and nobody can help a man when hurt half so effectively as himself. Pick *yourself* up.

CHURCH ASSES.

BEFORE proceeding to discuss my subject let me explain the blackboard picture which I have drawn for the occasion. The scene is a church audience, before which a minister is trying to preach the gospel of the Son of God. This audience is seated before him, and in the main trying to listen to his discourse. You will observe, however, that there are quite a number of disturbers sprinkled through the assembly of the saints. These disturbers are distinguished by asinine heads, the only true mark of a church disturber. On the front row you observe one looking back and passing a note to another on the second row, who is scribbling a note in a hymn-book. At both ends of the third row you see a couple of "gabblers," who represent the "braying ass and the laughing jenny," seen upon almost every occasion in the house of God. At the farther end of the fourth and fifth rows you observe two engaged in backward and forward conversation across the pews, in so bold and boisterous a style as not only to disturb those around them, but as to indicate that they regard themselves as the only personages of importance in the congregation. Near the center of the sixth row there is a greenhorn of a donkey who is looking behind him at the congregation in his rear. On the last

(41)

CHURCH ASSES.

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row you behold a courting couple in sweet converse—"billing and cooing" during the sermon, and cannot wait one hour for a better opportunity. In the rear is a dude coming late and one going out, displaying their handsomeness before the people as they walk up and down the aisles—usually, but not always, accompanied by a "dudine." At the door you discover two "fiends" asinine peeping in upon the audience, and waiting for the close of the service to gaze upon the girls as they pass out, show off their red neck-ties and stove-pipes, get up a flirtation, and "make a mash." The one farthest outside is smoking a cigarette, the fumes of which he occasionally whiffs into the door of the church. At the windows of the church you behold the peeping ass, several of which are peering into the audience, attracting attention instead of coming in and respectfully taking a seat and listening to the sermon like gentlemen. All this is a scene which may, in whole or in part, be witnessed in many places and sections of our country.

Now I do not mean that any of you who sit before me this afternoon belong to this long-eared confraternity. You are *all* refined and well-behaved boys and girls, young gentlemen and ladies, as well as old. So you need not think me personal. A perfect type of Balaam's saddle-horse could not now be found, I suppose, in my audience; and the purpose of this lecture is to put you upon your guard, so that you may always recognize this *beast* at church, and so to become disgusted that you may never imitate his example, but shun his company and despise his character. Moreover, the lecture will aid you, should you ever so forget yourself in the house of God as to imitate the conduct of this animal, to recognize, upon reflection, *yourself*. I want my picture

to be a kind of looking-glass for the future. The caricature does not fit any other animal so well as the ass, which is only a simple, long-eared, leather-headed beast. He never means any great harm by what he does, unless you irritate him to kick, or pull against his stubbornness. He brays and plays the fool generally, for the want of sense. Those who by misbehavior disturb worship in God's house are generally "lacking in the upper story." They are frivolous and light-minded creatures who sometimes have very good hearts. Sometimes they have sensibilities enough to be sorry upon reflection, when they have brains enough to be convinced of wrong. I have seen some such; and really there are only a few mean enough to misbehave in God's house from vicious motives. A sap-head, not a bad heart, is usually the cause, and the church ass is rather to be pitied than despised. A man is less responsible for an empty head than for a bad heart. Nevertheless, for stupidity and folly, punishment of some kind is the only corrective of the ass, as of any other animal. He has to be beaten with many stripes, although to him much has not been given.

My friends, there are many ways in which this unfortunate animal displays himself to disadvantage. Let me now analyze his church performances, which make men ashamed and which make angels blush.

1. It is quite asinine to turn your head and look behind you while seated in church. Refined people never do it; and refined people do not like to have people turn and stare at them while sitting behind you, or when coming in. Occasionally an ass comes in just to be seen, as only asses do; but while staring at such would not hurt the ass, it would hurt you. However, it would be an unjust encouragement to asinine

vanity, and it would be disrespect to the minister as well as the violation of general propriety. Always keep your head erect and square to the front. It is good manners, the evidence of good breeding. Otherwise you become the laughing-stock of cultivated people.

2. Another asinine performance consists in coming in and going out during service. Never go to church if you cannot stay when you go. I have seen a young man come in and go out two or three times during the same service. He was perhaps looking for somebody, or else he was without motive or aim in visiting the house of God. In either event he shows a worthless object or an undecided character, and he makes himself a nuisance to those who observe his conduct. Such a man demonstrates that he would make a poor Church-member and a failure in business. He cannot "stick to his bush." Regular or irregular church-going, as shown in another lecture, is an indication of character; and when you repeatedly go into church and don't stick, it is the signal-pointer of an indifferent man or woman. Go in and stick, and it will do you good in yourself, and give others a good opinion of your stability.

3. Another asinine performance consists in standing about the church doors, laughing and talking aloud, smoking cigars or squirting tobacco-juice, or peeping in upon the congregation to see who are there. Such disturbance is a great annoyance to both preacher and people. Often in winter-time these disturbers of God's house open the door a dozen times or more, letting in the cold air upon the congregation. The peeping ass outside is well-nigh as great a bore as the talking ass inside.

4. Among the worst of asinine performances is

that of laughing and talking in the pews during service. Sometimes it occurs between donkeys of the same gender, oftener between donkeys of a different sex; but whosoever is guilty of it creates the most serious disturbance to the minister and his congregation. The Indians and Hottentots are said to be very respectful at church service. Jews and Catholics are solemn and silent in their houses of worship. A heathen would not think of desecrating the house of his god. I have often preached to negroes, and I never saw one misbehave. I have had an audience of penitentiary convicts, of jail-birds—yea, of lewd women and bad men in several places—and yet among all these I never saw any thing but respectful attention to the preaching of the gospel. It is reserved only for Protestants and their children—and in their own churches, so far as my observation goes—to be guilty of the crime of misbehavior in the house of God, this high crime against religion. We should always remember that at church other people have rights as well as we, and that we have no right to disturb the privileges nor trample upon the liberties of other folks. It is a gross and outrageous insult to the man who preaches to you, and a greater insult to God; and a truly sensible and refined man, to say nothing of a Christian, would never even indicate to a public speaker that he was displeased or bored by showing him indifference or disrespect. He would patiently and respectfully hear him through, if he never went to hear him again. Such conduct as here described is pusillanimously mean; it is basely and cowardly asinine.

5. Another donkey performance in God's house is spitting upon the floor, carpeted or not. (See the

picture.) The man is a long-eared ass who will do it. Often the tobacco-chewer leaves a spot under his pew, or in the aisle, as big as the map of Alaska, and then great puddles of diluted nicotine are often left for ladies to drag their dresses through. It is sickening to look at, much less to step in; and yet this long-eared ignoramus spewed it out there, and looked upon it as if it had been an ornamental salivary performance. He would not, perhaps, have recognized a spittoon, if it had been set before him. What would you think of a man in your parlor spitting all over your carpet? How much less is he to be thought of who would thus profane the house of God! Such a man knows nothing of self-respect, much less of respect for others; and he seems never to have had any conception of sacredness of place and respect for that.

6. Another barbarian practice is that of defacing hymn-books, pews, and church walls. Boys and girls, young men and maidens—sometimes older people—are guilty of this asinine savagery. The Goths and Vandals did better. A Modoc or a Crowfoot Indian would not be guilty of such conduct. It is reserved only for American asses to do thus, and such people would chop your gate, cut your sofa, or gash your piano, if allowed to do so. But for the law the property of our country would be at the mercy of such lawless vandalism.

7. Another asinine performance is pulling out your watch and snapping it, throwing back your head, and yawning in the face of the preacher and his audience. (See the picture.) Sometimes this performance is done purposely, and nothing but a tough hide and long ears can be guilty of it. No lady or gentleman ever did it; and the ignoramus with common-sense po-

liteness would never treat the man in the pulpit with such gross incivility.

In conclusion, there are a great many things to which I might further call your attention, but time fails me. Sometimes a donkey comes into God's house with his hat on until he takes his seat, or he comes in without cleaning his feet, or he will loll and roll upon his pew, or he will sleep and snore, but often the preacher is to blame for this latter vice — soporific asininity. Sometimes a fellow will twist and screw on his seat and make the preacher nervous and irritable, but it is also possible that the preacher sometimes has the opposite effect of sleep upon some auditors. Cultivated people, however, avoid these incivilities. It is said that a Frenchman of culture and refinement will listen to a performance or the most insipid and ludicrous conversation with deepest attention and pleasure, apparently, lest he might otherwise offend or embarrass the speaker or actor. No matter how you feel about a place, a person, or a performance, never display your sense of displeasure, ridicule, or criticism at the time. It is asinine to do so. I always try to show consideration and respect, no matter what the character of the audience I visit or the discourse I hear or the performance I see. It is but politeness for me to behave in other people's houses, however humble, obscure, or low; and children and young people should above all remember when they are in God's house, and remember that when away from home they represent their parents and their rearing. Your conduct is the exponent of your training. When you misbehave you represent your parents, and if you properly represent them by bad conduct, you tell a bad story of parentage and of yourself as well. It is at least a matter of good

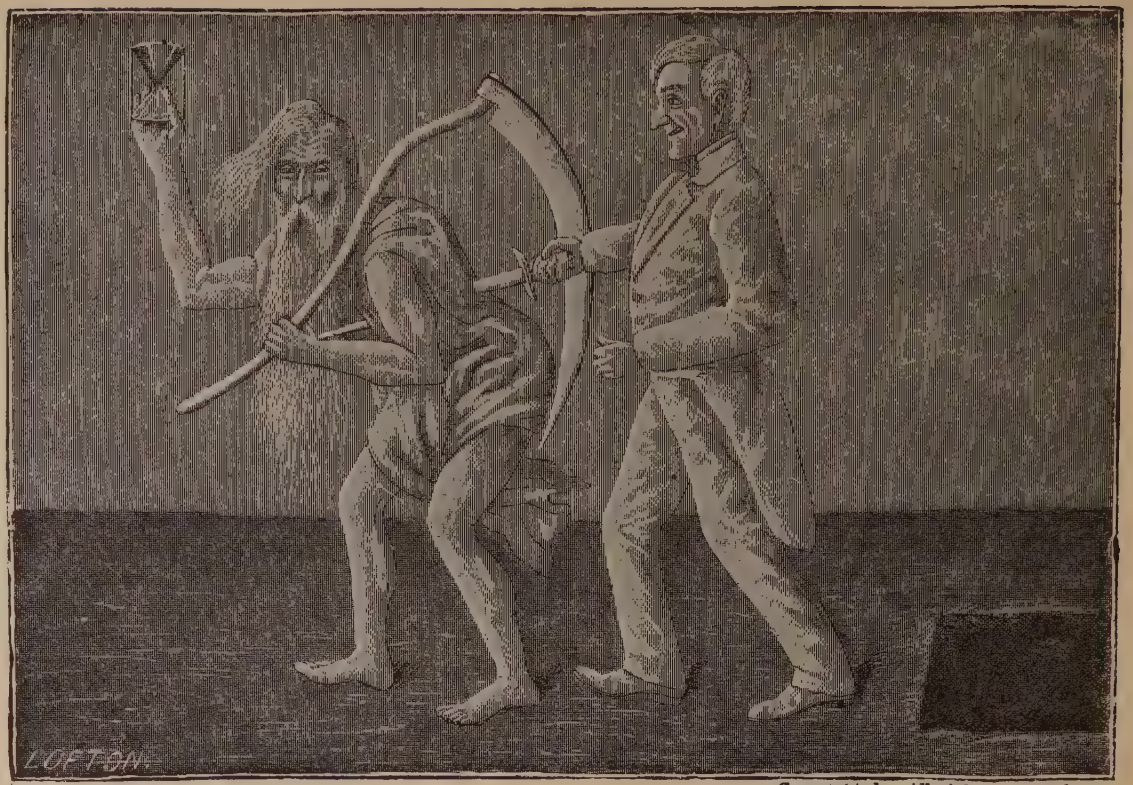
policy to behave well in God's house whether you feel like it or have been trained to it or not. I should hate for the world to think badly of my mother and father, even if I had no respect for myself. Never play the donkey nor ask the world to write you down as an ass.

According to Æsop, in his fable of the old lion, the ass is the "disgrace of nature." Surely no human being having a high sense of honor and of self-respect would covet the characterization of this sketch, and yet it is not unfrequently the case that no instruction nor rebuke will correct the incorrigible leather-head who misbehaves in the house of God. Sometimes he becomes offended, and his asininity becomes all the more apparent and prominent, and it is a remarkable fact that nothing short of age and experience can generally cure this asinine malady. Like his prototype, beating often does him no good in this respect, and it is a blessing that the weight and the wisdom of years, at last, wear out and prune off this detestable habit. Young people, let me congratulate you on your good behavior, and let me beg you for the future that you save yourselves from the character of that beast which has been stigmatized as the "disgrace of nature."

KILLING TIME—TIME KILLING YOU.

I.

THE picture presented on the opposite page is a symbolic representation of a young man starting out to kill time. "The old man of the scythe and the hour-glass" is bending before his thrusts, dead to all the young man's advantages and opportunities in life, as he repeatedly pierces him with the sword of pleasure, ease, or indifference. Old Time holds up the glass in which the young man's sands of existence are gradually running out; and the scythe, with which he is at last to be cut down, swings upon the old man's shoulder. The youth smiles complacently as he plies his sword, and he indicates the thoughtless and careless indifference of the young in wasting time. The past, to him, is too short to give the admonitions of experience; the present suggests only gratification; and "Procrastination, the thief of time," flatters him with the ever delusive promise of "time enough yet" in the future. Wildly, fearlessly, recklessly, this youthful devotee of pleasure thrusts his sword, ever following old Time in the rear and piercing him in the back, instead of taking him by the forelock. He is regardless of the fact that Time is bald upon the back of the head; that behind him all opportunity and effort, however good, are lost. Thousands earnestly and



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KILLING TIME.

agonizingly follow time without intending to kill him; but time is worthless to him who does not get ahead, or at least keep up with him.

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Following time is next to killing time; and in both cases this is the life of millions, in whole or in part. The consequences of such a life, however, I reserve for brief treatment when I come to reverse the picture.

Let me say that one of the greatest crimes of which any man can be guilty is the killing of time. It is the most inexcusable and culpable of all murders. In all other murderous killing there is a motive or cause, more or less criminal, in the perpetrator; but here is a murder without any motive at all, a killing for the *lack* of motive. Premeditated malice, the sudden heat of passion, the involuntary taking of life in the performance of some unlawful act—these are the graded motives and causes which respectively represent murder, voluntary and involuntary, for which the law holds a man responsible; but in the murder of time the slayer kills in the gratification of pleasure and in the absence of any motive that leads to good or usefulness. He is like a little boy with a gun, going about shooting your pigs and chickens for sport, and, with total disregard for life, fires into your house and kills your child, all without intending to do any harm. Again, the time-killer is like a suicide who drinks arsenic or morphine, just for amusement, absolutely reckless as to the consequences upon himself, or others affected by his conduct and life. He has no malice, premeditated or otherwise; he is not actuated

in his crime by any sudden heat of passion. He is a murderer from the stand-point of criminal carelessness, of gross neglect, of reckless disregard for himself or others, all for his gratification and pleasure, and without any objective motive in the crime he commits. He is not intellectually insane, he is not essentially depraved, or morally mad, except in the light of his own destiny. He does not mean to do the world or himself any *positive* harm. He is simply a negative evil, devoid of motive for objective good, and is subjectively absorbed in, as well as objectively devoted to, his own pleasure, at the expense of time, and sometimes at the expense of other people's pocket-books and of other people's convenience. He is often a parasite on society, feeding like a louse upon some other man's head, and sucking like a leech some other man's blood. The time-killer feels that time is a bore if not killed, and he feels that the world has no pleasure if he cannot use it in his vocation of throwing away self in gratification, without gratitude or return. He feeds only on the bread of idleness, and his idle brain is the devil's workshop for all the social ills we endure.

How precious is time! What vast importance the Bible puts upon it! and with what wonderful expression has genius characterized it! Shakespeare pronounced it the "nurse and breeder of all good," and, abused, he might have pronounced it the nurse and breeder of all evil. Bishop Hall said: "The use of time is *fate*." Good or bad, its use *is* fate; and all talent, energy, zeal, and efficiency in life's noblest callings are failures if time is not economically and wisely adjusted to effort, or effort to time. Feltham asserted that time was the "chrysalis of eternity," and

in all outcome of existence employed, eternity is the beautiful flower, so to speak, evolved from the bulbous root of time. The issues of eternity are wrapped up in the womb of this transient existence, and God alone can conceive of the vast importance which hangs upon the decision of an hour or the action of a moment. God gives us the ability and Time furnishes us the occasions which, joined together, form the ten thousand opportunities of life for the achievement of good; and he who does not watch time and systematize life according to its hour-glass will find his opportunities slipping away under the "inaudible and noiseless foot" of the old man with the glass and the scythe.

> Time will teach thee soon the truth,
> There are no birds in last year's nest.

So said Longfellow to all who put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. "Time should be counted by heart-throbs," says Martineau, and this splendid sentiment teaches that every moment of existence is some precious casket in which may be found the jewel of some advance or advantage in life. Only those, however, who value life can value time; for life and time form an equation in which they are connected by parallel lines, indicating a like importance and their absolute necessity to each other. Young never uttered a grander sentiment, a grander fact, than when he said: "Time wasted is existence; used, it is life." The time-killer simply ekes out an existence, the time-employer lives out his life; and he finds "time enough," in the language of Goethe, "if well employed." One of the strangest things about the time-killer is that he finds always more time than he wants when dissatisfied, and too little time when

his pleasure is being indulged. The only man who really has time enough is the man who takes it as God's gift, and then employs it well. Then he neither regrets the past nor dreads the future, and the present to him is an ever-dwelling hour of employment and peace.

The Bible most strikingly touches this subject. Solomon says: "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven." This indicates the proper adjustment of time to all the varied affairs of life, and it also indicates the division of time to the serious and the pleasant occupations which separately or reciprocally characterize our lives here below. God has given us day and night, Sabbath and week-day, winter and summer, spring-time and autumn, hours of rest and labor, the varieties of season and change, in order to diversify and beautify and make useful and happy our existence. He forbids overwork as well as idleness, and he has so adjusted time to all our conditions, however diverse or opposite, as to make life harmonious and sweet out of even its bitter toils and its perpetual pains. After all, there are more days of sunshine than of cloud, and life is so adjusted to time that there is a greater compensation to every loss, a brighter smile for every tear, a sweeter thrill for every woe, to him who adapts himself to his circumstances, utilizes all his talents, and economizes his time according to its adjustment and division in a harmonious and well-employed existence. David recognized that his times were all in God's hands, and while he recognized God's limitations set upon his time, he acknowledged God's adjustment and division of time to his conditions. Like every other gift, we should recognize our time from God. Hence Paul

warns us that the "time is short," that "the night is at hand when no man can work." Speaking to the Ephesians, he tells them to walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, "redeeming the time"—utilizing it, not throwing it away, as fools are wont to do. In the same line Solomon urges: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." Time is so short and precious, the interests of eternity so momentous, that we must be in a hurry to fulfill the destiny ordained of time. What we leave undone at the grave will never be done by us nor by others, for every man can alone do what is allotted for *him* to do.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not written of the soul.

How marvelous that a Christian should kill time! How dare one of God's children to waste his days! How many of them idle away their years in pleasure—in the dance-hall, the theater, at the card-table, at the watering-place, in travel, in the pursuit of worldly pleasure or profit—when God is robbed of their time, talent, and energy! The Christian has no time to lose for his own soul's good, no moments to throw away in seeking the salvation of a perishing world, dying every hour by thousands, and perishing "for lack of knowledge." As Paul says to us all, "It is high time to awake out of sleep." We should ever remember that the time of Christ is at hand. His second coming is ever imminent, and the time of our departure is drawing near. There is a day coming when the great angel shall put one foot on land and the

other on the sea, and proclaim that time shall be no more forever.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

How fearful to behold the millions of time-servers and time-killers! They feed on wind and float in the atmosphere like feathers. Their lives are phantoms, and their hope is ashes. Flitting through the gay and giddy circles of fashion and worldliness, they fill up the measure of the butterfly's day, and they drop out of life and notice as the transient morning-glory that blooms at dawn and dies at noon. Upon the average, the time-killer never lives long. He does not fill out half his days. The law of life is labor, and labor, after all, conquers all things and prolongs our average existence upon the principle that in the economy and wise adjustment of time lie the laws of health, longevity, and happiness. Some men shorten their days by labor, which is also a sin; but the time-killer, as the rule goes, gets soonest cut down. He dies of inertia, if not of dissipation and disease. He to whom time is a bore will waste away unobserved as the transient dream of his useless life. But this brings us to the consideration of the second part of this sketch: TIME KILLING YOU.

II.

"I have wasted time," says Shakespeare, "and now time doth waste me." As the old saying goes, "Chickens come home to roost;" and the poet just

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TIME KILLING YOU.

quoted says again: "The whirligig of time brings in his revenges." How often the poor devotee to pleasure has had to exclaim in the words of Spenser:

> Too late I staid—forgive the crime—
> Unheeded flew the hours;
> How noiseless falls the foot of time,
> That only treads on flowers.

Let me briefly sum up the ways in which time may waste or kill us, especially be revenged on those who kill him, and close:

1. He cuts off our opportunities. We may sleep and dream, frolic and dissipate, but he is sweeping away from us upon his winged wheels *forever*.

2. He withers our hopes and blights our prospects. A lost opportunity has awakened the exclamation ten thousand times, "O for an hour!"

> What would the dying sinner give
> For one more Sabbath-day to live?

3. Time wasted dries up all the fountains of life and happiness. How dissatisfied is the time-killer! and when he grows old how withered and blasted are all his affections, aspirations, and faculties for the business and enjoyment of life!

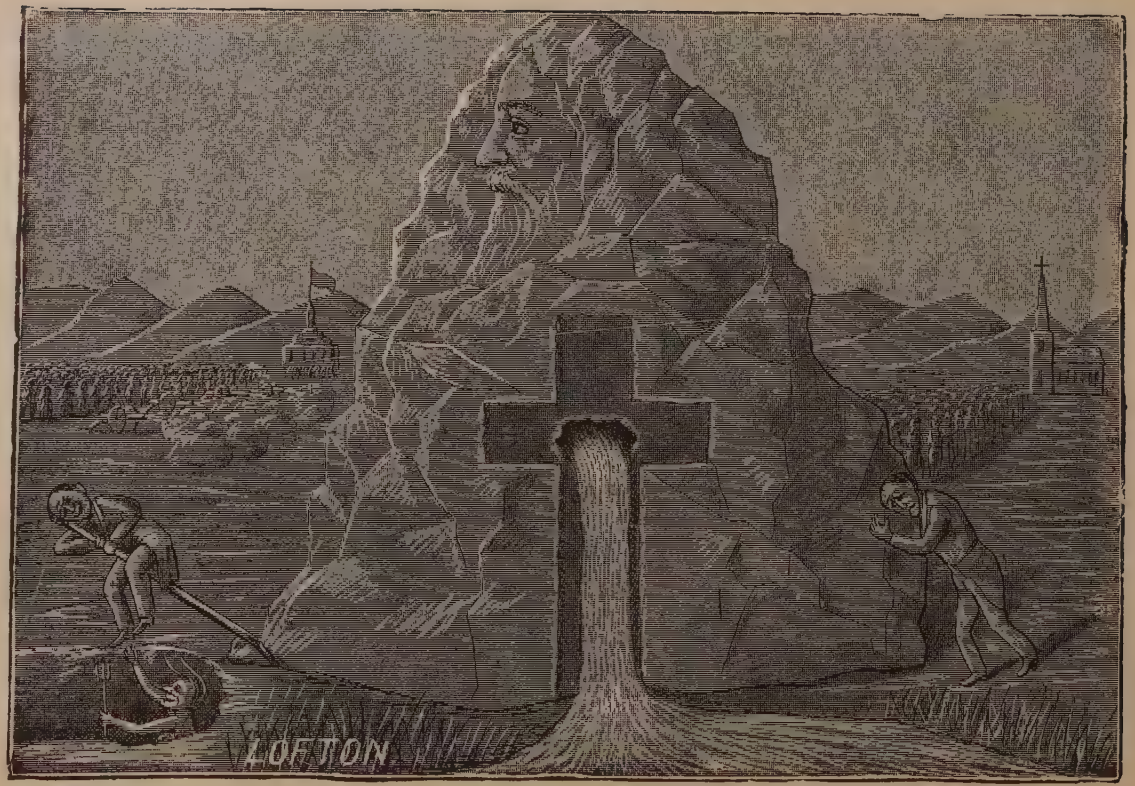
4. Wasted time is the destroyer of fame, fortune, and honor which "might have been;" and "I might have been" is the torturing reflection, the bitterest regret of the time-killer, when all the golden days and opportunities of this short life have fled.

5. Time thrown away robs the very treasuries of heaven on the part of the ruined sinner or the idle Christian. How often a Felix procrastinates to all eternity the salvation of his soul! and how often the indifferent and inert follower of Jesus loses millions

of treasure and reward by putting off his splendid chances for doing good!

6. Blighted time fades beauty and wrinkles our front with furrows untraced by the loveliness of well-spent and happy years. Old age which follows a pure and useful life is like a Corinthian pillar which though crumbling and mutilated by time, is still rich with the traceries of beauty's chisel and grand in its dilapidation.

7. Old Time comes along at last in the form of the grim reaper, Death, sets down his hour-glass, through which our sands of existence have run to the last grain, and with his scythe he cuts us down. This happens to us all, but he cuts off the lost and idled life of the sinner forever. Alas! he cuts him in twain, to be mended no more for good, even in the resurrection of the body. Alas, poor time-destroyer! to be at last destroyed! Truly has Wilcox said that "time unemployed is the greatest foe;" and well does Shakespeare denominate time as "the old justice that examines all offenses." Parsons said of this "old justice" that he was "the only righteous judge;" and the waster, the killer of time may rest assured that he will be arraigned at last before his bar. "They that drive time away," said another writer, "spur a free horse;" but they who ride that horse for naught, let me say, never paid so dear for their livery.



(64)

THE ROCK OF AGES.

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Infidelity. Overzeal

ROCK OF AGES:

OR,

INFIDELITY AND OVERZEAL.

THE illustration presents Christ under the form of the Rock of Ages. It is the Rephidim of Moses in the desert, smitten with his rod, gushing with a stream of water to famishing Israel. Paul, alluding to this celebrated bowlder, says, "That Rock was Christ;" and he calls it that "spiritual Rock that followed them," and of which they "drank." A more perfect figure of Christ's immutable character, of his life-giving and cleansing efficacy, of his overshadowing and comforting grace, of his offensive and defensive impregnability, of his fundamental and constructive power, of his saving and sanctifying energy, could not be employed. He is our "munitions of rocks," our Fortress and Refuge; "the Rock that is higher than I;" the "great Rock in a weary land;" the "Rock of Ages cleft for me," and out of whose smitten side flowed the fountain of blood and water, in which to be washed, and which to drink, is life and cleansing eternal. He is the lofty PETRA upon which is erected the acropolis, the citadel of his Church, the constructive foundation laid upon him being the

prophets and apostles, of which still he is the chief corner-stone, precious and elect, and against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. Peter may be a stone, a fragmentary *petros*, along with all the other prophetic and apostolic stones, forming the *constructive* foundation of the Churches; but Christ, the Rock of Ages, is the great sub-basal and divine foundation upon which the whole building, constructive foundation and all, fitly framed together, is built. From him, as constructive corner-stone, come the beauty, strength, and unity of the structure; and from him, as the great fundamental Petra, come vitality, stability, and energy of "God's building." In the two great senses of the figure the poets sing:

> On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
> All other ground is sinking sand.

And again:

> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee.

Let us now notice some of the attendant details of the picture. On one side of the Rock you see a man trying to turn the rock over with a lever. This man represents Infidelity bearing down with all his weight and might upon a broken stick, beneath whom is the yawning pit and Satan with outstretched hand to receive him as he falls. Back of him, and in the distance, is an infidel club-house; and between him and the club-house is an infidel battery, representing the artillery of the ages pounding away at the great and immovable Rock. The guns are manned by the Ingersolls, the Tom Paines, the Humes, and Rousseaus, and Renans, and Straüsses, and Voltaires; while the Spencers, the Huxleys, the Darwins, the John Stuart Mills, and others, head the crowd which shouts on the

supposed work of demolition to the mighty Fortress of our salvation. The proportion is partly displayed in the size of the Rock as compared with the insignificant battery and the diminutive leaders who are assaulting it with their popguns, or trying to turn it over with a broken pipe-stem as it were. It is as if a regiment of prairie-dogs were assailing Gibraltar, or a flea trying to undermine Pike's Peak; and from this comparison we can get at the precise idea of the difference between the force of the Rock and the forces which oppose it. The thunders and lightnings of the centuries have played in harmless fury about the summit of Mont Blanc, and so infidelity fights against Christ. There are not forces enough in nature combined, unless supernaturally employed, to knock down the peak of Chimborazo; and all the powers of earth and hell united cannot chip a fragment from the Rock of Ages. As in nature so in grace. The storms have raged for centuries of untold commotion and opposition; but the hills and mountains remain with unshaken top and immutable base. The clouds and tempests come and go, but there they stand as before; and so Christ, the eternal Rock, comes out brighter, grander, and loftier from every conflict with error and falsehood. Prize on, little infidel; your little stick will break and drop you finally into the arms of your father and into the bottomless pit, from which you shall never escape. Shoot on, little popgun battery; your little artillery will exhaust your ammunition in vain; your guns will be hushed and spiked, and the only force they will ever have will be to kick infidelity backward into hell, where it belongs. Who ever fought God and prospered?

On the other side of the Rock, and sheltered in its

rear, is the Church and the people of God. Christ stands before them in the progressive and resistless and immutable march of Truth eternal, and the house of God can never fall nor fail in his overshadowing power. You will notice, however, on this side of the Rock, pushing with all his weight and might, a little preacher, who represents overzeal. He is trying to keep infidelity from turning the Rock of Ages over, or to keep the infidel batteries from knocking it down. He has a zeal in this direction without knowledge, and he represents a class of preachers and other people presumptuously defending Christianity against every attack which comes along, always alarmed for its stability and progress, ever gloomy about the future outcome of religion. He is pre-eminently a pessimist. Hence he is always preaching or writing about infidelity instead of preaching the gospel. He wars with might and main to show that Ingersoll is mistaken about the mistakes of Moses, and he is perpetually trying to overturn Spencer's "First Principles" or Darwin's "Descent of Man." He has the gravest apprehensions that the Rock of Ages will be turned over or be battered down, especially if he does not hold it up; and he feels that he is called and ordained for the set defense of the gospel against the world. In most cases he advertises infidelity instead of rendering any efficient defense of the truth, and often he puts tangled brains to thinking more favorably of Ingersoll and Tom Paine than before. In fact, the simple and powerful assertion of the gospel is its best defense in the main; and its exemplification or illustration in Christian life and character is its most unanswerable argument. Let the light shine; let the Sun of righteousness beam out in full orbed

glory, and the moles and bats of infidelity will hie away into the congenial atmosphere of their midnight habitation and association. Preach the word and practice the life and wear the character of Christ, and there will be but little or occasional need for airing infidelity. Let the sun shine, and the plants and flowers of Christianity will spring up and bloom and grow and fructuate in spite of all the clouds and storms of infidelity and atheism.

By all this it is not meant that no defense is ever to be made against infidelity. There are times when heavy blows may be struck, and there are writers and orators who are specially gifted in offense and defense against all forms of error and skepticism. There are some "set," as it were, for these things, who can contend not only earnestly, but skillfully, for the faith "delivered once for all to the saints." Nevertheless, no one preacher can afford to be always hammering away upon any one subject before his congregation, even infidelity; and a man makes a great mistake when he leaves the impression that he is ever foreboding the failure of the cause, from any given standpoint, if *he* does not defend it. When necessary, God has always raised up leaders for special and revolutionary purposes; but such leaders have ever been like Moses—modest and shrinking before their responsibilities. They trusted God and were guided by his counsel; and of all the men who ever felt their humble insufficiency they were the men. They never, never dreamed that the Rock would turn over if it were not for them; and they never formulated creeds nor organized institutions for selfish and ambitious purposes, claiming themselves to be the greater part of the work they set on foot or accomplished. There

are two kinds of leadership not of God: 1. Those who fanatically imagine God could not get along without them. 2. Those who wrap themselves up in a bundle of peculiarities in the name of Jesus, and set out to build for themselves. The true leader, raised up of God, is least when he is greatest; and when he would rule, he becomes the servant of all. He is, like Paul, the servant of Christ and the servant of his brethren for Christ's sake.

So much for the little fellows on both sides, both of whom imagine themselves of greatest importance as for and against the Rock. Thank God, the Rock will stand, whosoever presumptuously opposes or defends it; and it will stand, whether it have any defense or not, against all the opposition of this world!

"How shall one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, except their Rock had sold them, and the Lord had shut them up? For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." "There is none holy as the Lord: for there is none beside thee: neither is there any rock like our God." He is the "Rock of our salvation" and of our "defense;" and while we do stand up to our Rock in offense and defense, yet we need more the protection of our Rock than the Rock needs of us. In our defense of this Rock we should feel that we are sheltered in it as our strong tower and fortress, and we should realize that our defense results from the very protection by which we are sheltered from the darts of the enemy. We "stand up for Jesus" by standing in with Jesus; and when we imagine that we are standing up for him, independent of his defense, we are about as insignificant as the little fellow on the other side of the Rock trying to turn it over. It is hard to tell

which is the bigger fool—Ingersoll, with his little lever of infidelity, on one side trying to turn it over, or the overzealous and presumptuous little preacher on the other trying to hold it up.

Finally, our enemies should remember that this Rock of ours is a Rock of offense. Jesus tells us that whosoever stumbles or falls upon this Rock shall be broken to pieces; and upon whomsoever this Rock shall fall he shall be ground into powder. Terrible and awful catastrophe to a lost and ruined soul! The wicked shall call in that great and notable day upon the rocks of the hills and mountains to fall upon them and hide them from the face of an avenging God. These rocks will not answer to the call, and even if they did, they could not hide the sinner from God's all-burning eye. There is a Rock, however, that will fall upon them, not to hide them, but to crush them, already broken, to infinitesimal dust in the misery of everlasting perdition. We have seen people crushed in this life. We have seen melancholy and woe settle down upon the unfortunate, the discouraged, and the hopeless; but we can have no conception of the crushing wretchedness and despair of an eternal and unmitigated hell—such a hell as the New Testament describes in the very language of Jesus. Deliver me from "the wrath of the Lamb!" There is something infinitely awful in that expression. Nothing is so furious as human love injured and abused; and nothing can be so fatal and damning as divine love and mercy trampled on through life and finally and forever spurned by the impenitent and unbelieving sinner. Think of God's last overture rejected, his last loving appeal scorned, his last cry of mercy unheeded! Then comes the wrath of the Lamb. Then comes the crush-

ing fall of that mighty Rock which will grind to powder every enemy of the cross. Alas! the awful doom which brings the lost soul under the final crash and crush of this Rock of Ages!

To death—an endless hell—the soul is sent,
And this is called "eternal punishment!"
We need not rack these awful words, 'tis said,
Nor make them shriek out fierce their import dread;
At best, the hell of best and noblest man
Is God's unmixed, eternal, hopeless ban.
Forever? Yes, *forever* writes its name
On every tongue that tastes the quenchless flame,
On every link of darkness' binding chain,
On every sigh of woe and cry of pain,
On every memory's past reflection sad,
On every hope of future—hopeless mad,
On every leap of downward flight inclined,
And every bent of evil heart and mind.

O God! this doom let men forego and live;
Why will they die, when thou wouldst heaven give?
Amazing grace! the gift of life above!
Amazing madness! man rejects thy love,
To reap through sinful pleasures stung with pains
Eternal woe engulfed in endless flames!
Awake thy Church! that sleeps o'er men insane,
The torch relume of Truth o'er hill and plain;
O save us, God! by hope of life eternal,
Nor let us reach this doom of death infernal.

(74)

SLANDER

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SLANDER.

THE slanderer is well represented as a serpent with a characteristic human head, coiled in the grass, striking with an arrow-tipped tongue into the bleeding heart of its victim. I should have given it the wings of a bat, since slander flies as well as crawls, but I overlooked this feature of my original design. The serpent with his venom and his ire, with his slimy, slippery folds and his noiseless crawl, with his deadly coil and fatal fang, is the only fit emblem of the man or the woman who stabs and kills you in character. Jealousy and envy, prejudice and malignity are the sac of poison under the slanderer's tongue, from which he feeds his deadly fangs and which pierce your good name. Love and honor never engage in this vile business; but the slanderer is a total stranger to these noble instincts of the human breast. He hates his superior, or else, without malice or revenge, he has a reckless disregard for truth and honest reputation, for every thing lofty and good about him. The neighborhood gossip has nothing better to do than to gratify an overweening desire to talk about his or her neighbor, and such people seem to find a fiendish delight in their base vocation. A bit of scandal is a sugar-plum which they roll in their mouth and divide with each other: and

the plum grows as it rolls from mouth to mouth, like the five loaves and two little fishes with which the Master fed five thousand hungry souls and had twelve baskets full of the fragments which remained. Truly does the great poet style it, by way of personification:

> Slander,
> Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
> Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.

It is impossible, with an ordinary sense of the humane, to comprehend or appreciate the nature and character of the slanderer. We can see how men in the heat of passion can slay their fellows, how hunger and penury can steal, how the wreck of habit can debauch himself; but there are souls too lofty, hearts too pure, to understand how this monster of all iniquity can ruin the reputation or destroy the character of an innocent being. How infinitely worse than theft or murder or arson! Inimitably has Shakespeare made Othello to say:

> Good name, in man or woman, dear, my lord,
> Is the *immediate* jewel of their souls.
> Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
> But he that filches me of my good name
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed.

The victim of slander often suffers more than theft or murder, as, with a consciousness of innocence, he endures a life-time of shame and contumely without the power of rectification or defense. I once knew a minister slandered, and though his slanderer upon a dying bed confessed his crime, yet this man of God had to quit the pulpit and live and die under a cloud. Confidence once lost under a charge of great turpitude can never be entirely restored; and though one

may be vindicated, yet the sense of character lost is so keen and delicate that many will suspicion still the victim of slander, once blackened, in spite of vindication. It is hard to get the smell of burned clothes off, and people will associate you, justly or unjustly, with your reputation long after the stain has been obliterated from your character. You may kill the sting of the serpent that wounded you; you may heal the wound, but some people will always be examining the scar. It takes great force of character, irrepressible energy and ability, with popularity, to stand or overcome a serious slander, and but few ever override popular odium and disfavor thus created. Our friends may hold us innocent and stand by us, but the world will think of the dove as soiled and the lamb as spotted. Our enemies especially will keep the skeleton of a dead slander upon our track, and but few of them are generous enough to grant, much less vindicate, our innocence.

There is but little protection against slander, and usually the slanderer is an assassin and a coward, made so by his immunity from legal restraint. He generally has some worthless character in front of him in order to evade both legal and personal accountability, and often the newspaper becomes the most dangerous medium of his calumny. Such is the eager love of scandal, so innumerable, doubtful, and irresponsible are its sources among the masses, that it is almost next to impossible to win a suit for damages or to criminally prosecute the slanderer. A slander is of all things the hardest to prove in court or to punish when proved, and consequently the shot-gun and the revolver are often resorted to among men as the only remedy. Murder and slander, even when

gross and horrible, now often go unpunished. Your life and character are least protected, especially against money and influence. A wealthy criminal cannot be punished in this country for any crime except theft or embezzlement. No position or influence can trample on the pocket nerve. Take my life or my good name, but don't touch my money! The world will penitentiary you sure, and it would often take your life if it could. Hence, so much unpunished murder and slander result in mob law and personal violence *in this country.* It would seem that a high state of civilization would protect, first of all, life and character; but money and self-interest are as yet the chief objects of protection. In fact, at this time this is about the only thing among us involving American "*protection.*" Money and self are our household gods, and the love of these is the root of all our evils. Our character and our religion, the Sabbath and the Bible in the public schools, once the pride and glory of our country, are all dominated by our selfish interests and pleasures, and subordinated to the "mammon of unrighteousness." It is no wonder that life and character have no chance against the influence of money and business.

It is interesting to note the baseness of spirit and method which characterizes the cowardly assassin who stabs your character. What a passion some have for slander! How multiform and subtle are the ways and means employed! What a portraiture Hannah More has painted of the villain and his art!

> The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
> The obvious satire, or implied dislike,
> The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
> And all the cruel language of the eye:

The artful injury, whose venomed dart
Scarce wounds the hearing while it stabs the heart;
The guarded phrase whose meaning kills, yet told
The list'ner wonders how you thought it cold;
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comfort and destroy our ease.

Among the meanest of slanderers often is the man who shrugs his shoulders, winks his eye, cuts with a sinister smile, stabs with a glance, and deals in "buts" and "ifs;" and there are scores of slanders daily perpetrated which you cannot answer by logic, impeach by evidence, nor touch by law—vile, cowardly, and pusillanimous. In the same strain of Hannah More Pope thus portrays this ravenous passion for devouring character:

The world with calumny abounds,
The whitest virtue slander wounds;
There are those whose joy is, night and day,
To take a character away;
Eager from rout to rout they haste,
To blast the generous and the chaste;
And hunting reputation down,
Proclaim their triumph through the town.

This is the spirit and these the methods of the moral assassin engaged in the vilest business of mankind, and we are often astonished at the great and respectable people engaged in it. There are even some preachers who gossip and scandalize and slander, and sometimes whole Churches are rent asunder by the tongue, the unruly member of which James so potently warns God's people. Slander is an evil genius, a cunning fiend which stalks its prey at noonday and springs upon its victims at midnight. Perhaps the finest characterization of the slanderer ever drawn was penned by Pollok:

'Twas slander filled her mouth with lying words;
Slander, the foulest whelp of sin: the man
In whom this spirit entered was undone.
His tongue was set on fire of hell; his heart
Was black as death; his legs were faint with haste
To propagate the lie his soul had framed;
His pillow was the peace of families
Destroyed, the sigh of innocence reproached,
Broken friendship, and the strife of brotherhoods;
Yet did he spare his sleep, and hear the clock
Number the midnight watches, on his bed
Devising mischief more; and early rose,
And made hellish meals of good men's names.
From door to door you might have seen him speed,
Or placed amidst a group of gaping fools,
And whispering in their ears with foul lips.
Peace fled the neighborhood in which he made
His haunts; and, like a moral pestilence,
Before his breath the healthy shoots and blooms
Of social joy and happiness decayed.
Fools only in his company were seen,
And those forsaken of God, and to themselves
Given up; the prudent shunned him and his house
As one who had a deadly, moral plague.
And fain would all have shunned him at the day
Of judgment; but in vain. All who gave ear
With greediness, or willingly their tongues
Made herald to his lies, around him waited;
While on his face, thrown back by injured man,
In characters of ever blushing shame
Appeared ten thousand slanders all his own.

Such the spirit and such the doom of the slanderer at the judgment of God. Deep down in hottest hell, where dwells the foulest devil, will be the eternal abode of the serpent-tongued slanderer.

The treatment of slander is an important consideration. The slandered man occupies a difficult position. He needs most of all the grace of patience and forbearance, of fortitude and bravery. It is unfort-

unate that most slanders have some foundation in fact. Few of them are cut out of whole cloth. Some imprudence, inadvertence, or mistake on our part gives the enemy a club to hit us with—a sample out of which to cut a coat to fit us with. Often the beautiful and chaste, but imprudent, young lady thus gets into trouble; and so of the unskillful and unguarded minister, where no wrong was dreamed of. But the great question is: How shall I treat scandal and slander? Never be in too big a hurry, and never pay any attention unless dignity and duty demand vindication; and when vindication is impossible, wait on God. Never brush off fresh mud from your clothes. Let it dry. Slander will run its course after awhile, and though we may never be pronounced innocent by all, yet character untainted will shine again like the sun through the clouds, even if the sky never becomes altogether clear. Socrates said: "Slanders do not hurt me, because they do not hit me;" but we do not all have the rugged mountain grandeur of Socrates. Slanders do hit and hurt some innocent people, sometimes rend families, Churches, and neighborhoods, leaving for awhile the desolation of the cyclone in their track; and often it takes manhood and Christianity to leave aside the revolver and the tardy law and wait until the storm passes over. Of course there are a multitude of little things which none may notice, for noticing them would only magnify and give importance where importance did not exist. Beecher well said: "Life would be a perpetual flea-hunt if a man had to run down all the innuendoes, inveracities, insinuations, and suspicions which are uttered against him." "The surest method against scandal," says a writer, "is to live it down by perseverance in well-

doing, and *by prayer to God* that he will cure the distempered mind of those who traduce and injure us." After all, God and time and well-doing are the best remedy for slander, so far as it may ever be cured. Do good for evil, bless for cursing, forgive and forbear—this is the cure of Jesus, and this is the most unfailing of all the remedies a mortal ever yet applied to enmity. After all, slander, like other ills, is one of the Christian's crosses, and, well borne, it inures above all afflictions to the purest chastening and development of Christian life. No cross ever won a brighter crown, if borne well for Jesus' sake. It is comfort to know that the birds pick at the best and highest fruit which grows upon the tree. The greatest and best people in the world are slandered; and only the good and the useful can be. Of course there is a negative, good-for-nothing good of which none speak evil. To such Jesus spake when he said, "Woe unto you when *all* men speak well of you."

Slander has another good office: it makes the true man examine himself to see whether or not the things said of him be so. I think it was Philip of Macedon who said that he never grew angry at slanders or scandals; for if they were true, he tried to improve his life above them; if false, he would ultimately shine all the brighter by them. This is often true of the great, not always true of the little; but, as a rule, it is true that the result of an exploded slander, or a slander lived down, is to purify and brighten the character of the slandered, though he may never regain his lost reputation or position in the eyes of everybody. Tupper here gives us good advice:

If a liar accuseth thee of evil, be not swift to answer;
You give him license for awhile: it shall be thine honor afterward.

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KINDNESS AND CRUELTY.—NO. 1. KINDNESS.

KINDNESS AND CRUELTY.

IN the two illustrations before us we see kindness and cruelty contrasted as the two great forces by which men seek to rule the world. In the first picture behold a little girl with her bright, beaming face radiant with smiles, her little hands playing upon the head of a lion, which seems grateful and docile under the magic touch of kindness. Her little foot is upon the head of a hissing serpent; near by stands the lamb, which is the symbol of innocence and purity, while above her head the dove, which is the symbol of love and gentleness, poises with the olive-branch of peace in its mouth. The fierce and ravenous lion is brought into contact with every element and principle of kindness, which persuades, insinuates, and conquers by love instead of compulsion and brutality. Nothing but love can tread upon the serpent, and nothing but love can develop that period in the outcome of our Christianity when the lamb and the lion shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them. I saw a picture not long since in which a woman had a school of attentive and listening tigers, and though symbolic of the great truth of kindness and education as conquerors over our passions and appetites, yet it is a concrete fact that education and kindness have made

the lion and the tiger play like kittens about the feet of their trainers. I once read of a woman who kept two lions about her house—her back premises—as docile and frolicksome as spaniels; and it was not until the law compelled her that she confined her young pets in a cage. There are many instances in history of the docility and love of the lion trained up at the hands of kind and loving masters.

See in the second picture of our illustration exactly the opposite method of ruling the animal world. There's a big man beating a little mule with a cudgel, and observe that the mule rebels and demonstrates his opposition to force by the flight of his heels in the air. We have seen this picture in living tableaux a thousand times, and we have but to witness the difference in the training of domestic animals among men every day. Take the mean hireling of a mean master, and he makes a mean mule; and one-half of the difficulties and disasters resulting from the employment of animals originate in their abuse or their ill training. Thousands of lives are lost or limbs broken every year by animals made vicious by their more ignorant, brutal, and vicious masters. Cruelty to animals has become an obnoxious misdemeanor punishable by law, and this is one grand step in the direction of education, both to the brute that beats and the beast that kicks and runs away or perishes from cruelty. Of course some animals, as well as men, are more vicious and unmanageable than others. A degree of force often has to accompany education. The rod of authority has to lie behind the throne upon which even love wields her scepter; but in all training or development of man or beast the rod and the cudgel should be the last resort, and then only wielded

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KINDNESS AND CRUELTY.—NO. 2. CRUELTY

in the hands of loving-kindness and tender mercy. It was once the custom to make the prison-house the very synonym of cruelty; but our Christian civilization has entered the doors thereof with the outstretched hand of mercy and kindness, and thousands have been reformed in the very dungeons of demoniacal iniquity and misery. The laws of a country should be executed, but justice in human affairs should always be tempered with mercy, especially as regards the methods and manners of treating the criminal and the beast.

Let me say that love is always the ruler, for "love is kind." The preacher, the parent, the teacher, the king on the throne, every man in position or authority over his fellows, who has sought in patience and forbearance to exercise this most excellent of all graces, has learned the cumulative and progressive value of loving-kindness, accompanied by firmness and decision. The venomous serpent, the wild beast, the savage breast, the hardened criminal, the rebellious subject, the obdurate child, the sluggish student —all yield at last to persistent argument and persuasive gentleness. A refractory sailor, who had been whipped a dozen times, burst into tears and became obedient when the captain said: "Let us forgive him." That little superintendent of the penitentiary who stood before a fierce band of convicts broken loose and determined to fight their way out, about to rush in desperation against the armed guard, in spite of all threats and warnings—that little man, with a reed in his hand, coolly and kindly pleading for submission, was mightier than a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets and double charges. That teacher before her rough and stubborn boy, exhorting with stream-

ing eyes and agonizing heart to good behavior and studious habits, outdid all the terrors and teaching of the rod. She made a man and a scholar of him when all else had failed. The institutions and governments which have dealt only in force are all dead, or dying, to-day. Proud Rome, the mistress of the world, whose organized power crushed all the dominions of the earth, is dead, and so are the Babylonian and Macedonian and the Medo-Persian Empires of tyranny and cruelty dead. The day of the tyrant and the conqueror by force of arms is departed, and the spirit of the age in which we live is concession and compromise, resisting every encroachment which would dominate and destroy a weak and helpless neighbor.

"They that take the sword," says Christ, "shall perish by the sword;" and this proposition has been well established among men and nations. Non-resistance, personal kindness and love to even an enemy, the return of good for evil, have proved to be the rule of empire which sways the human heart and blesses and gladdens the world as never before in its singular and changeful history. The people who rule this world to-day are loving Christians; and the missionaries of India have done more for that people than the Government of England; nay, the missionaries have guided England into the only policy at last by which India can best be ruled, elevated, and blessed. So it has been with all the benighted regions of this earth, however opened up by the conquest of arms and education. Christianity has turned the cannibal of the Fiji Islands, the Esquimaux of the polar regions, the wild Patagonian of South America, the benighted African of the jungle. the savage and the barbarian

of every clime and country, into an intelligent and civilized citizen under a good and wholesome government; and the kind-hearted, loving, self-sacrificing missionary is the world's greatest benefactor and noblest civilizer on the pages of history. We were all once barbarians and heathens. The German, the Gaul, the Saxon a few centuries ago were bowing at the shrines of Druidism, the sternest and cruelest system of spiritual tyranny which ever dominated the human mind; and we can but give Christ the glory, whose missionaries carried the cross and the gospel to our rude ancestors. Christ reigns over the world by love, and in proportion as pure and primitive Christianity plants the banner of the cross upon the shores of a country does it learn to rule itself under that generous and equable dissemination of liberty and light which teaches men individually to respect and love one another.

Lamartine truly said that "kindness is virtue itself." Kindness alone can give birth to kindness, and through its holy efficacy can purity ever be inculcated from one heart to another. No true reformation ever took place under force and cruelty; and the rod of power never yet drove honor or true submission to right into the breast of a human being. The best educators, the noblest of evangelizers, as well as the mightiest of rulers, are kindness and love; and virtue, holiness, and piety best flourish in their atmosphere. "Clemency alone," said the heathen Claudianus, "makes us equal with the gods;" and even among us Christians nothing makes us so God-like as loving-kindness. Harshness and violence close men's hearts to all good, and even the denunciatory preacher of the gospel has no power over his audience. "Vinegar never catches flies." It was

not the cold north wind, but the sunshine, according to the fable, which made the traveler take off his coat. "Heaven in sunshine will requite the kind," said Byron; but, first of all, it is the kind who make the sunshine of heaven to fill the hearts of men. "I was a very bad boy at school," said an old deacon to me not long since; "but," said he, "I had a kind teacher, and that teacher's kindness changed my life and made me what I am to-day." He said his mother died when he was young, and his father was a cold, stern, and demure man. He shed no sunshine at home, and for every infraction of parental rule he was whipped and cuffed. The kind-hearted teacher taught him virtue and manhood by love, exercised forbearance and forgiveness toward his faults, and through patient endurance and culture gave him the inspiration of hope and promise in life which made him a man. God alone knows what kindness and love have done and are doing for this poor, sin-cursed world.

Let us be kind to one another. Nothing pays so well in return, and nothing is so cheap in its investment. How often has this thought come home to me when I have remembered the beautiful words of Whittier!

A little word in kindness spoken,
  A motion, or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken
  And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth
  Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
  Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
  A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thought you bring
  A heart may heal or break.

RIP VAN WINKLE—ANTI-MISSIONARY

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RIP VAN WINKLE.

WE have all heard the story of Rip Van Winkle, who loved his beer too well, who fell asleep in the Catskill Mountains on a hunting expedition, who slept twenty years, who when he awoke was unconscious of the time fled by, notwithstanding the stock had rotted from his gun-barrel, and notwithstanding the skeleton of his dog lay by him all bleached and in decay, and his own hair had grown white and as long as his body. He went back to his old village, but it had forgotten him, and the places which once knew him knew him no more; and such were the changes that he knew them not. Family, friends, and all whom he had formerly and familiarly known, had passed away, and yet all things, as they *had been*, were fresh in the mind of old Rip, the awakened sleeper. He had slept too long, and his sleep had thrown him twenty years behind the age, all unconscious of the rapid roll of old Time's winged wheel. So thousands sleep to-day, upon all questions of progressive development. There are a few people in our country yet who have never seen a railroad, nor heard the whistle of the locomotive. I saw several years ago, a man from the mountains of North Carolina who had ridden horseback all the way to Memphis. He had never seen a steam-boat, and as

he stood near a little stern-wheel steamer he said to me: "That's a joe darter, an't she?" I told him it was a very small boat, but he couldn't believe it until presently I pointed him to the Natchez, just coming in sight, and as she landed the old North Carolinian opened his eyes and his mouth, and gaped and wondered with astonishment.

The picture for this sketch represents the man worse behind the times than any other man in the world. It is the old Rip Van Winkle Anti-missionary. He sits upon his porch in the evening as the sun sinks behind the western hills. All is favorable to reverie and dream, to the thoughtful and imaginative mind. He is not an idiot, however illiterate, and he is not necessarily an illiterate man. He has been reading his Bible all his life, and, in spite of verse and sermon to the contrary, he has been persuading himself that the cause of Missions is a fraud, especially *Foreign* Missions. He has been taught and has been teaching that if God wanted the heathen converted he would send whomsoever he would, without money and without price, to the benighted nations. He has not believed in conventions and boards and man-sent missionaries, and he has not believed in systematic methods of raising means at any cost of agencies, or otherwise, to take the people's "cash." He has persuaded himself that agents and boards and missionaries are stealing the contributions raised for them; and that God does not and cannot bless these men-inspired methods. He reads the Bible in vain which says, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," and he disbelieves the marvelous account of missionary zeal and results in Ongole and Burmah and Cuba and Mexico and the Fiji Islands. He doesn't believe a word of

it, and he pays no heed to the Macedonian cry, "Come over, and help us." No reason, no argument, no persuasion can move him; and though the vision of the helpless heathen, as in the picture, comes often before him, he turns from it and banishes the apparition from his sight. He is a great dreamer and visionary in religion. He spiritualizes every thing, and has much confidence in signs and sounds and visions; but this is one vision he never allows to stand long before him. He can't away with the heathen. He has slept too long, as his long beard and hair indicate; and he will live and die and go before God with the dread confession that he spent a life in blindness over the grandest issue of any age. God forbid that I should live and die an anti-missionary!

This brings us to the serious and solemn thought that the greatest issue of the twentieth century is *Missions*. The world has been nineteen centuries opening the gates of the nations to the gospel. Primitive Christianity made grand strides in this direction, carrying the gospel to all the provinces of the Roman Empire; but the regions beyond were never reached until modern times. Besides this, primitive Christianity itself was ingulfed in the "Dark Ages," driven to the valleys and the fastnesses of mountains, until the Reformation of the sixteenth century; but since that time the evangelist and the missionary have gone forth to every accessible land. The sword of conquest, the cannon of England, have opened gradually every dark shore and continent to the Bible; and during this century, for the first time in the history of the world, every nation has received the messengers of Jesus Christ. The walls of China have crumbled—the hardest nation to reach beneath the sun—and the black continent of Africa

has been explored and opened by the missionary himself, and by such men as Bowen, Livingstone, Stanley, Baker, and others. It took the civilization of modern times, springing from the Reformation of Luther and others, to make the world accessible to the gospel; and the man or the denomination opposed to Missions is blind to the signs of the times in which he lives and in opposition to the sublimest issue of the twentieth century. The issues of slavery, polygamy, war, prohibition, religious and political liberty, all these are grand, and in part settled; but the last great triumph and consummation of Christ in this age is the sending of the gospel to all the nations of the earth, and all other issues, begun or settled, are but auxiliary to this. This of all other issues is the greatest from several standpoints:

1. It fulfills the sublimest prophecy of modern times —the promise of God that his Son should have "the heathen for his inheritance" and the "uttermost parts of the earth for his possession," and that even dark Ethiopia should stretch forth her hands unto God.

2. It is in obedience to the grandest law of God ever enacted: "Go ye into *all* the world, and preach the gospel to *every* creature." This is the commission of Christ—universal to man's universal need and based upon the Christian's universal duty; and the Christian, or denomination, which does not love "*all the world*" for which Christ died is not catholic in spirit and cannot have the world in catholic possession. Our love has to be three hundred and sixty degrees of the earth's circumference in order to be missionary, and if it is not missionary, it is nothing—yea, it is Rip Van Winkle, and dead asleep.

3. This issue of Missions is the grandest of the

twentieth century, because it brings in the sublimest consummation of the age, the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. His promise is that when the gospel has been preached as a witness to all the nations then "the end shall come," and when the end comes he comes. The time is not far off, for the missionary is going rapidly everywhere, and alas for the poor old Rip Van Winkle of any denomination who does not read this glorious sign of the times!

4. This issue of this period is the grandest of the century, because it involves the conversion of two-thirds of the population of the earth. About one thousand millions of human beings have not yet been brought to Christ, even nominally, much less spiritually. What a stupendous work! How slow and long it has been reaching this point! How impossible it has seemed heretofore! And yet the icebergs of the polar shore break up rapidly as the heat of summer brings to bear its cumulative energy, however long it may be in reaching the result. So with Missions. The icebergs are beginning to melt and break up rapidly. The nations are softening under the light of the gospel. Knowledge is covering the earth as the waters cover the sea. God seems now, as never before, to be in a great hurry about something. Thousands of young men and women are rising up and are ready to "go," and thousands are opening their pocket-books to the great work. Woe to the Rip Van Winkle who still shuts his eyes and cries: "Away with the heathen!" He had better have a millstone tied about his neck and be cast into the sea. It is a dangerous thing to be a Rip Van Winkle in the twentieth century.

5. Missions is the grandest issue of this or any other age, because it has opened up and developed the gos-

pel dignity of women and children. Christianity is the liberation of these from the shackles of man's tyranny in every age and land, and Christianity has set them free in heathen countries and put them to work in Christian lands. It has taken the world nineteen centuries to see that a woman was worth something and to see that a child could be converted and put to learn and to labor for Jesus. We have had but little more conception of woman's religious worth, of children's importance, than the heathen, and it is only beginning to dawn fully upon us the meaning of Christ when he said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." The women and the children are almost universally missionary, and a large part of our contributions and labors come from this source. They still have higher lights and deeper depths of enlightenment and development as the world's great missionary cause shall march on to the coming of Christ and the end of the age. Quite a number of old Rip Van Winkles try to keep down the women and children, but the world moves on and so do the women and children, nevertheless.

God help the Rip Van Winkles! Brethren, let us pray for more laborers in the harvest, but let us also pray that God will remove the old Rips, or the young Rips, or else convert them, They are "moss-backs" —long-haired, ragged, and antiquated—and they belong to another age. They are Silurian fossils. They have no business living over here in the twentieth century. They would be fit only for the museum in the twentieth century, a relic of barbaric Christianity, if I might so stigmatize our great and holy religion. These old Rips are greatly in the way in some sec-

tions and in many of our Churches. They paralyze or lethargize our young, and they hang like a millstone around the neck of the Church. The time has come for them to get out and get away. The sun is in its zenith; owls and bats, to your holes. The time has come when all Christians should learn, like Paul, that they are debtors, for Christ's sake, to all men—to the Jew and the Greek, to the bond and the free, to the black and the white. All men are of "one blood," and in Christ we reach the idea of the universal brotherhood of man. O for that missionary zeal of Paul, who could wish himself accursed from Christ if it would be the means of saving his kinsmen in the flesh, and which sent him, amid innumerable "perils," the world over, to bring the Gentiles to Christ! Of all the men who ever lived Paul was the impersonation and model of *missionary* religion, and no element in the wonderful compound of his sublime character contributed more to his immortal fame and his deathless work. Go where you will, search where you may, you will find that the greatest benefactor of the human race has been the missionary, and the man who has contributed most to retard the progress of mankind has been the Rip Van Winkle who wanted to keep all God's blessings at home.

Whipping the Devil around the Stump.

THE subject of this sketch, as may readily be seen from the illustration, is dodging, or what is more vulgarly and proverbially called "whipping the devil around the stump." The picture shows an old gentleman talking to his son, perhaps expostulating with him about some wrong, while the boy plausibly dodges the "old man" and evades detection and difficulty. The devil is screened behind a stump, and while the boy is ostensibly laying on the lash the devil is laughing fit to kill himself at the artful performance; and at which performance the boy himself, with one eye on his father and the other on the devil, laughs in his own sleeve. Of course his Satanic majesty doesn't mind being whipped in this kind of way. It is a flagellation which does not hurt anybody but the dodger. "Tell the truth and shame the devil" is the only square blow which hurts the "father of lies;" but when the truth is told, and yet not told, acted, and yet not acted, in the way of a dodge, you only hit the devil in fun, without hurting him, and he enjoys it. In other words, you fool somebody else and hurt yourself, and this is quite a pleasant work for the devil to instigate and yet appear to suffer the penalty. The devil and the dodger understand each other.

(103)

WHIPPING THE DEVIL AROUND THE STUMP

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"stand in together," so to speak; and it reminds me of an incident in slavery times. One night a farmer told his son to tie a negro boy, named Alf, to a post and give him a sound thrashing for some misdemeanor. The son and Alf were great friends, and when they went out into the dark the son said: "Now, Alf, you halloo as I beat the post, and the old man will think I am giving you the devil, as he told me to do." The son beat the post, Alf bellowed, and the old gentleman heard the performance with perfect satisfaction. This was whipping the devil, instead of Alf, around the stump, as seen in my picture; and the devil can afford to be drubbed in this sort of style about as well as Alf could. He bellows for the whipper, about as Alf did, before the world, and he laughs at the performance, about as Alf did, to himself. Satan works no class of his subjects with grander success than he does his favorite dodger.

This species of lying, whether spoken or acted, may be called circular; in other words, a dodge is a circular lie. It is a lie by circumlocution or circumvention, appearing honest, telling the truth, in fact, to tell a falsehood in reality. It is a species of deception which describes a circumference about the point to be evaded and which does not go straight to it, getting out of the difficulty by diverting the attention in another direction. It throws its victim off guard, and the victimizer is often the studied villain in that school of lying indirectly when lying directly will not get him out of the difficulty to be evaded. It is more artful than square lying, and the expert can describe a circle as easily as a square without the slightest mechanical aid of the semi-diameter. The art seems to be readily learned too, for even children not unfre-

quently are adepts in this vice. Little Charlie came home one Sunday afternoon with a paper bag of candy. "Where did you get that candy, Charlie?" asked the mother. "Got it at the drug-store; didn't buy it, though." "How did you get it, then—you didn't beg it?" "No, ma'am; I told the doctor that I would get some more candy next week, and as this was worth ten cents I would pay him twenty cents for the next ten cents' worth; so you see, mother, I didn't trade on Sunday;" and thus the little fellow whipped the devil around the stump on the Sabbath question as artfully as an old expert. This was equal to an old minister I once heard of who loved whisky, and who was always ailing "in the head, hip, and side," and afflicted with the "influenza." He would not go to the saloon nor send to the wholesale liquor-dealer to get his brandy, but he would go to the drug-store and get a prescription by the quart, half-gallon, or gallon, as the case might be, with a small amount of Peruvian bark put into it in order to give the color of medicine. He persuaded himself that he needed it. He claimed, and believed, perhaps, that it did him great good; but he was whipping the devil around the stump in order to drink liquor, as thousands upon thousands have done who did not want to come straight out to do the open thing. Multitudes of prohibitionists, great temperance men, are eloquent about the "great cause," but they keep "the little brown jug" with "shot" in it behind the door—for health!

Not only do children learn this art quite young, but often it is found well developed in the ignorant and illiterate. The negro, for instance, is a fine dodger, and so of the most unlettered Irishman—the only two human beings upon earth who possess a na-

tive, characteristic, and specific wit above other nationalities, and whose wit is oftenest brought into play in the art of whipping the devil around the stump. "Sam, where did you get that melon?" "Boss, you nebber kotch Sam wid a watermillion ceptin' from his own patch, did you?" "No." "Well, den, you nebber will." "But, Sam, you have just come out of my patch; at least, you are coming from that direction." "Boss, direckshuns hab got nuthin' to do wid an honest nigger." Of course there was no way to catch Sam except to track him to the patch. Pat, the Irishman, who swore off from drinking, who for a long time kept sober, and who at last broke his pledge, gives a fine specimen of whipping the devil around the stump when he distinguished between himself and Pat who took the drink. It was not himself at all that did it, but it was Pat, and upon Pat he shoved all the blame when it was himself that was Pat, and Pat was he; and so he explained to the priest.

This vicious and artful sin is almost universal in high life and by more responsible people, as well as among the young, the ignorant, and illiterate. The intoxicated husband coming home late, trying to talk wisely and walk straight, is whipping the devil around the stump to his wife and children when he is drunk clear through and visibly full to the sight of the dullest observer. How often the derelict husband in various ways whips the devil around the stump to the deception of his "darling wife" the Lord only knows. The schemes and devices of the business world, behind the counter and on the mart, often take the shape of this artful sin. The horse-jockey deals in a thousand circular lies in order to sell or swap his old doctored beast, and when you have been 'swindled you

cannot point to a single square lie in the trade. Before the judge and the jury, in spite of the lawyer's acumen, the dodger on the stand whips the father of lies around the stump. "Did you not help steal these things?" was once asked of an expert criminal who was the suspected "pal" of a crook on trial. "I've always tried to live an honest man," he said, with an air of injured innocence, "and I never took any thing in my life but an umbrella." He actually disarmed suspicion, though afterward convicted of the crime of which he was trying to clear his "pal." I once heard, in a cotton case, a prominent witness on the stand in behalf of his partner, both of whom were indicted for embezzling cotton stored in their warehouse. He was asked the question if he was not engaged in this crime charged upon his partner. The question was objected to, of course, but he chose to answer it. "Ha! ha! ha! I look like a man who would steal cotton? My circumstances don't indicate such a thing much. He! he! he! I'd like to see the fellow who thinks such a thing of me!" He spoke in such a manner as to dodge even suspicion, but he was afterward found guilty when put on trial. So in a thousand high places and among the biggest folks the art of whipping Satan around the stump is practiced, even to perjury. Perhaps the most artful dodger is the politician.

Cain was the first dodger in history, unless Adam and Eve should be considered as whipping the devil around the stump when, clothed with fig-leaves, they were dodging God in the garden of Eden. To circumvent God's inquiry, "Where is thy brother?" Cain replied: "Am I my brother's keeper?" and since that time the world has kept up the art of dodging

pretty vigorously. Ananias and Sapphira were killed for it—deceiving their brethren by the apparent truth of their liberality, and yet lying to the Holy Spirit. Judas whipped the devil around the stump when he betrayed his Master with a kiss, especially in the deception of the other disciples; and he hanged himself for it the same day. Peter denied his Lord straight out, although he began to dodge when, with assumed surprise, he said to the maiden: "I know not what thou sayest." Upon the whole, however, Peter lied squarely on this occasion; but Paul caught him dodging at Antioch, and blamed him to his face. Paul was not a dodger, and yet it did seem a little like whipping Satan around the stump when he went up to Jerusalem, shaved his head, and went to charges with the Jews, evidently for the purpose of avoiding disfavor and of winning influence. It was at least "that rascally virtue called policy," if it was not dodging the issue. The best of people, under extraordinary circumstances, have dodged sometimes and somewhere. One there was, however, who never dodged. It was Jesus. He whipped the devil, but not around the stump. He always struck him squarely between the eyes, and he vanquished him forever. "Resist the devil," says James, "and he will flee from you;" but the old liar and deceiver enjoys nothing better than the oily, eely lashing he gets around the stump. Joseph fled from him and left his coat behind him, and he had just as well have stood his ground and fought him face to face. Abraham whipped him around the stump with Pharaoh, calling his wife his sister, which, in a sense, she was; and he got both himself and his wife into trouble. The best plan is to follow Christ's example, even as a rule of policy, tell the

truth, shame the devil, and strike him straight out from the shoulder. Meet him squarely, and you will come out best in the end. As Shakespeare says, "No legacy is so rich as honesty;" and it is a legacy imperishable for time as it is for eternity. The dodger is ever the loser in the end, and when his character is once known he is among all men despised and distrusted. Otway said, "Honesty needs no disguise nor ornament; *be plain;*" and it is the greatest consolation and the surest benefit to the man of probity and integrity that he walk above suspicion by eschewing every art of deception. "The way of honest fame," said Socrates, "is this: study to be what you wish to seem;" and it may be well said that, in the end, the dodger will never reach honor, fame, or dignity. Tupper has truly said:

All is vanity which is not honesty; thus is it graven on the tomb;
I speak of an honest purpose, character, speech, and action.
Honesty, even by itself, though making many adversaries
Whom prudence might have set aside, or charity have softened,
Evermore will prosper at the last, and gain a man great honor

(112)

ON THE FENCE

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ON THE FENCE.

"HOW long halt ye between two opinions?" Here is a poor fellow on the fence, sitting puzzled and undecided between hell and heaven, between the angel of mercy and the devil. Like Reuben, he is double minded, unstable as water, and cannot excel. Tossed about by every wind of doctrine and temptation, wanting to do right and afraid of going to hell, yet unable to give up the world, subdue the flesh, and resist the devil. How many just such are all around us! They swear off from the bar-room to-day and go back to-morrow, resolve on Sunday and break their vows on Monday, promise ten thousand things in life and never accomplish any thing of ultimate and permanent good. They are on the fence in every thing, especially religion. No matter what great moral question springs up, they are always undecided if interest appetite, or pleasure stand in the way. They are "between hawk and buzzard" on prohibition, especially if business or politics are in the way, or if they are unsettled as to whether or not they want to give up a thirst for the bottle. They recognize and feel the great moral and economic principles involved in the contest. They discover that the saloon is the profoundest curse of the country, the producer of crime

insanity, and pauperism, the debaucher of politics and the corrupter of legislation, the destroyer of youth and the defacer of beauty, the promoter of strife and murder and lust, the degradation of morals, and the subverter of society, the deadly bane of the family the multitudinous breeder of individual ruin, the open door to hell from every avenue of social existence, but they cannot be persuaded to act with the reformation of the age in which they live. They will not take sides, but straddle the fence and thus give encouragement to the enemy, fallaciously imagining neutrality, when obligation fixes their duty on the side of right. So of every other question involving a conflict between duty and interest, pain and pleasure, indulgence and self-denial, popularity and criticism, right and wrong.

I have seen the preacher on the fence in things which compromised his bread and butter or his popular standing in the community. On certain subjects he set his sails with the wind, and his theology became like India rubber. Big sinners sat in the pew before him—the wholesale liquor-dealer, the high-toned libertine, the giddy fashionist, the splendid reveler, the dishonest dealer—but these magnificent sinners were rich and influential in position. The faithful and honest men and women of the Church mourned over spiritual dearth and decay; they called for discipline, that now dead sage, but the world in the Church and out of it rallied to "its own." The poor preacher talked of charity and love and sweetness, and he dealt gently with sin, spiritual wickedness in high places, while his conscience urged him to hurl thunderbolts and hold up the high standard of God's law and order. There he sat on the fence, while his Church

died, or until God let the devil in to tear it up and put it in a position to revolutionize, reorganize, and re-establish itself. So in a host of questions to-day, the popular preacher, occupying a popular pulpit, preaching to a popular congregation, is sitting on the fence, while the devil laughs on one side, and the angel of God shrieks out on the other: "Cry aloud, and spare not!" He claims "broad views on all subjects;" and the popular press lauds him as a man of liberal mind and without bigotry. He deals much in the æsthetics of Christianity, dabbles largely in the ethical, and occasionally touches the gospel of salvation or damnation with a "forty-foot" pole. Hell, except in parlor parlance, is quite out of the fashion with him, and the love and mercy of God, without the wrath and justice of God, are invariably held up. Sinners profess without *repentance*, and join the Church without *religion;* but all runs well just so the Church flourishes in grand style and the pastor lives on good terms, without friction, with his congregation and with the community. He is on the fence in every thing which would involve dispute or controversy with any thing mortal, and he seeks to reconcile and compromise away every difference as non-essential distinctions, without difference, among men. We live in the age of on-the-fence religion and on-the-fence ecclesiasticism and on-the-fence morality, "neither cold nor hot," ready to be spewed out of the mouth of Almighty God, increased in riches, full and wanting nothing, yet ragged and miserable and wretched in our delusion. This was the Laodicean sin which, figuratively, makes God sick.

I have seen mothers and fathers on the fence with their children. Especially is this so in these "last

days" when children have become universally "disobedient," and when the child, instead of the parent, rules. The day of the rod is gone, it is said, and we have reached the point where intelligence and love prevail. We now persuade and plead and beg, and I have seen a child offended, pout, and sniffle until the mother would go and ask its pardon, or otherwise explain and apologize for hurting the little one's feelings. The whole parental fraternity of this country is now on the fence with reference to child training and culture, with few exceptions; and without a revolution the next generation will find the majority on the side of the devil. Little girls wear bangs and bonnets and dresses like women, have acknowledged beaus, and I have seen them meet on the streets of Nashville and kiss! Young ladies and gentlemen correspond through the telephone, keep late hours in the parlor stand at the gate in the dark, go upon moonlight excursions, and indiscriminately meet and associate at watering-places among strangers of all classes and characters. The parent is on the fence, not knowing what to do. There is nothing positive, but all seems generally negative in family training. The child goes to school if it wants to, and but few ever grow up now, especially in our cities, to graduate at a first-class institution, male or female, except from the poorer classes. The boys and girls from the country constitute the main element seeking higher education; and in the matter of intellectual as well as moral culture our city children are left ultimately to do as they please, against the protest of the teacher, parent, and preacher. Never was there, in my humble opinion, an age of greater parental indifference, and never was there a period in which the independence

of children was so absolutely declared. Still the world rolls on, and by other counteracting influences keeps, so far, her level and upward and onward way.

But of all the most pitiable and sorry pictures it is the poor sinner on the fence and unable to decide between God and the devil. He admits himself a sinner, he feels that hell is yawning beneath him and that heaven is wooing him above; he hears the voice of mercy calling him on one side, and sees the devil beckoning him on the other, but he cannot *decide.* I have talked with scores just in this condition; and sometimes, with tears and trembling, they have admitted just such a state of mind. They want to get to heaven, and they want to escape hell. They acknowledge Christ as the only Redeemer; they confess that they are wavering in the balance between two opposite destinies; but some pet object, some fanciful scheme, some darling temptation, keeps them undecided. Often they are hoping for the future, and at the same time dreading the terrors of procrastination, but they continue to halt between two opinions. So thousands, at last, have gotten down on the devil's side of the fence, or else, at last, the devil caught them on the fence. It is all the same whether a man sits on the fence or gets off voluntarily on the devil's side, the devil gets him in the end. Let no man persuade himself that he is neither for God nor the devil, because he sits on the fence; for the fence of indecision is not the dividing line between God and the devil. The sinner already belongs to the devil, and until he decides for Christ he is on the devil's side.

Jesus says: "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." There is no middle, negative, nor neutral ground be-

tween good and evil, between God and Satan. There is no half-way house between hell and heaven. I must be altogether on God's side, or altogether against him. Wherever relation exists there obligation binds, and I cannot stand neutral between God and his enemies. I owe God all; and I am bound by his authority as Creator and King, as Preserver and Redeemer. On the other hand, I owe Satan nothing save opposition and resistance; and any neutrality, any getting on the fence between God and him, is treason and rebellion to God. Frederick the Great said that he was "neither for God nor the devil;" in other words, he did not know where he stood; but he was mistaken: he was on the side of the devil if he was not with Christ. The citizen cannot be neutral in war toward his government. The wife cannot stand on negative ground toward her husband in conflict with an enemy. Relation creates obligation, and there is no fence between the two. Hence, as a sinner, I must be in harmony with my environment, my conscience, my God, and my record in order to be with Christ, and no being was ever so deluded as he who imagines that he can be neither for nor against his God. He is for him or against him—totally, wholly, absolutely, altogether. Agrippa was "almost persuaded" to be a Christian; but Paul said that he must be "altogether," not "almost." God will not divide with us, for there is no room for division between salvation and damnation.

Joshua was the true type of the decided man of God. "As for me and my house," he said, "we will serve the Lord;" and he said to Israel: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." So said Elijah: "If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him." Get on one side of the fence or the other, for

of all places in the world the fence is the most miserable position. A man had just as well get down squarely on the devil's side and enjoy himself in sin as best he can as to sit in misery all his life on the fence and let the devil, at last, come and take him off. The misery of indecision in this life will be added to the misery of hell hereafter. If you are not going to decide for God, and be happy both here and hereafter, why not decide at once for the devil, who, when you do decide for him, will do his best to give you a good time while you live? The only happy people are those who are decided, good or bad. Even a conscience dead to God will have some pleasure in the ease of indifference, and if a man can be decided and satisfied in evil he can enjoy "the pleasures of sin for a season." It does not last long; but it is all the man, decided and satisfied in evil, will ever get. If I had made up my mind to serve the devil, I would take my fill of sin, for beyond the grave there is no happiness in such a decision. Still it is no worse, and perhaps not so bad, as to sit in misery on the fence all the days of my life, and then go down to hell to reproach myself for having lived a fool, and a sinner too. How infinitely better to decide for God!

> How happy are they
> Who their Saviour obey!

Decision for God rejoices here below, even when overwhelmed with sorrows. Despair never follows disaster and grief. Hope climbs over every mountain-peak of difficulty, the sun gilds every dark cloud which shrouds the struggling soul for heaven; and in eternity the crown of decision will be the diadem of glory which the Man of sorrows shall place upon the once aching head of his *decided* follower.

TWO MASTERS.

"NO man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." In the picture before us we see a young man holding on to Christ with one hand while the world-god, mammon, holds him by the wrist of the other hand. Christ is pointing him to heaven, while the grave and Satan are concealed behind the tempting world-god; and, strange to say, this young man, with one eye on Jesus and the other upon the object of his idolatry, is holding on between Christ and Satan, between hell and heaven, between ultimate hope and despair. This is a picture of double-hearted decision which, like double-minded indecision, never excels at any thing. Man has two eyes, two ears, two hands, two nostrils—in fine, the double organ of all the senses with one exception—but he cannot be definitely conscious of seeing, hearing, smelling, touching, tasting but one object at the same time. He can be or do but one thing distinctively at a time, and no more; nay, much less can he serve God and mammon, have two masters, opposed to each other, at once. He must, in order to be successful and happy, cling to the one or the other. let loose one or the other, love

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TWO MASTERS.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." (*Josh. xxiv.* 15.)

or hate one or the other. A man may follow several details or departments of the same business in life; his business and religion may be in the same line, but he cannot serve God and hold on to a business, a pleasure, a passion, an appetite, or an idea which serves the world, the flesh, and the devil. The God we serve and the vocation we follow, the thoughts and emotions we cherish, the friends and companions we keep, must travel the same road. Otherwise, our religious life, at least, will prove a failure both for time and eternity.

There are just four kinds of people in the world, as illustrated by the parable of the sower. There is the "wayside hearer," who heeds not the word, and who never makes any profession of religion. The "stony-ground" believer is the volatile and variable enthusiast who runs well for awhile, but soon falls away because, like the soil on a flat rock, his heart gives no permanent root to the word sown. Next comes the "thorny-ground" professor, who is choked up with pleasure or with cares and anxieties or with the deceitfulness of riches; in other words, with the world. The "good-ground" hearer or believer has all the conditions of heart essential to true and vital religion: the soil broken up, the stones and thorns removed, and the seed sown so deep as to penetrate the depths essential to development, growth, and fruitfulness. The "wayside" never comes to Christ; the "stony ground" comes and falls back; the "thorny ground" comes and holds on to both Christ and the world; the "good ground" sticks to God, and brings forth fruit according to capacity. The "stony-ground" fellow fills more the picture of double-mindedness in my sketch of the undecided man "on the fence." The

"thorny-ground" professor is the double-hearted fellow holding between two masters—Christ and mammon—in this lecture. Our Churches are full of both stony and thorny ground religion; but we more readily get rid of the "stony" than the "thorny." The "stony-ground" fellow soon gets offended and falls out of the way and the fold; and though he may come and go, be in and out, he will finally leave, if not truly converted. On the other hand, the thorny-ground professor will hold on, hoping to escape hell and get to heaven, like Atlas with the world on his back. He believes in the old couplet:

> Religion never was designed
> To make our pleasures less,

and he puts the sentiment to the perverted use of gratifying his false and fatal conception of Christianity as a worldly, sensual, or selfish religion. He will be the speechless intruder at the great supper of the Lamb without the wedding garment on.

There can be no excellence in a state of indecision, as we have seen in our last lecture, which is a companion to this; and no more can there be excellence in trying to decide in favor of two opposite and antagonistic ideas, things, or beings. Double-mindedness and indecision always go together, and conspire to produce failure and misery; and double-heartedness, with its sinister views and motives, whether alternating or holding on between good and evil, ultimately, if not immediately, reaches the same result. It is strange that any one should ever be so blind or stupid as to try to serve God and mammon; but there is a counterpart to this position in those who believe that they can so live as to serve neither. As partially shown in the lecture before us, so let me emphasize

the illusive mistake, and let me say that no matter how we imagine our position, whether trying to be on the side of both God and Satan or on the side of neither, we are certainly altogether on the side of the devil. Obligation created by relationship fixes every human being's allegiance to God, fixes his undying warfare against evil; and neutrality, negativity, or indifference amounts to positive and absolute opposition to that Being to whom we owe every thing. Omission and commission of sin are two sides of an equation, and the only mark which designates the space between them is the algebraic sign of equality. Being equal to the same thing, they are equal to each other; and the man who stands aloof and imagines by his excellence that he is a law unto himself, that he serves neither God nor Satan, is like the traitor who will fight neither for nor against his country. The man, however, who shoots at me to kill is no worse than my friend, so called, who stands by and sees him do it without interposition in my behalf. We cannot be for both sides of a question which involves a difference, nor can we be indifferent to the difference if relationship involves our obligation to one side or the other. God will damn us in our double-minded indecision, trying to decide and never doing it. He will damn us in our double-hearted effort to put our arms around both, and he will damn us in the self-important solecism of imagined neutrality between good and evil, between himself and Satan.

The man on the fence and the man trying to serve two masters occupy before God about the same position, and so of the counterpart of both—the man trying to serve neither. These sins are akin to each other, triple sisters in the greatest folly which ever

characterized a man having convictions or trying to have them in delusion. One halts between two opinions without taking sides; one runs with the hare and holds with the hounds; the other sits down in his self-conscious dignity and plays the agnostic, who knows nothing and has nothing to do with any thing or anybody but himself. This latter position is based upon the Ingersollian theory.

Coming specially to the subject now treated, the man trying to serve two masters, there are multitudes upon all questions—moral, social, political, and religious—who are apparently on both sides of every issue where self-denial or self-interest is involved. What a hard and heartless position to hold and task to perform! How unsuccessful and wretched the life with a double ideal of duty and relationship! How little of self-respect can such people have! How certain it must be that neither God nor Satan nor the world can have any respect for them! Double-minded indecision is more the object of pity, but the double-hearted purpose, to say nothing of indifferent agnosticism, is the object of contempt. A clown can ride two horses going the same way, but no expert in duplicity can ride two horses going in different directions. Heaven, earth, and hell have a profound admiration for the man who takes the right side of every thing, and who eschews especially the folly of taking both. He may not be loved by the devil nor the world, but he will be respected and trusted by both the good and the bad; and it is the decided man on the right side who will occupy the highest place in heaven. Indecision, duality, or indifference, in principle or practice, never won a victory, accomplished an end, nor wore a crown; and it is especially true that a man

trying to walk both forks of a road will split himself in two if he succeeds in the operation.

Balaam is a specimen illustrative of this kind of a man. He was a double-hearted fool trying to serve God and Baal at the same time. He wanted both to curse and to bless Israel at once, trying to keep God's favor from fear, and trying to get Balak's gold from the love of filthy lucre. He looked upon the goodly tents of Jacob with pious admiration and aspiration. He longed to die the death of the righteous and to have his last end like his; but in trying to serve both Jehovah and Baal he lost both God's favor and Balak's gold. He was ostensibly on both sides, but, like the double-minded and double-hearted and the indifferent in all cases, his heart was not on the Lord's side at all. He was at heart the enemy of God and Israel, however blinded in his imagination to believe to the contrary. No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. We shall love or hate, hold to or let loose one or the other in the end, and generally God will be hated and loosed, as in Balaam's case. In the very nature of things we cannot relish incongruity, cultivate opposites, nor follow antagonisms long at a time; and it is certain that success and happiness would be impossible if we did. We cannot enjoy bitter and sweet at the same time, although every sweet, even to the decided Christian, has a touch of bitter, and every bitter a touch of sweet. We cannot deliberately mix them. The greatest and best, the holiest and happiest of all men have been single-minded and single-hearted. The one-idead man is the successful and peaceful man, and the one-hearted man is the good and happy man. To do one thing, to be one thing at a time, and to be and do

it well, is the only rule of happy success; and this is the secret of a perfect and lofty Christianity.

Let me say, in conclusion, that the devil never meets his match save in the one-idead, single-minded, whole-hearted Christian. He could do nothing with Job except to make him cry and groan and complain a little. Job recognized that God gave and that God took away, that he had a property right in all his possessions, and that he had the sovereign control of his life and destiny. He was a man of inflexible convictions and of unfaltering and fixed purposes, and he could exclaim, when all was gone: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Misfortunes nor carbuncles could make such a man "curse God." He made God's kingdom and righteousness "first," number one. Himself, his business, and his family belonged all to God as a part of his religion; and the devil, by all the powers of loss and affliction, could not make him "divide." Integrity of principle and character is what a man wants to whip Satan with. The devil always meets his match in a *whole* man when he comes in conflict with an unmixed and indivisible and invulnerable integrity of character. He found no weak place in the fortress of Job's character, no hole to lodge in; and the old deceiver got about the worst thrashing, under all the circumstances, he ever received before Christ struck him between the eyes on the mount of temptation. Wherever the devil finds a life full of Christ nowadays he always skulks away crest-fallen and defeated, for he remembers that he cannot whip Christ whether on the mountain's top or in the faithful heart. He came unto Christ, but he found "nothing," no ele-

ment to work upon, and he found his everlasting and overwhelming match. So he found Paul a match for him in spite of all the cruelty and persecution he heaped upon him. Here was another *whole* man, undivided and unmixed, for Christ; and, under God, all the devils in hell and all the emissaries of the devil on earth did not shake his life-long integrity. He had but one ideal of glory, the cross; and he had but one conception of life, Christ.

Alas! how many unhappy and unsuccessful Christians in the world! How many unfortunate and miserable ones! What is the matter? They are all mixed up with the world, swallowed up in self and selfishness, walking cheek by jowl with the devil, trying to serve two masters—God and mammon—and making a wretched failure in both, especially in religion. It it is hard to teach a Sunday-school class and run to the play-house and the dance-hall all the week. You can't enjoy a prayer-meeting Wednesday evening and go to the bar-room Tuesday night before. The horse-race and the sermon will not mix Sunday morning The family altar and the card-table do not run together. Profanity and hymns will not jingle. There is no harmony between a vile heart and prayer and praise and melody, when you go to worship God. You can't have the devil sitting in the pew with you, and yet be trying to shake hands with Christ; and you can't leave Satan at the church-door, if you run with him during the week in pleasure and business. Christians, if you would be successful and happy, don't divide with God.

THE PERFECT MODEL.

WE have before us here the perfect Model. The crude block of human nature sits before the Master, and with the chisel of divine truth and the mallet of his power, the Holy Spirit shapes him into the image of the divine Pattern with many a blow and sharp incision. This is the portrait, rather the sculpture, of every Christian developing to the stature of the fullness of Christ by growth in grace and knowledge; and whether the perfection is attained here below or not, such will be the likeness and glory of God's child when he awakes in eternity. We shall then be like Jesus, and the sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit will be complete. How beautiful and glorious! Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart conceived the exalted consummation. The splendid symbolism of the "bride adorned for her husband," the "new Jerusalem," the glorified Church, "coming down from God out of heaven," seen by John in Revelation, gives us some conception of the grandeur of our perfection in Christ in the heavenly state. We are "complete in him," perfect in justification and righteousness imputed, perfect in divine and eternal life imparted, and to be perfect in that sanctifying growth which shall fill out our moral and spiritual stature in

(131)

THE PERFECT MODEL.

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the immaculate form and fashion of our Redeemer. Glorious Model! How we should sit before it, or hold it in front of us every day, that we may be conformed to his will and transformed more and more unto the perfect day after his likeness and image by a living sacrifice unto him of body, mind, and soul!

Jesus Christ said to the world: "*Follow me.*" He spake as man never spake. He made no mistakes in judgment, committed no fault in morals. His exemplification of divine life in toil and teaching, in trial and suffering, in self-denial and self-sacrifice, finds no parallel in the history of the world's best men, and he uttered a doctrine and gave a system of religion which are absolutely faultless. Perfect God, he was at the same time perfect man; and he so became allied to human nature and all its wants and infirmities that he lived and died with a perfect human experience and a perfect human character. In his sympathetic human relationship, in the contact of his God-touched humanity, he became not only our model of perfection, but he became the divine magnet which drew the world to his feet. He is not a cold and far-off model, to be philosophically or æsthetically gazed upon and wondered at; but he came down to us in concrete form, the "God with us" so entering into us that we might enter into him; and, nestling at his feet, we can sit and look into the face of a loving Friend who knows and feels our wants and gives to our hungering hearts every needed blessing and grace. We have a living and loving model which knows and helps us to study himself; and with such advantages of discipleship, how rapidly we may develop into his likeness by following his footsteps under the guidance of his truth and the inspiration of his Spirit!

No other being since time began could have said, "Follow me." Paul did say, "Follow me as I follow Christ;" but in this injunction he held up first of all before us Christ as the model which he himself illustrated. No human being, in himself and in the light of his own excellence, could say, "Follow me"—that is, in the sense of a pattern for eternity. Some men and women have lived and died excellent moral examples for the life we now live; but the purer and brighter they have beamed upon the world the darker they have beheld their own imperfection and depravity. The perfect Job said that he was a worm's brother, that he abhorred himself in "dust and ashes" when he came to fully see himself in the justification of God and so of the best who have lived. Their lives and characters, under the microscope of God, would magnify into lines of hideous shape and contortion. There are none good, no, not one; and the great Apostle Paul said of himself: "No good thing dwelleth in me." There has never been one single perfect human model to imitate, and not one, however perfect or perfectly imitated, could have transformed us into a character fit for heaven. Jesus alone could say, "Follow me," for he is the only one "altogether lovely and the chiefest among ten thousand." He could say, "Come unto me and learn," for in the school of Christ the soul could find rest and refreshment from God, wisdom and peace from above. The schools of Socrates and Plato, the academy and the porch of the Greeks were grand molders of human thought and character; but the philosophies of the Stoics and Epicureans long ago degenerated and died amid the indistinguishable ruins of atheism and pantheism, the profoundest corrupters of the human mind and heart.

As Teacher and Exemplar Christ eclipses with transcendent glory all the school-masters of time. He tells and shows us how to live and how to die, and he brings with vivid reality and accuracy the panorama of eternity before our eyes. He was the impersonation of that meekness and humility always born of greatness and goodness, but in him the impersonation and incarnation of God and of Godlike character. His child-like innocence and simplicity, coupled with the lion-hearted courage and majesty of manhood, brought together two extremes of human nature, between which pride and ambition, ignorance and prejudice, have ever marred the glory and happiness of the human family; and it is through the model teaching and example of Christ that we behold to-day the sublimest illustrations of manhood on earth in imitation of our great and only Master. The greatest men and women of earth are Christ-like and child-like. In patience and fortitude, in unblanched courage and bravery, we behold the masterpiece of the moral sublime in man when Jesus stood before Pilate, and sweat great drops of blood in Gethsemane, and died on Calvary. In toil and in tears we behold him the indefatigable laborer, conquering all things with the stern strokes of industry, going about doing good. He lighted up the dens of iniquity and the haunts of poverty and the habitations of misery with the touch of the tenderest and yet loftiest humanity, and he illustrated that great truth that sympathy and love alone bring health and sunshine and joy to a suffering and degraded world. He proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the impotency of all force to conquer and control men, and he set on foot a series of revolutions in the salvation and amelioration of the centuries which

owe their glory and their good to the theory that they who take the sword shall perish by it. The sublimest triumph over the world was taught us in his doctrine of forbearance and forgiveness, and the best way to hurt an enemy was to heap coals of fire upon his head by returning good for evil. In all things Jesus demonstrates the value and happiness of passion in its control and subordination to good, and that the grandeur and power of intellect lies in the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom, and in the love of God, which is the end of wisdom. He is "the way, the truth, the life," and no other finger has ever pointed us across the hills of time to the hills of eternity The way of the cross is the only way, the truth of the cross is the only truth, the life of the cross is the only life, and nothing but Perfection incarnate could have ever transformed the cross—the symbol of human iniquity, human shame, and human punishment—into an ensign of divine grace, divine honor, and divine justification. The banner of the cross waves to-day upon the walls of every city, unfurls to the breeze in every clime, and dominates every empire.

However hampered by the infirmities of the flesh or tempted by the devil, or mocked, opposed, and crucified by the world, Jesus Christ lived and worked and died like God; and it is the testimony of such infidels as Voltaire, Rousseau, Renan, and others, that that "young Hebrew" was above all the *savans* of the world, that he outlived and outdied its philosophers, that, whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus Christ, even as a man, could never be surpassed. The world has produced some grand religious leaders, but not one has ever conquered it. Not one has ever issued the universal proclamation, "*Come,*" and not

one has ever issued the universal commission, "*Go.*" The religion of Christ is a universal religion, meeting a universal want and involving a universal duty; and it has never been hampered by racial, social, or national barriers. There have been such lights and leaders in history as Confucius, Mohammed, Swedenborg, the authors of Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Mormonism; but the lights of Asia, of Europe, of America, have all been extinguished in the "Light of the world." In their vagaries like eccentric comets, in their flickering like stars, in their waxing and waning like moons, they go out before the resplendent and universal glow of the "Sun of Righteousness." Beecher said, grandly: "Christ declared without qualification, 'I am the Light of the world.' What thunderous strokes should beat down the audacious man who should *dare* to say this! If Christ had not been the absolute One, he would have said: 'I am the moon, shining by night; but my spoused one, the sun, from whom I receive my beams, shines by day.'"

Finally, how inspiring and transforming to stand perpetually before this Model, under the chisel of truth, handled by the Holy Spirit! It has been often said that a man instinctively drew himself higher up when he stood before the celebrated statue of Apollo Belvedere. I remember the first time I looked upon the statue of Washington how my mind ran back over his heroic struggle for the liberties of my country, how his calm and well-balanced genius nerved and led a nation through the dread ordeal of the Revolution, how his lofty and unambitious spirit sacrificed all for the untold glory of future generations, resisting every temptation to power, and consecrating all upon the altar of liberty and free government. My

young heart thrilled with the inspiration of his character, and with nobler hopes and aspirations I turned away toward the future and the work of life. But what is Washington by the side of Christ, the living statue of Perfection before the gaze of every Christian and of the world? Are you sorrowful? Behold the Man of sorrows, who bore your griefs and who takes them away! Are you sinful? Look upon him by whose stripes you are healed. Are you weary and heavy laden? There he stands, who said: "Come unto me, and . . . ye shall find rest." Are you ignorant? He only is wisdom and truth. Are you fettered and hampered? "If the Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed." Are you proud and ambitious? "I am meek and lowly of heart." Are you full of hate and malice and revenge? "Return good for evil, blessings for cursings; love your enemies." Are you fearful and unbelieving amid the storms of temptation? "Be not afraid; it is I;" "my grace is sufficient for thee." Are you lonely and forsaken? "I will not leave you comfortless." Are you poor? "All things are yours." Are you guilty, ruined, lost in despair? Behold your Redeemer and Saviour, and think of Mary Magdalene and the thief on the cross and the woman taken in adultery. Are you hungry, thirsty? Jesus is the Bread, the Water, of life. Are you a child? "Suffer the little children to come." Are you old and gray-headed? "I will never forsake nor leave thee." What is it that Jesus is not to, or does not for, the saint or the sinner? He is "all and in all," "Alpha and Omega," the "Author and Finisher of our faith." As our Model he combines all excellence and glory. He is the exhaustion of all goodness and greatness,

"our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;" and before this exquisite and living statue of every divine perfection every devout heart may be transformed into the only image of God which can be created. God exhausted himself in the masterpiece of wisdom and work when he sent his Son and gave him to live and die for us that we might be his masterpiece in the divine art of portraiture and sculpture for heavenly life and glory, to be forever exhibited in the galleries of eternity, the finished work of the Holy Spirit. We are to sit together in heavenly places at last in Christ Jesus, and we are, through him, forever to stand to the "praise of the glory of God's grace," the living and polished stones which are to construct and adorn the glorious temple of which Christ is the model, chief, elect, precious corner-stone. Let us stand before him, and be chiseled after his likeness every day.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

IN the blackboard sketch before us we have the picture of a man with *delirium tremens*. It is one of the most horrible of all the effects of strong drink, and it is one of the most unaccountable. This form of insanity is seldom dangerous to any but the victim himself, and sometimes in his terror and fright he kills himself by accident, if not by suicide. He sees all sorts of grotesque and horrible apparitions, and he seldom hears or sees any thing pleasant. I once saw a man out in his yard shooting squirrels, hundreds of which he could see in the trees. I saw another one night who could see nothing but rats running over his bed, and ever and anon he would see his clothes lined with vermin, and with loathsome disgust he would rise from his bed, tear off his apparel, and shake off the lice. Another I saw who imagined that his tongue was all pierced with fish-hooks, and he was continually trying to pull them out of his mouth, pitifully crying all the while with his imagined pain. I knew one man who never saw any thing but monkeys sporting and catching at him with their claws, and one night he imagined he saw a monster ringtailed monkey, twenty feet high, coming down the street toward him, and he jumped out of a second-story window, breaking his

(141)

DELIRIUM TREMENS

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arm and his leg and almost crushing the life out of him. He lay for months upon what seemed to be a bed of death, and the last time I saw him he was drunk again and on the way to the monkeys. Others see snakes and hobgoblins and abnormal monsters and thousand-legs and hideous human forms, mutilated, bloody, one-armed, one-legged, without eyes, and sometimes without heads. One poor fellow I knew died for want of sleep, because he said a crowd of devils ran up to his window and waked him up every time he fell into a doze. The most horrible, perhaps, of all these apparitions is that of snakes, when the inebriate imagines himself wreathed with them and that they are piercing him with their fangs all over his body, and wrapped around his neck, legs, and arms.

When we come to reflect that all this illusion—this dreadful delusion—is to the victim of delirium a perfect reality, we can have some conception of the horror that seizes upon his mind. No persuasion, no argument, by the most confidential friend on earth, can convince him to the contrary. When he reaches a lucid moment (and he often seems perfectly rational about everything else), he may be made to feel his hallucination, which he distinctly remembers; but while the paroxysm of insanity is upon him, this hell of drunkenness is absolutely real and beyond the power of conviction to the contrary. Of all the pitiable and helpless objects in the world it is a strong yet powerless man tossed upon the waves of this wild sea of self-wrought and self-responsible delusion. It makes the man shudder with cold chills of horror, and his hair to stand on end, who witnesses it, and the most marvelous of all the enigmas of sin is that a victim could ever so recover from such a state of tor-

ment and fury as to repeat this dreadful drama of insanity and misery inexpressible and beyond the power of conception. O mysterious depths of hell! O thou weird and fiendish nature of sin! thy problem is not solved in the madness of alcohol, but thy character is most faithfully portrayed and illustrated.

I have often thought that *delirium tremens* was one of the best proofs of the existence of a hell, the everlasting punishment of sin. The mind or heart lost to all the influences of good, turned loose from all the moorings of virtue, and launched out upon the chaotic deep of its own fury created within, is but the picture of the lost soul cut loose from God and hope and banished from the influential presence of all help and restraint. Who can wonder at the Bible picture of a flame that is never quenched, of a worm that never dies, ever burning and gnawing into the vitals of a lost and wrecked soul? and who can wonder at the natural exhibitions of that remorse which gnashes its teeth, weeps and wails, and curses God and self forever? What must be the horrid visions of a world "tumbled into anarchy," flitting with devils and hobgoblins created to aggravate our torment, and accompanied by ten thousand creations of our own fancy, arising from the crimes and follies of an ill-spent life? Hell is a bottomless pit, illustrating the downward tread of human degradation, but it is a lake of fire and brimstone, representing the aggregation and the aggravation of a wicked life coming up in every form the characteristic realizations of every shape of sin and the outcome and last analysis of every development of evil. Nothing but the delirium of whisky seems here below to foretaste, forecast, and prefigure our state in hell, and it would seem that such a thought

would alarm and awaken every victim of this vice to fly from the wrath of God wrought in the very laws of our being thus violated. The terrors of conscience under other crimes, such as murder and seduction and slander and other injuries to self and neighbor, often argue the presence of God in the soul and God in the punishment of sin. Men and women, the world over, fly in vain from conscience and God; and often they come back to confess, or commit suicide in order to get relief from their ills. This is hell mirrored and symbolized by the hand of God in the soul's inner consciousness, in spite of all resistance by will or counter-motive; but in the madness of alcoholic delirium, both hell and the devil are dragged up by the imagination, to pass in panoramic vision before the senses and the intellections, otherwise normal and rational. Man's intuitions, in spite of infidelity, never go amiss in the faithful interpretation of divine truth and the soul's immortality and responsibility when the test of sin brings the mind to conscious conviction. We just know there is a God and a devil, a heaven and a hell, the need of a Saviour; and both the good and the bad, the glory and the horror of eternity, have their infallible foretaste, forecast, and counterpart in the present life. The heathen believes and knows this, and nothing but rationalism, blinded in the blaze of revealed light, ever gets learned and satisfied to the contrary in a state of self-conceited and self-righteous morality. The poor, degraded sinner knows better, and sometimes I think the moralist is the worst and in the worst condition of all the sinners in the world, unless it is the persistent and ruined criminal who has lost all the elements of manhood and passed the day of grace.

The nature of delirium tremens is a most interesting study, and the comprehension of the subject might scientifically be the means of deterring many a man from strong drink. Alcohol has a great affinity for the brain, and it plays with harsh and dreadful note upon the nervous system. In the brain of the drunkard alcohol may be found without change or assimilation, and the brain being the very seat and center of the nervous system, this most delicate part of our organism is directly and immediately affected by this most powerful and dangerous stimulant, which always intoxicates when used in sufficient quantities. The nerves are thus paralyzed, and hence the brain, having lost the medium by which it communicates thought and emotion to the senses, becomes unconscious in a state of intoxication. In the repeated effect of alcohol upon the nervous system, and especially when this long-repeated effect is suspended, these paralyzed nerves begin to vibrate with a force which makes the whole body tremble; and in their disordered and abnormal vibration they convey confused and distorted conceptions from the brain to the senses; and hence, at intervals, the victim of habitual drink imagines as present the hell of his vice in all the horrid shapes by which the confused brain plays back upon the vibratory nerves. Fancy and imagination take the throne of judgment and reason, and in the nature of things, somehow, hell takes the place of heaven, the devil takes the place of God, and the weird and hideous forms of sin, wrought out in our intuitive consciousness, revel and romp through the chambers of the brain. The victim of drink trembles like an aspen and is delirious, and this is why this form of insanity is called *delirium tremens.* Delirious trembling, accom-

panied by all sorts of dreadful hallucinations which interpret sin in the soul, illustrate its hell beyond by its hell here, and set all the forces of darkness to run riot through our chaotic being. Whisky simply makes chaos of the mind and heart, intellectually and morally, and delirium tremens adumbrates and intensifies that hell to come by the hell within, which dooms the drunkard from entrance into God's kingdom.

Why will ye die? Young man, why will you tamper with the maddening bowl? You think you will never reach the limit of this fearful malady of the besotted and ruined drunkard. This is one of the delusive dreams of fascinating whisky. You expect to stop, but every drunkard in hell, or on the way to hell, once lifted that poisoned chalice of delusion to his quivering lips. Lay not this flattering unction to your soul, and do not help to lay it to the souls of others by your example. Young men and women, let me beg you to rise up in this your day and generation, and swear allegiance to temperance and sobriety. Band together to save the drunkards, and pray God's daily curse upon the saloon, this Gorgon monster, this hydra-headed, hell-born and hell-fired serpent, which lifts his gigantic form and stretches his Titanic length across the destinies of the fairest country ever blighted beneath the sun. Mothers and fathers, teach your children to hate the bottle, to tremble as they pass the bar-room, and to shudder when they see the victim of drink; and, little children here to-day, let me beg you to never touch, taste, nor handle the accursed thing you call whisky. Think of the madmen made by the bottle to-day, and remember that some of you, some day, may become the raving maniacs I have described—ragged, trembling, palsied, paralyzed, and

filled with all the horrors of hell, even before you reach that dread abode which the drunkard's delirium typifies. Will one of you ever become such a besotted fiend? In all probability some of these now innocent young ones will fill a drunkard's grave, if they touch the damning cup. God pity the young and tender heart, and God forbid the destiny is my humble prayer.

Let me close with a picture drawn by Dr. Talmage on this subject: "God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve and travels every muscle and gnaws every bone and burns with every flame and stings with every poison and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! what fiends stand by his midnight pillow! what groans tear his ear! what horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral-pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? They shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handsful, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan and they shriek and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them. 'Stab me; smother me; strangle me; take the devils off me!' O it is no fancy sketch! That thing is going on in hospitals—ay, it is going on in some of the finest residences in every neighborhood on the continent."

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LIGHTNING-BUG CONVENTION.—THE ASSEMBLY

The Lightning-bug Convention.

It was about one o'clock at night when I was awakened from sleep by a low, peculiar, buzzing noise, which indicated that a stealthy procession of some kind was passing my door. I softly peeped out of my front window, when I beheld a body of beings passing along with small lanterns dimly lighted, but each intermittently growing brighter occasionally than the lantern seemed to burn. I heard little murmurs of "Protest" and a "Meeting" to be held down in a thicket close by, and, quickly dressing myself, I furtively stole out into the road and followed the lantern concourse. Near a little spring the crowd had gathered, when, after peering more closely through the dark, I discovered that it was a lightning-bug convention. They began to sparkle pretty generally and profusely, chattering about something which, for the confusion of voices, I could not at first understand. At last one of them arose with stately demeanor and proposed to elect a chairman, who should call the meeting to order and state the object of the assemblage. He put in nomination a venerable, old-fashioned kind of fellow by the name of Tallowwick, who was promptly elected by acclamation, and who, after a few rapid flashes of his lantern, took his seat and

called the glimmering assembly to order, at which the multitude of lanterns seemed to flicker a little dimly, as every one seemed to have his lantern shining from his coat-tail, and as they seemed all to sit down upon their own little light.

In a brief speech the chairman addressed the assembly, as near as I can recollect, as follows: "Fellow-citizens of the lightning-bug fraternity: Every lightning-bug has his night, but he never has had his day. In fact, he wants no day, as his glory is known only by the night. Even here we are often discounted by the moon and the stars, and it would be better for us and the world if they could be blotted out, for then our light could shine without diminution upon the darkness of this benighted sphere. Few indeed are the beclouded nights in which we can shine forth in all the glow and splendor of our being to light the nightly travelers on their way, who are guided by our subcorporal scintillations. But this is not our greatest difficulty and privation. We have no chance at the day at all. One-half of our useful existence is blotted out altogether, while the other half is diminished and depreciated. The sun is our great enemy, and hence the enemy of the world, and in the way of our light, which is the glory of the earth. It is said by John Jacob Jasper that the 'sun do move,' and I believe it. He comes forth daily, and only to put out our light, and for many long, weary hours we have to hide in the brush in order to escape his useless heat and to shun the unnecessary intensity of his invidious contrast. The object of this meeting is to protest against his rising any more, and to institute measures which shall secure, for the good of the world, this most desirable end. We may compromise with nat-

ure, if necessary, by a generous toleration of the moon and the stars, as by the obliteration of the day we would have more time for the display of our light; but the sun must be stopped. We shall no longer stand his overshadowing competition and division of time so dear to the world on our account. The meeting is now open, and the subject before you for discussion, and I trust we shall have unanimity and a hearty co-operation in the decision of this momentous question."

Amid a tremendous rattling of wings and flashing of lanterns the chairman took his seat, when a Mr. Pettiflicker sprung upon the limb of a small bush and harangued the audience for a long while in the severest denunciations of the sun, caricaturing especially his spots, and at the conclusion of his very able speech he moved the appointment of a committee of three of the most enlightened lightning-bugs of the assembly, who should draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the august body. The chairman looked wisely over the audience for a moment, and named the following committee: Messrs. Fizzleflash, Twinkleflit, and Sparkletitter. He directed the appointees, with solemn instructions, to bring in a paper worthy the dignity of the occasion, the subject, and the vast assembly gathered, and the little committee lighted out into the darkness.

In the absence of the committee several distinguished bugs spoke for the good of the cause. Among them was a very old and feebly flickering bug by the name of Scintililiput Miniluxglint vociferously called for, and of great authority, as I judged by the length of his name, the moss on his back, and the enthusiasm he seemed to inspire. He said that he had lived fo:

several weeks, and was well versed in the history of the world. Greece and Rome had never known of such things as gas and electric lights, and so far as he could learn their inimitable civilizations had never seriously interfered with the lightning-bug's vocation. His ancestors could traverse the streets of Babylon and Nineveh, the greatest cities the world ever built, without ever meeting the invidious gleam of a single modern light, and every lightning-bug of that age could walk in the marvelous light and liberty of his profession without interference or disparagement. Not so now in these sad and degenerate days of the world's weak and corrupted civilizations, which had of necessity to supplement the fire-fly's natural and healthy glow with a thousand artificial illuminations, indicative of and preventive of modern iniquity and effeminacy. "But," said the old bug, "this artificial sham-work of the age still leaves us the country to shine in. We enjoy as yet the backwoods at night. We still have an existence in spite of modern progress, so called, and in spite of the sun; and I am glad, after so many ages of oppression and submission on our part, to see at last this noble movement in the direction of our liberty and the world's long-felt want. We are good enough for, and we are the necessity of, the world at all times. I trust our able committee will devise means—"

Just at this moment the committee came in. All was silence, but the little lanterns flashed with a fresher glow. Many rose to their feet, and their coat-tails twinkled amazingly. The chairman, Mr. Fizzleflash, offered the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas for many ages, without formal protest, our light has been extinguished by day through the imperious and des-

potic disregard of the sun; and whereas over half of our glory and influence has been lost to this suffering and injured world; and whereas nature has allowed an unjust discrimination against us in the unequal distribution of time and light by the sun; and whereas we think there is no necessity for the sun at all; and whereas we think, in the light of the lightning-bug, the sun is a great humbug; therefore, be it

1. *Resolved*, That we hereby enter our solemn protest against the sun's ever rising and shining again.

2. That in case our protest against the sun is not favorably received we hereby institute and organize an indignation meeting, to be held at this place every night for one month until we extort from Nature proper consideration for our rights, privileges, and liberties, so long disparaged and trampled upon.

3. That in the event our protest and indignation fail a general convention of all the lightning-bugs of this country and of the world be called for the purpose of organizing a general revolution and rebellion against Nature.

4. That if revolution and rebellion fail, after having done all we can to assert our rights and liberties for the good of the world, then we hereby pledge ourselves and our general fraternity to permanently withdraw our light from the face of creation.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Dame Nature and her favorite sun, if indeed he shall ever show his face again.

The resolutions were loudly received and adopted. The President proceeded to address the assembly with some closing remarks. His coat-tail was flashing intermittently with much ardor and zeal. He began a fierce and bitter tirade against all other light but the light of lightning-bugs; and I perceived that the coat-tails of all the audience began to glow and flash more rapidly and intensely, reaching unusual brilliancy. Just then I noticed that the day began to break, and the bugs began to grow a little restless and uneasy. The speaker continued to orate, but his eloquence began to ooze out. The dawn grew on apace,

and I noticed that the pocket-lanterns began to grow dim and to go out. The light of day kindled brighter and brighter still, and soon it was hard to see the audience at all, and the orator's voice had entirely ceased. Suddenly the sun began to rise. Old Sol peeped above the horizon, and his broad and luminous shoulders shoved the mists out of the way and pitched the clouds in every direction. He rolled in grandeur above the east, and in my rapture I had forgotten the lightning-bug convention entirely. Thinking of where I was and why I was there, I turned again to see, and, behold, there was nothing left of the assembly at all. There was not a lightning-bug to be seen; every lantern had been extinguished, and not a voice was heard. They had all fled; at least I could not see one of them. The lightning-bug assembly had been dis-SOL-ved.

This was a dream I had once, in my imagination, in a certain town where it was proposed to introduce the public school system, and a lot of the old fogies got together and *protested* against the movement. The public schools were introduced all the same, and the old fogy convention never met any more. The same dream has often occurred to me when I have heard of the liquor men gathering in convention to oppose the temperance cause. Their light is made of alcoholic fire, and it generally shines in their stomachs, something like the lightning-bug's; and their protests against the rising sun of the great temperance reform will ultimately result about like the resolutions of the lightning-bug convention. The lightning-bug fraternity represents the universally small critic and persecutor, and every rising genius and rising cause of truth and righteousness has been opposed and protested by these diminutive midnight illuminators. Galileo and Coper-

(157)

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LIGHTNING-BUG CONVENTION.—THE DISSOLUTION.

nicus and Harvey and Morse and Fulton and Stephenson and Columbus and Washington were all protested by lightning-bug conventions; but these sublime luminaries of discovery, invention, and progress rose upon the world nevertheless. Christ himself had the Jewish Sanhedrim and the Pilates and the Herods assembled against him; but the Sun of righteousness rose upon the world with healing in his wings, and his light is fast dissolving all the conventions of darkness the devil ever assembled with his *ignes-fatui* or his fire and brimstone.

There will be lightning-bug conventions till the end of time; but the sun will nevertheless continue to rise and roll on in the grandeur of his luminous circuit. Nothing can prevent ignorance and prejudice from opposing every form of truth and righteousness, and selfishness and ambition will continue to suppress the light which shines against human pride and interest. One part of the world blindly fights against God and progress, while the other knowingly and willfully opposes whatever crosses the path of vile aspiration and self-seeking enterprise. We see this sad fact illustrated every day in the methods and schemes of politics, business, social conventionalities, infidelity, and vice. Partisan zeal opposes even the good in its opponents; trusts and monopolies seek to kill down competition in weak and struggling enterprises for the good of a country. Ingersollism fights God, aristocracy crushes down upon poverty and all the revolutionizing ideas of right and liberty which the struggling masses assert and win; and the myrmidons and minions of vice invent and put in operation every means to circumvent and destroy virtue and good. But in the familiar language of Bryant:

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshipers.

The sun "do move," and will rise; and all the lightning-bug conventions in the world may protest and oppose in vain. Truth and righteousness grow best by conflict with error and iniquity, in the long run. Their history is a long series of rises and declines, but ever rising higher above the undulations of decay and opposition at every successive step of progress toward the mountain-top of time and glory. Truly the "eternal years of God" are theirs. They possess within themselves the inherent element of development and of revolution against inertia and corruption, and they mount higher at every stage of conflict with every opposing element of falsehood and evil, even when for long periods the dark night of defeat and despair has seemed to settle upon the fields of contest. The deluge came, and swept away an old world to start a new one. Jesus came, and turned the world upward to God from its universally downward career in the height of civilization. The Reformation came, and reversed the shadowy doom of mediæval superstition. Jesus will come again to lift the last dark decline of the world's loftiest leap in civilization into the glory of the millennium. The devil, with his last lightning-bug convention arrayed "against the camp of the saints," will after all be "loosed for a little season," and then heaven will come down to earth, and God shall dwell among men.

51 CALLING THE KETTLE

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POT CALLING KETTLE BLACK.

ONE day the cook went out of the kitchen to be gone upon a visit to some of her neighbors. The pot, after some time arose and dressed himself and rubbed flour over his face, looked into the glass, and thought himself handsome. Not to be outdone, the kettle arose and dressed and did likewise, also claiming beauty and comeliness. Whereat the pot began to call the kettle black, and the kettle grew furious and steamed at the nose, while the pot continued to laugh and to mock. Such was the confusion and excitement that all the cooking utensils became involved, skipped and danced, and took part, some on the one side and some on the other. The tongs, the shovel, the waffle-iron, the spoon, the dish-pan, the stove—all assumed various airs and grimaces, and became involved in the general row. About this time the cook returned, and, hearing the noise, rushed into the room with her broom, and broke up the disturbance. The pot returned to his place in the corner, the kettle to his position on the stove, and all the smaller fry hunted their homes under the silencing brush of the cook. A severe lecture followed, in which the cook taught the moral that one man as black as black could be should not call another black no blacker than he. The pot was very

much ashamed and rebuked under the full consciousness of his blackness and presumption, and the kettle, though vindicated, felt his blackness still and kept his place.

This fable finds an illustration in a striking text of the word of God. Jesus said to his disciples: "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." The Apostle Paul said to the Romans: "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things. . . . And thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them which do such things, and doest the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God? . . . Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal? Thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery?" Alas! alas! here is the great sin of the world. We judge others, no guiltier than we, of the same things of which we are guilty ourselves, and it is oftenest the case that the guiltier a man is himself, the more condemnatory he is of others even far less guilty than he. This is the pot calling the kettle black; and of all the beings whom God will judge most harshly it will be the man who condemns in others that of which he himself is most guilty.

Herein arises one of the peculiarities of human nature—nay, one of the mysteries of poor fallen man. It is a marvelous inconsistency, an unaccountable contradiction in judgment and morals, that the pot as black as midnight should call the kettle black; and

yet nothing is more common than to hear wicked people—people not even trying to cover their sins under the garb of hypocrisy—calling their neighbors names and exposing their sins. This is not only so where the sins are different, but where they are the same. The drunkard abuses the drunkard, the thief decries the thief, the slanderer scandalizes the slanderer. It seems perfectly consistent to some people to berate the sins of others when their own sins are not of the same character. Even here it would seem that justice and decency would dictate charity, which says, Though your sins differ in caste, they agree in quality; but when two men guilty of the same thing, in quantity, quality, and character, judge each other, it seems unaccountable. What is the philosophy of it? The problem can only be solved in the shameless presumption and blindness of sin itself, and the fact argues how little people study themselves in the light of themselves, much less in the looking-glass of God and of their neighbors. How can a man who understands and appreciates his own iniquity find fault with other people? The midnight veil of selfishness is the worst form of sin's blindness, and no man can ever rise above this most criminal inconsistency until examination of self, in the light of justice, leads him to see himself as God and others see him.

O wad some power the giftie gie us!

I have often thought of Shakespeare's maxim:

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

And the great poet, often so profoundly philosophical and theological, here agrees with Christ and Paul. How few ever adopt the golden rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so

likewise unto them!" If we loved God with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourselves, if we loved God supremely and our neighbor unselfishly, we should have no sin to see in ourselves or others; but since we are "sinners all," and our love is imperfect, we could at least adopt the golden rule. How few, indeed, are there who "think no evil," believe all things, bear all things, and cover their neighbors' sins with the mantle of charity and sympathy! I love that old stanza of Pope:

> Teach me to feel another's woe,
> To hide the fault I see;
> That mercy I to others show,
> That mercy show to me.

The sin of harsh judgment and of unfriendly criticism can never be cured in any man or woman so long as he or she is lynx-eyed toward neighbor and mole-eyed to self. Every one of us should remember in the familiar expression of Shenstone that "a man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind;" and when we judge others we should ever ask the question propounded by the great poet,

> How would you be,
> If He, which is at the top of judgment,
> Should judge you as you are?

This reminds us of the sad and awful fact that we shall be judged as we judge. The standards we raise for others will be the standard by which God will judge us. As Richelieu says in that famous play, "Wise judges are we of each other!" It is generally true that we judge righteously of others' sins. We go to the standard of God when we see others' faults; and it is up to this standard that God will hold us.

A man casts off his erring wife, turns his fallen sister from his door, forsakes his mother and his daughter in vice; and he thinks himself perfectly justified in consigning to disgrace and abandonment the flesh of his flesh, and the bone of his bone; but let him remember, if he has any sin himself, that so God will abandon him at the judgment; "for we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." How many men I have heard to say, "If there was no hell, I would give a considerable sum to have one made; there are some men I think ought to go to hell." Even the man who thinks there ought to be no hell for himself thinks there ought to be one for somebody else; and just what he judges of others he will share for himself, if he lives and dies in sin. How often the legislator who makes the law, how often the judge and the jury who execute it, are guilty of the very crimes their laws condemn! The lawyer who prosecutes his victim before the court, the very complainant who presses the defendant, are reeking in the very sin they are seeking to condemn and punish. The pot is calling the kettle black; and, worse than all, in the light of his own blackness and guilt he is seeking to inflict the penalty of his own crime upon another. This is all just and right as a matter of vindicating human justice before the civil courts of our country; but the standard lifted here will be the standard lifted before that dread bar where there will be no advocate to plead, where no plea will lodge, and where no witness but the self-accusing conscience will appear. The golden rule will be reversed there; for as we have done to others it will be

done to us, the measure we have meted out to others shall be meted to us again.

Worse than all, man is so often unjust in his judgment toward others. The pot sometimes calls the pitcher black, and it is mean enough for him to call the kettle black. This is a world of injustice, and if it were not true, in the language of a beautiful writer, that "the injustice of men subserves the justice of God, and often his mercy," this life would be the most miserable of all existence to a large number of people. But few of the unjust ever get justice at the hands of the law; and the sufferers of injustice and persecution have no other vindication this side of heaven, where "sits," as Shakespeare says, "a judge that no king can corrupt." God forbid that I should ever lie down and die with an unjust judgment unrepented and unamended; and let me ever adopt the maxim of Mason while I live: "Judge thyself with a judgment of sincerity, and thou wilt judge others with charity." The older I get the more charitably I try to judge. I want to leave myself in the hands of God, not to judge, but to show me mercy, through Him who suffered judgment in my stead; and I would gladly and willingly leave the worst human being at the feet of Jesus. I am glad the thief went from the cross to paradise; and I am willing to have universal salvation true, if God wills to save all, through faith, by the blood of Jesus. For the purpose of social purity, and in the vindication of just standards, we must "judge," here below, "the tree by its fruit;" but let me leave the final judgment of myself and of my fellow-men to God. I wish all could be saved, if it were possible; and I shall never rejoice, even in the judgment which condemns a soul to hell, although I shall say "Amen."

to every righteous decision of God. "You shall have justice, Pat," said a lawyer to his client, when about to be arraigned before the court for some crime he had committed. "And, by faith, that's not fwhat I'm afther," said the Irishman. I am not after justice when I stand before God, except satisfied justice in Jesus Christ who paid my debt, in vindication of God's law. I am after mercy. There is not a day nor an hour nor a moment upon which I could stand for the perfection essential to eternal life and glory. Christ is "my righteousness," and I only wish every human being could say as much; and upon this consideration I want to base, first of all, my charity for all men. God forbid that I should be charging others with the sins I possess, or with sins at all, so long as I am as guilty as they. Much more, keep me from scandalizing those purer than myself—not only calling the kettle black, but calling the pitcher black. We all have to be saved from sin, from the same hell, alike; and if there are any beings in the universe who ought to be charitable to each other, they are *human* beings.

Truly does Peter urge: "Above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity [love] shall cover the multitude of sins." I love to think of Shakespeare's man who

> Hath a tear for pity, and a hand
> Open as day for melting charity.

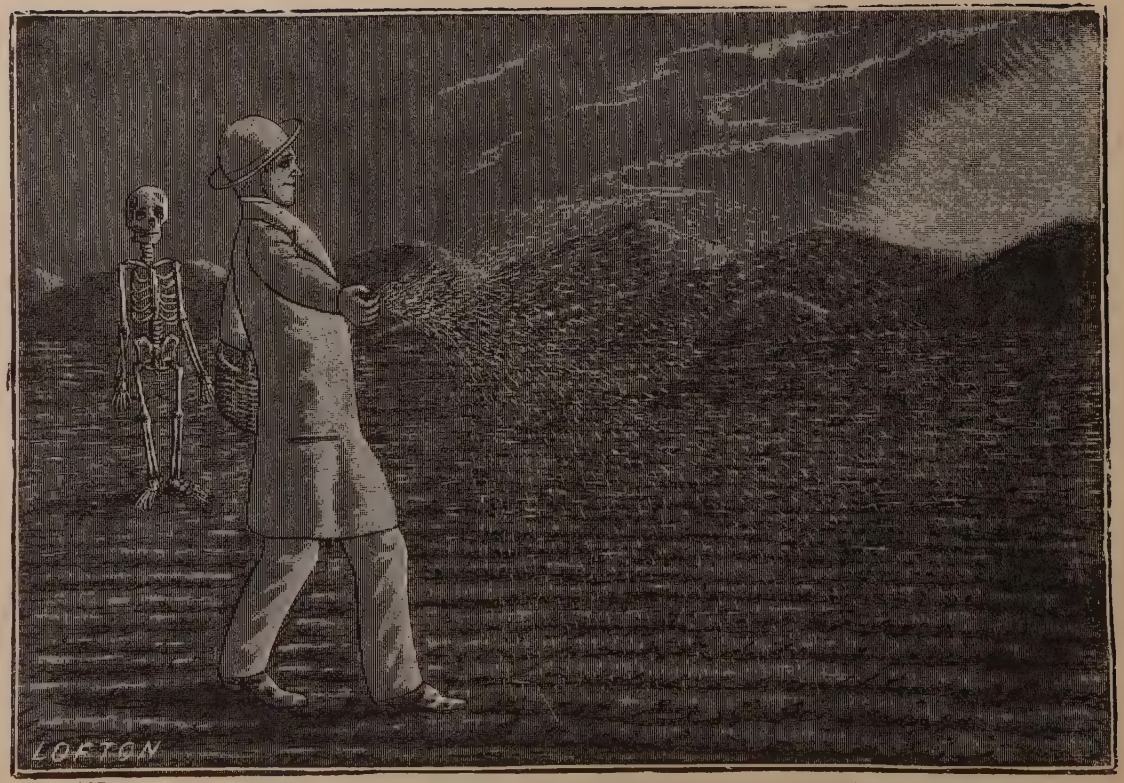
And never did Burns sing sweeter than when he said,

> Then gently scan your brother man,
> Still gentler sister woman;
> Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
> To step aside is *human*.

Of course there is a mock charity which sympathizes with wrong and which rejoices in iniquity, in-

stead of rejoicing in the truth. "A God all mercy," said Young, "is a God unjust;" and what is true of God in this respect should be true of us. "Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy," said the "Bard of Avon." It must be a very indifferent nature, or one contradictorily good and evil at the same time, to allow charity to subvert justice, where justice vindicated is mercy in the end; but at the very best every poor *human* being should temper justice with mercy in every essential decision and dealing with his fellow-man. It may be very trite and common to repeat it, but Shakespeare is next to the Bible on this point when he makes Portia speak to Shylock in the following language:

> The quality of mercy is not strained;
> It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed:
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
> The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
> His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
> The attribute to awe and majesty,
> Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
> It is an attribute to God himself,
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
> When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
> Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
> That in the cause of justice none of us
> Should see salvation: *we do pray for mercy,*
> And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
> The deeds of mercy.



(172)

SOWING WILD OATS.

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Sowing and Reaping Wild Oats.

THE picture illustrates a bold and vigorous youth starting out in life to sow wild oats upon the field of his existence. Every man has a field to sow, to cultivate, and to reap; and he will plant it with good or bad seed, and at best he will have some tares among the wheat, however he sows. Death starts upon the track of this wild and vicious young man, and follows him idly through the period of his lusty planting, and when he turns in middle life or old age to reap his crop death still follows and helps to gather his sheaves for the grave and the judgment. Sometimes the harvest is reached sooner, sometimes later; but surely the harvest will be reaped, and the grave will be reached, as seen in the second picture. How true it is of thousands:

> Sowing the seed of a ling'ring pain,
> Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
> Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
> Sowing the seed of eternal shame—
> O what shall the harvest be?

This is the crop which the young man reaps who sows the field of life with wild oats; and sometimes he begins to reap almost as soon as he begins to sow. The crop will correspond with the seed sown, and al-

though, as in all planting, every seed does not spring up and mature for the harvest, yet it is true that in this crop the seeds sown will as nearly all come up and be harvested as any other crop which a man ever planted.

The Bible teaches the truth on this subject with all its wonderful common-sense accuracy: "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Of this, Paul says, let no man be "deceived," for "God is not mocked." If we had no Bible, in the nature of things this text would be true, for we cannot sow without reaping, nor can we fail to reap *in kind* the crop we sowed, or else reap the kindred consequences or punishment attached to the planting of evil upon the fields of life. However shrewd we may be, however much we may cover our tracks from others, however we may imagine ourselves fortified against results, however we may conceive that God has forgotten or that his law has been healed of its violations by time, or that nature has outgrown its evil crop by a better culture—it is nevertheless true that we shall reap *that* we have sown, either in kind, consequence, or punishment. We cannot eradicate the scars upon conscience, the stains upon the heart, the blunt upon sensibility; nor can we recall the blight and the ruin we have inflicted upon others. Reputation may be restored or character repaired before men; but crime's consequences and God's punishments await, in some form, even the man converted from the error of his sowing. God can forgive our record, but he never reverses it; and he does not avert, even for the saint, at least the temporal results

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(175)

REAPING WILD OATS.

of depravity and wrong, if he once wasted the fields of life by sowing wild oats. He suffers, though saved, much loss even in eternity as well as much sorrow in time.

But little is required to illustrate these truths stated. If I wreck my physical constitution, shatter my mind, harden my sensibilities, regeneration cannot repair the loss, nor can it rid me of the regrets and consequences of irreparable evil upon myself and others. Religion may divert my soul into new and higher channels of life, make me hopeful and happy in view of eternity, but it cannot restore imbecility and dilapidation, nor pluck up the roots of bitterness sown in my carnal nature. Samson was sustained by God's grace to the dying hour, and he died "in the faith;" but grace could not give back his lost character nor his lost eyes, nor relieve him of the miseries of his situation and the pangs of his folly. God forgave David's sin according to grace, before Nathan put his parable, but he did not relieve David from the bitter tears of repentance nor save him from the life-long curse of his sin, which fell in kind and kindred consequences upon his own head and house. Haman must hang on his own gallows erected for Mordecai. He that digs a ditch for others must himself fall into it. You ruin some man's family, and some man will ruin yours. Drag down some innocent victim to ruin, and somebody will drag you or yours down. At all events, the consequences or the penalty of your sins sometime, somehow, somewhere, will be sure to follow you, converted or unconverted. "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap." Jacob cheated Esau, and Laban cheated him. He deceived his father with the skin of a kid in order to get Esau's blessing, and

his sons deceived him with the blood of a kid, into which they had dipped Joseph's coat of many colors, and he went down to the grave with sorrow and gray hairs. "Few and evil have been the days of the years of my life," he said, before he came to die. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked;" and be sure your sin will find you out and follow you up. God and nature are sure to get even with us for every violation of law, physical, mental, or moral. Stick your finger in the fire, and you will get burned. Even grace does not escape the reign of law as a rule of the present life, however it may take us from under the law for the life which is to come. God's hand is often heavier here below upon his own children than upon the wicked. Alas for such men as Moses and Saul and Samson and David and Solomon and Jacob when they sin!

Another thing: Our reaping is always more abundant than our sowing. If a man sows wheat, he gets wheat. Cabbage brings cabbage, and mustard produces mustard; but a good sowing brings forth some thirty, some sixty, some a hundred-fold more than the sowing. One glass of whisky leads to the drinking of a hogshead full and a life-time of debauchery, shame, and misery. One little theft ruins a whole career; one indiscretion destroys a reputation; one lustful kiss or embrace leads to the ruin of a life-time of virtue and honor. A little leak in the hulk of character sinks the ship of life in the mid-ocean of greatness and renown. "He that sows to the wind shall reap the whirlwind." None can tell what one little seed planted in evil may bring forth in the long run of time. The young clerk stole a nickel, and he finally goes to the penitentiary for embezzling the funds

of a bank. Benedict Arnold died the traitor of his country, and his terrible end may be traced to the beginning of crime in youth. George Washington died the father of his country, and he would not lie when a little boy. What consequences spring from small sources! The oak comes from an acorn, and the Mississippi flows from ten thousand little springs. Stupendous evils develop from wild oats scattered upon the soil of vicious hearts, destroying often the grandest and mightiest lives. Solomon the wisest, David the best, Samson the strongest, fell by sowing to lust; and the consequences—personally, socially, nationally, religiously—have never yet been outgrown. Thousands have gone, are still going, to hell as they stumble over the sins of these men; and if they had to be judged apart from saving grace, according to their sins and the consequences of the same, their doom would be the most fearful and damnable of all men who perhaps have ever lived.

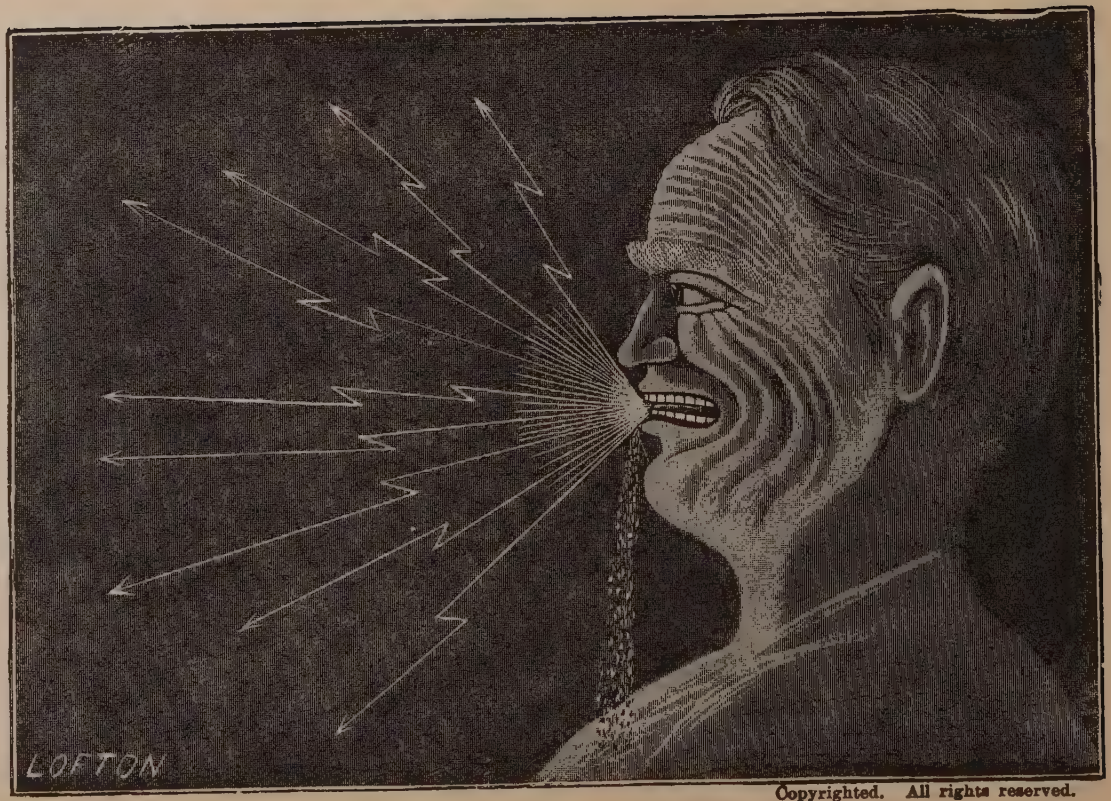
Again, we are much longer reaping than we are sowing. If we reap in kind or kindred consequences, if we always reap more than we sow, it is also true that the harvest, including its growth and culture, is far more protracted than the season of sowing. It doesn't take long to sow a crop of wild oats, but O how long we are in reaping the superabundant crop! In fact, the lost sinner, dying in unbelief and impenitence, never does get through the harvest; and often the child of God reaps and reaps on to the day of his death, even down to old age. Diseased habits early formed become constitutional and second nature, and sometimes they have paroxysms of return in the best of men, filling life with temptations and miseries untold. Many a Christian totters to the grave under

the ills of early dissipation, and many a one lives in life-long warfare with old sins which make existence useless and unhappy, and which might have been avoided by early conversion and culture. One-half of many a Christian's life is lost trying to keep down the sprouts which spring from the roots of bitterness and woe grafted by early culture and habit in evil, and nothing short of death and eternity will put an end to an otherwise needless struggle. It takes a long time to repair, if we ever do, an injury done to our fearfully and wonderfully made being, and nothing short of God's grace can ever finally rid us of the consequences of sowing to sin and the devil. The harvest, however, we are certain to reap sooner or later, here or hereafter, in some form or other; and the most fearful part of the sinner's curse consists, if cut off in final impenitence and unbelief, in having to gather the everlasting harvest of his wild sowing.

There is a diabolical argument that every man, some time in life, must sow his wild oats. This is the subtlest lie of the devil. How few have ever sown to sin in age who did not sow in youth! The middle-aged and the old occasionally lust, embezzle, murder, although life behind them seemed good. These men sometimes go from the church and the Sunday-school to the penitentiary and the gibbet, but generally they have been sowing to sin in secret. The tree has grown up and grown old with a rotting defect in the hidden heart, and though externally symmetrical and beautiful, the mighty oak would fall of its own weight against the blast of temptation. No, no; they who do not sow wild oats in youth, they who sow to the Spirit in early life, seldom sow to evil in age, and seldom or never fail or fall.

Children, young men, and maidens, why not sow *now* to the Spirit, and reap life everlasting? "Remember *now* thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not." They who seek God early *shall* find him, and they that sow early to God shall reap early and late and always the harvests certain to spring up in life and upon the evergreen fields of eternity. Lay up your treasure in heaven, where the bank never fails and where the cashier never steals, and where the gold never cankers. Instead of death upon your track, the angels of God will camp round about you upon the fields of life, and when the sowing and the reaping are finished these angels will gather you and your harvest home. Cast your bread upon the waters of eternity, and it will be forever gathered in the endless rewards of Him who numbers the hairs of your head, and who honors even a cup of cold water given in charity. Make not the field of life a drear desert, sown with inertia and ease, nor make it a wilderness of woe, planted with infidelity and immorality. Make it a beautiful garden-spot, scattered with the seeds of kindness, blooming with the flowers of happiness, fragrant with the perfume of fruitfulness, rich with the harvests of eternal life. Faith alone stamps the soul with immortality, and faith alone can make immortal the character and conduct of life. All else shall perish. Shakespeare will go out of print, and Homer shall be forgotten. He that sows to the flesh and dies with his dread crop on hand writes his epitaph upon his own tomb: "I had better never been born." God forbid that one of you should thus sow, to thus reap. And let me beg you, if you have already begun thus to sow, stop your planting to-day Erelong it may be too late to stop, and already you

have sown enough in evil to terrify your soul could you only see the harvest you are to reap. Remember, before it is too late, the awful admonition: "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap." Sow to the Spirit. "Sow in the morn thy seed, and at eve withhold not thy hand;" and remember that though you go out sowing in tears, you shall return reaping with joy, if you sow to God. Sow early, and stop not to watch the clouds, nor to see whether this or that shall prosper. Put your hand to the plow, and stop not to look at the long row behind you till you take out your horse at the end of life's furrow. Then it will be sundown here below and sunrise hereafter, and there, upon the everlasting fields of glory and greenness and beauty, you will luxuriate in the rich fruitage, fructuating still of every seed you have sown to good and to God.



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PROFANITY.

PROFANITY.

IN the cut which illustrates this subject you discover a facial delineation of the profane swearer. He looks something like a raving madman, with every fierce passion in combined and collusive play upon his features. His eyes flash fire, and from his quivering and thundering lips the forked lightnings, in livid and lurid horror, play in every direction. A stream of green, red, and blue slaver flows from his mouth down upon his bosom below, like a Vesuvian gush of molten lava—hot, hissing, crackling and poisonous—indicative of that stream of depravity which belches from his heart, and which burns and hardens and incrustates around it. I have stood and looked on just such a man full many a time, and sometimes I have thought some of them looked more like a slabbering mad-dog than a human madman. I saw a countryman one day, coming into town with an overburdened team which stalled in the mud. He began to beat and curse his mules; and finally, when intermingled beating and swearing would do no good, he threw down his cudgel, stood aside, and let loose a slabbering stream of profanity which no pen or pencil could paint for vicious and acrimonious blasphemy. He damned his mules, damned his luck and his fate,

damned the world by sections; more than all, damned the road and the overseer that worked it; damned his own soul, and in the name of Almighty God he damned himself and all to an everlasting hell. After awhile his lurid and thunderous artillery of oaths subsided a little, and with occasional shots and salvos he proceeded to unload and reload his wagon, thus extricating his abused and exhausted team, after a full display of moral insanity, and one of the most futile and useless efforts I ever beheld to move a team by the emphasis of profanity. He drove away mad and muttering still, not a whit wiser or better than he was before.

Profane swearing, taking the name of God in vain, and in connection with the vilest and most denunciatory oaths or maledictions, is a stupendous and awful vice. What multitudes are guilty of it! It is universal, and without exception of classes pervades the masses of mankind. Respectable men, and women too—often members of Churches—are addicted to this execrable habit. Men called gentlemen, women called ladies, pollute their lips and defile their hearts with blasphemous profanity. Of all the sins against God, in some respects this is the most towering and directly offensive, since the name of God is made the edge and the hilt and the point of this poisonous and acrid sword of the tongue. It is wonderful, often, that God does not strike down the blasphemer of his sacred name; and there are instances on record where the profane swearer, cursing all things and even his God, fell dead in his tracks upon the spot he blasted with his profanity. I knew an old farmer once, fearfully addicted to this habit. Every thing went wrong with him; he was always ill, surly, and cross-grained. He would on the slightest occasion burst out with a

volume of oaths, and during dry or droughty weather he would go out and look at the clouds and curse and swear because it did not rain. One day he was passing through his field, and a storm which had promised rain was blowing over. The old man stopped and set down the ax which he had on his shoulder, and began to swear. It was hard to tell which had the advantage in electric and flashing pyrotechnics, the old man or the thundering and lightening clouds. At all events, as the old fellow got through his ebullition of blasphemous wrath, and put his ax upon his shoulder to start home, the steel attracted a bolt of lightning which struck the old man dead upon the spot. Many other instances of a similar character have been recorded, but we have not time and space for them here. All sin is rebellion against God, all sin is moral guilt under his law, all sin defiles the soul and tattooes the character; but no sin is so daringly blasphemous as that which, in conjunction with all other sins, accompanies God's holy name with the fulminating imprecations and maledictions of profane swearing.

Some people seem to live upon the very atmosphere of profanity. They appear to exhale and inhale it with relish and delight. They swear when they are mad and when they are glad and when they are sad, when they are satisfied and when they are disappointed, when they are fortunate and when they are unfortunate, when they are sick and when they are well, when blessed and distressed, in work or in play, in earnest and in fun, at home or abroad, on the land and on the sea—under all circumstances, and for a thousand different reasons; they swear all the time and all the same and just the same. There is a time to pray and a time to play—a

time for all things—but they have no set time to curse and swear. With many, the habit becomes involuntary, and I have heard men argue that they did not sin, and would not be held accountable, because they were not conscious of what they were doing. As well might the thief argue for his habit, and so with the drunkard and the adulterer. The responsibility lies in contracting the habit, and accountability will not be lessened by reason of unconscious or involuntary action. The quantity as well as the quality of the vice will be recorded against every man who has become so debased and deadened by a habit that he has reached the point at last wherein he sins unconsciously and involuntarily. This is the last stage of depravity and degradation in any vice, and it is simply fearful that so many have reached it in profanity. Some swear in the presence of their families, before ladies and gentlemen—sometimes before the minister protesting against this and every sin. They beg pardon sometimes, and yet swear before they get through with the apology.

Strange to say, a man often persuades himself that he is a gentleman, a good citizen, a social and business exemplar, when at the same time he is a vulgar and profane swearer. I do not say that every man guilty of this sin is guilty of every other vice; but I do say that no man who swears can be a true gentleman, a good citizen, or a model in the social and business world. If this is his only vice, he lacks that much of being a gentleman, and every virtue he possesses is vitiated to that extent. He violates God's law in one point, and he is guilty of the whole, and his otherwise stainless robe of character has a big black spot on it which spoils the beauty of the whole garment. He sets a bad example to the youth around

him, he depreciates the dignity and honor due to a human being in the eyes of the upright, and the purer and loftier he may be in other respects the more hideous and horrible his habit looks in the light of his own contrast. A true gentleman regards the tender courtesies and the delicate sensibilities of refined society. A good citizen fosters the best moral interests of his community. An honest man will not cast reflection or blight upon the ethical code or the religious creed which maintains the supremacy of law and order, human or divine. To trample upon law and religion in one direction is to weaken their force in every direction, and the true gentleman cannot be a law-breaker and a religion-desecrator. Dr. Chapin well said: "Profaneness is a brutal vice. He who indulges it *is no gentleman.* I care not what his stamp may be in society. I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts. Despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will." What may be said of the profane swearer as a "gentleman," and to the same extent, may be said of him as a citizen, a civilian, a business and professional man, or a man of society.

It is not by any means certain that profanity does not lead to all other vices and crimes. The best of men, otherwise guilty of this sin, cannot be said to be true and perfect as a permanent certainty in all other respects. An ancient writer says: "From a common custom of swearing men may slide into perjury; therefore, if thou wouldst not be perjured, do not use thyself to swear." Sam Jones says that "a man who swears will steal." I think this is a hard saying; but as all sins are akin to each other, and as

one sin breeds another, it is not unlikely that the profane swearer is not only in danger of stealing, but of every other sin. God leaves the man guilty of such blasphemy open and subject to every other vice, so long as the subject of blasphemy persists in his sin. Thus left to ourselves, without the guidance of God, who can tell what such a sin will breed? Jeremy Taylor declares that "nothing is a greater sacrilege than to prostitute the great name of God to the petulancy of an idle tongue;" and if a man perists in such a sin against the name and the law of his God, who can tell what else it may lead a man, left to himself, to do in the end? One thing it is sure to do, and that is to put the profane swearer into bad company—company congenial with himself—and bad company will be sure to lead, especially the young, into all other vices.

It is agreed by all that profanity is the most useless and unprofitable of all the vices of men. "Most erring people," says Ballou, "when they do wrong count upon some good to be derived from their conduct, *but for profanity there is no excuse.*" Horace Mann wisely observed: "The devil tempts men through their ambition, their cupidity, or their appetite, until he comes to the profane swearer, whom he catches without reward." In the language of Robert Hall, "Swearing is properly a *superfluity* of naughtiness, and can only be considered as a sort of pepper-corn rent, in acknowledgment of the devil's right of superiority." Many men imagine that swearing adds emphasis to their expression. It may with the vulgar and profane; but with the refined and pure the prefix or the suffix of an oath depreciates and makes abhorrent an honest and honorable man's word. Such emphasis looks suspi-

cious in the eyes of truth and virtue. Jesus did not swear, and he commanded us to "swear not at all," but to let our "yea be yea," and our "nay be nay." Peter, perhaps, persuaded the profane mob which crucified his Lord, that he did not know him by means of cursing and swearing; but his profanity on this occasion casts the blackest shadow which ever fell over his life and reputation. The best and mightiest men who ever spoke or wrote for the world did not swear, and the world receives their words with an emphasis which profanity would have forever destroyed. Truth and virtue, wisdom and philosophy, morality and religion, honor and integrity, speak for themselves; and the simple word of an honest man is his oath and his bond. Think of a book or a newspaper or a letter interspersed with the emphasis of profane swearing! How would the President's message read full of cursing and swearing? Who would not loathe a public speaker whose eloquence and oratory sparkled and corruscated with the electric glare of profane oaths? And yet how often does the chaste and polished speaker leave the rostrum to curse and swear in conversation! If profanity is good in one place, why not in another? It may be said that taste forbids profanity in writing and speaking for the public. True, but the very same reason makes it an odious, base, and brutal habit everywhere else. Of all the habits in the world it has no place for use or profit anywhere.

What volumes does profanity write for every day of the world's history! Millions of pages go to press under the recording angel's pen every hour. This monstrous and multitudinous sin outstrips all other vices for quantity, if not for quality. Millions of tongues from every spot of earth perpetually spin

out their sticky threads of profanity which, like a monster spider, winds and weaves its web around the world, and into which every thing good and bad is caught and impaled by his barbed fangs. What a voluminous record does profanity set down against mankind every day! Vile, sacrilegious, blasphemous profanity! A man calls upon God to damn his neighbor and himself, to damn his wife and his children, to damn his houses and his lands, to damn his horses and his cattle, to damn his business and his profession, to damn his misfortunes, afflictions, and his troubles—all in malice and rage; and then, in fun and pleasantry, in the name of God, he curses his friends and his acquaintances, his pleasures and happiness, his prosperity and his advancements, his honor and his fame, every good thing he enjoys and hopes for. Some he damns to hell, some to misfortune and misery, some to one thing and some to another; and "hell and damnation," mixed up with the name of "Almighty God," are familiar words upon the lips of millions every day and hour. The profane swearer lives in the atmosphere of blue blazes and sulphuric stench and spectral darts and harsh noises and grating echoes, flashing, fuming, smoking, fulminating, and reverberating every moment through the existence and associations of some people. Some people begin and end almost every sentence, besides interspersing it, with oaths; and, conscious or unconscious, voluntary or involuntary, their every vital breath seems to be burdened with the profanation of God's name and barbed with the malediction of some object or victim.

Young people, be sure that God will hold you to account for this great and hideous sin. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." He will

not hold him guiltless that takes his holy name in vain. Learn to abhor this vile and wicked habit. Loathe it as low, base, and obscene. Think of what Washington, the father of your country, said of it: "The foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing is a vice so mean and low that every person of sense and character detests and despises it." Learn, in the language of another writer: "There are braying men in the world as well as braying asses; for what is loud and senseless talking and swearing any other than braying?" Profanity is certainly an asinine as well as a vile and wicked habit, and no other ass, with loud as well as foul mouth, walks and brays the earth with greater stupidity than the victim of this vice. One of the greatest of asses is the cursing and the swearing ass, to say nothing of his depravity.

THE SULKS.

THE accompanying illustration to this sketch represents Achilles sulking in his tent and Ulysses protesting against his course of folly. The thought is taken rather from Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida than from Homer, and I gave the lecture in order to get to elaborate one splendid passage from the great poet, which is never quoted at length. It is found in Scene III., Act III., and, well read and appropriated, it is worth millions of gold to a large part of this world. I want to quote it at length. Ulysses to Achilles:

> Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
> A great-sized monster of ingratitudes.
> Those scraps are good deeds *past;* which are devoured
> As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
> As done. *Perseverance, dear my lord,*
> *Keeps honor bright: to have done is to hang*
> *Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail*
> *In monumental mockery.* Take the instant way;
> For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
> Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path,
> For emulation hath a thousand sons
> That one by one pursue: if you give way,
> Or edge aside from the direct forthright,
> Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,

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and leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on. Then what they do in *present*
Though less than yours in *past*, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: *welcome ever smiles,*
And farewell goes out sighing. Let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all, with one consent, praise newborn gawds,
Though they are made and molded of things past
And give to dust, that is little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'erdusted.
The *present eye* praises the *present object:*
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it *might*, and yet it *may again*,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent,
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

If ever Shakespeare wrote a finer or more invaluable sentiment, or couched it in more potent or trenchant terms, I have never read it. Achilles, it will be remembered, was the hero of the Trojan war on the Grecian side, and during the great contest of ten years Achilles was employed a part of the time in the reduction of the tributary cities of Asia Minor, be-

ionging to the scepter of Priam, the king of Troy. In the destruction of the city of Tyrnessus the beautiful Bryseis became the prize of Achilles, and in the taking of Thebe Chryseis became the prize of Agamemnon, the monarch of Greece and the commander of the Greek army around Troy. A pestilence shortly appeared in the Greek camp, and Calchas, encouraged by the proffered protection of Achilles, attributed the plague to Agamemnon's detention of the daughter of Chryseis, whom her father tried in vain to ransom. Agamemnon was greatly offended, but was compelled to surrender his beautiful captive, and in retaliation upon Achilles he deprived him of Bryseis. Hence arose "the anger of the son of Peleus," or Achilles, who withdrew his forces from the Trojan contest. While he sulked in his tent no offers of reconciliation, no entreaties nor prayers could avail to get him back into service. Homer represents him as aroused at last by the death of his friend Patroclus, and Shakespeare, in his Troilus and Cressida, represents him aroused by the argumentative persuasion of Ulysses and Patroclus, who charge him with love to Polyxena, Priam's daughter and Hector's sister, as the cause of unheroic inertia and indifference; and they stimulate him to warlike deeds again by way of emulation and envy of Ajax. Shakespeare did not write his play from the Iliad of Homer at all, but in a popular form from the popular story of Troilus and Cressida, written by Dares Phrygius. If any story of the sulking wrath of Achilles is true, it is that upon which the action of the Iliad is based and recorded by Homer; but the poet's representation of Achilles, in reply to Patroclus, after the exit of Ulysses, is superb and characteristic of our aroused hero:

I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Achilles went to battle again in full armor and with the full vigor of all his heroic force, and in the end he slew great Hector, although he did not survive his fallen enemy, it is said, but one day. Nevertheless, he retrieved the threatened disaster of the "sulks," and he left his former fame and glory honor bright with a heroic termination of life. How many once heroic men have died dishonored and forgotten by sensitive offense with the world, sulking like Achilles in his tent, or else have run well and gloriously for awhile and fell, like the "stony-ground hearer," by temptation; or, satisfied with past achievements or discouraged by past sins and failures, have forgotten to forget, like Paul, the things behind them, to reach forth to the things before them, and to press for the prize!

Let me say right here that the silliest of all the follies of fools is to *sulk*. I have done it myself, and if any man has less excuse for such a sin than another, it is the Christian. Some of us sulk even with God, and if there was ever nothing to be made out of such nonsense with one being more than another, it is with God. How often I have heard the poor, sentimental egotist say: "Well, God doesn't seem to care any thing about me any way, and I had just as well give up. He blesses Jones and Smith, but he doesn't bless me, and I guess I will just take my chances." Did anybody ever hear the like? and yet this is the spirit of multitudes of people. I met a cripple once who said that he had lived a Christian for twenty years; but, said he: "I found it no use. My prayers were never answered, and while others were blessed and

prospered God seemed to neglect me. What have I to thank God for?" he asked, and then he pointed to his being a cripple and to his poverty and unfortunate surroundings. I never was so astonished, for here I had found a man sulking with God, giving up the Christian struggle in life, risking a hell to be shunned and losing a heaven to be gained, all because God made a difference between him and other men. "The greater the cross the brighter the crown," said I to him, but all to no purpose. Like thousands, he was shut up to the narrow confines of his present existence, comparing himself with others from the standpoint of transient time and things, and forgetting that "these light afflictions" here below "do but work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" if endured and appropriated to the spiritual development of our souls. How often men forget that God's compensations for wants and afflictions here below make the condition of the unfortunate and the suffering the very stepping-stone to greatest honor and glory through faith and the cross! What a difference between Dives and Lazarus! Our very tears are bottled jewels for eternity. Our very stripes for Christ are stigmas of glory. Our very chains are diamond bracelets and necklaces for celestial wear. Alas for the poor, "unprofitable servant," sulking over his one talent and hiding it in a napkin! In vain will he come at last and say to his Lord: "I knew thee that thou wast a hard master." How useless to sulk with God!

Then let me inquire, What does a man gain by sulking from any stand-point? Does he ever drive his fellow-man to appreciate him the more, and the more earnestly call for his talents and his services?

Not once in a thousand, unless a man is of such magnificent proportions and of such invaluable importance that the world cannot get along without him. An Achilles might sulk and yet be sued, but most men can learn their importance by sticking a finger in the ocean and then pulling it out to find the hole it has made—an old saw, but it saws well. Generally the world soon forgets the sulker, and there are always a dozen people to step in and take the place of ordinary, and of most of the extraordinary, men and women of the world. Besides this, the world has a supreme contempt for the sulker, for sulking is almost always the evidence of vanity or littleness, and a weakness of character, if not of intellect. It is the most babyish performance known to men, and the world generally treats such people as a parent treats a sulking child, either by thrashing him out of the sulks or by leaving him to sulk it out. Fortunately for a child, it can get over the sulks; but I have seen men and women, more foolish than babes, sulk away years and often a life-time of usefulness and honor. I have seen good old deacons and deaconesses, mothers and fathers in Israel, get mad and take a corner or a back pew; and the more the pastor or the brethren pleaded the sulkier grew the sulks. They waste their lives and injure their Churches and wound the cause of their Redeemer, and to gratify their petty pride and spite they sometimes go to their graves shrouded and clouded with their sulks. How will they appear before their God in such a mood as this? God knows, and we may all judge that such Christianity is doubtful. Paul and Daniel and Joseph never sulked with all their great trials and afflictions, and with cheerful and forgiving spirits toward false brethren and a false

world they stood up, fought a good fight, finished their course, kept the faith, glorified God, and did the world all the good they could.

The sulking spirit is the result of inordinate vanity and egotism. Injured innocence and worth never deter great minds and hearts from life's stern duties and grand battles. Love, in exalted souls, never fails; and the heroic character despises wrong and pities the wrong-doer in opposition. Too many men feel that their little vanity is not appreciated as dignity, and I have seen the minister sulk and sit back at conventions or retire from the struggle of his calling and of his denomination because he felt he was not *appreciated.* He does not appreciate himself, in the light of his Master and his vocation, or else there is nothing in him to appreciate. Who is he? and what is he? and what is he here for? Are pride and ambition and vainglory and self-seeking and high position his motive and inspiration? If so, he may expect to be thrown into the sulks, and he may expect to have to skulk before he gets through with his God and his brethren, or else with everlasting grit, without grace or sympathy, fight it out on his own and the devil's line. Jesus is our model. He never sulked nor "squealed" amid the trials of life or the ingratitudes of men or the cruel opposition of the devil; and he was characterized, in his supreme greatness and goodness, by the humility, meekness, and lowliness of the little child, which never sulks long. We are not here to please men or to please ourselves, and the sooner a man finds out that he is not here for himself to live or die the sooner he will be cured of his petty vanity and egotism, the only principle which ever sulked. Even a laudable ambition and a true

pride, speaking after the manner of the world, will never sulk. The heroic spirit, the tough and gritty character, the brave and intrepid man, as a matter of policy and character among men, will not draw back and cease effort.

In every case true manhood recognizes that the world admires the pluck that will not be discouraged and the cheek that will not blanch before dangers and difficulties. The world wants a man that it can kick and cuff and slander for awhile, and who after all will get it by the throat and choke it into submission and drag it at his heels as Achilles dragged Hector around the walls of Troy. This world has no use for the man it can run out of position and honor; but it always admires the fellow who can pick himself up and put the world down. Yes, this world glories in getting a man down into a mud-hole, in wallowing him all over in filth and slime; but there is no man the world so admires as that same man who gets up and wallows the world in its own hole. This is strange, but it is human nature; and the preacher and the deacon and the Church-member should at least learn a desirable portion of this trait in human nature. Did Blaine sulk after he was defeated for President? Did he get mad with his "mugwump" friends, and give up the ghost? No, he went to work to see if he could not run again; and when he found it was not best, he ran in another man—the next best thing. He will run again yet if there is a chance; and so, with a persistent aim and object in life, every man must push on against the world, the flesh, and the devil, to success.

Yes, my friend, you can stop and sit back and hide in your shell, shut up like a sensitive plant, and think you spite somebody, but you only cut off your nose

to spite your own face. You may congratulate yourself that you are one of the "has beens," but nothing so runs out of fashion as "to have been," as Shakespeare says. Your greatest regret in the end will be, "I might have been," for no man can die satisfied and be held in gratitude by his fellows who falls short of life's full complement of duty and honor. He must finish his course. The world will not forgive him if he fails; and to make the port he must plow across the billows against the splash of every breaker and against the buffet of every storm. He must make no compromise, like a sailing-vessel tacking with every wind; much less must he set his sails with every breeze. No man can reach the successful ends of his life, great or small, by compromise—to say nothing of surrender—in the face of difficulty or danger. It is bad enough to fail from cowardice or timidity, shrinking before opposition and responsibility; but the greatest and most contemptible failure of all is the man who *sulks* his life and his opportunities away because his fellowman offends him or fails to appreciate him.

THE DEVIL'S SIFTER

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THE DEVIL'S SIFTER.

JESUS said to Peter, before the betrayal and the crucifixion: "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Satan did get hold of Peter, and he sifted him well, causing him to curse and to swear and to deny his Lord and Master. He nearly scared Peter's life out of him, and under the overwhelming temptation he fell a victim to the sin of cowardice and denial. One glance of his Lord, however, the admonishing crow of the cock, brought Peter to his senses and to the deepest repentance, and the strong and stalwart Galilean went out into the dark and wept. His faith had not failed him, though for the moment overslaughed; for whenever Jesus prays for the protection and preservation of our faith it can never "fail." The sifting process was good for Peter and good for the world, for, thus turned about and converted from his error, he became a tower of strength to his brethren. His presumption and self-dependence were thoroughly cured, and, though sometimes erring again in other directions, he became the great apostolic leader. He went "a-fishing" once, but he said, in the humility of his heart:

"Lord, thou knowest I love thee." He "dissembled" at Antioch, but Paul rebuked him for his fault. Henceforth we hear of Peter, as before this little episode, standing up mightily for Christ; and he went down to the grave a martyr, crucified with his head downward, for the gospel's sake. How often Satan sifted him we do not know, but his denial of Christ is recorded as perhaps the bitterest ordeal of the sifting process through which he ever passed—almost, apparently, going all to chaff.

From this illustration we learn that God sometimes makes the devil his sifter, as we see in our picture. He sifted Peter by temptation to fear and cowardice, and he sifted Job by the severest of human misfortunes and afflictions. God turned his servant Job—a man "perfect" in his sight, one that eschewed evil and feared God—it would seem, entirely over to the devil. Satan killed his children, burned up his property, destroyed his cattle, and robbed him of what he had; and when all this failed to shake his integrity, God allowed the diabolical fiend to touch his body and torture him with carbuncles from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. For weary months, and perhaps years, he was a sufferer; and under the so-called consolation of his so-called friends insult was added to the devil's injury. His wife conspired to help the old adversary out; and about all that Satan and Sallie and Eliphaz and Bildad and Zophar could do was to get Job to swear a little at himself and his fate. So far as God was concerned, he exclaimed, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord;" and when the worst came to the worst he said to his friends: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." About all I can

get from Job's conversation with God and his friends is that he was self-righteous even in his "trust," and I suppose that God intended to let the devil sift him out of that. When he came to himself and saw himself as God saw him, then he justified God instead of himself. He got to where he could abhor himself in dust and ashes, and then his captivity was released. The chaff was all gone, and the wheat was clean, and the devil never got such a thrashing as he did at the hands of Job, whom he tried to sift into hell itself.

If Satan met his match in Job, he met it also in Paul; for it seemed as if God let him sift Paul most of his life. He had a "thorn in the flesh," the "messenger of Satan," to "buffet him;" and how much trouble it gave Paul we shall never know until we see him in heaven. Besides all this, the devil stirred up more war and opposition, put more demons in human shape to hurt and destroy Paul than ever fell to the lot of any other man. We can scarcely conceive why Paul suffered so much of ill and persecution, but we know one thing: God never had a hero who could stand it more like a man. Another thing we know, too, and that is the devil sifted as little chaff out of his wheat as ever fell through his sieve. His "thorn in the flesh," whatever it was, was given to keep him humble, lest he "should be exalted above measure." He had been up into the third heaven, whether in the body or out of it he did not know. He had seen and heard things which he could not utter. There was danger, perhaps, that he would feel his distinction too greatly. Paul was human, and he was put into the sifter's hands in order to keep the chaff from his wheat, not to get it out. So we see that God tries us often to test us and keep us pure; as often he puts us into

the fire to burn up the chaff or purge out the dross from the pure gold. Whom the Lord loves he chastens. He scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. More than this, he sometimes lets Satan sift us in order to keep from having to chastise us. So he did Paul, and so perhaps he did such men as Joseph, Daniel, and the Hebrew children.

The devil's sifter is employed as discipline upon refractory Christians. The "incestuous man," according to 1 Corinthians v. 5, was delivered by the Church, obedient to Paul's inspired instructions, unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that his spirit might be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. We find, subsequently, that Paul advised—we infer so, at least—that the Church restore this man lest he be destroyed with "overmuch sorrow." He had been turned over to Satan to buffet and beat him about like a stray sheep in the woods, and, like the true sheep would naturally do, he bleated with repentance and cried for restoration to the fold. He was a Christian who had done wickedly, and God, in order to correct his child, had put him into the devil's sifter, as he had done Peter and Paul and Job for other reasons. Discipline is absolutely essential to children by the parents, and good parents, like God, or God, like good parents, always inflict it when necessary. So the Churches are commanded to do in the name of Jesus, and when a refractory member cannot be restored without discipline he is to be turned out and turned over to Satan for the destruction of the flesh, in order to the salvation of his spirit. If the refractory member is a sheep, and not a goat, he will be sorry for sin, and return with repentance; if, however, he is a goat, he will be likely to stay and never return, except for

mischief. Thousands of our Churches have no discipline. They are full of black sheep, and goats as well, and hence to-day much of the loss of our Christian influence over the world. We are often despised by the wicked for our lack of discipline and for our want of moral character in the Churches. Paul says turn over the bad member to Satan. Let him destroy his flesh. Be sure God will temper the wind to his shorn lamb or sheep, and in due time he will be brought to repentance and restoration. Discipline never destroys any thing but the "*flesh*" of the true sheep in God's fold.

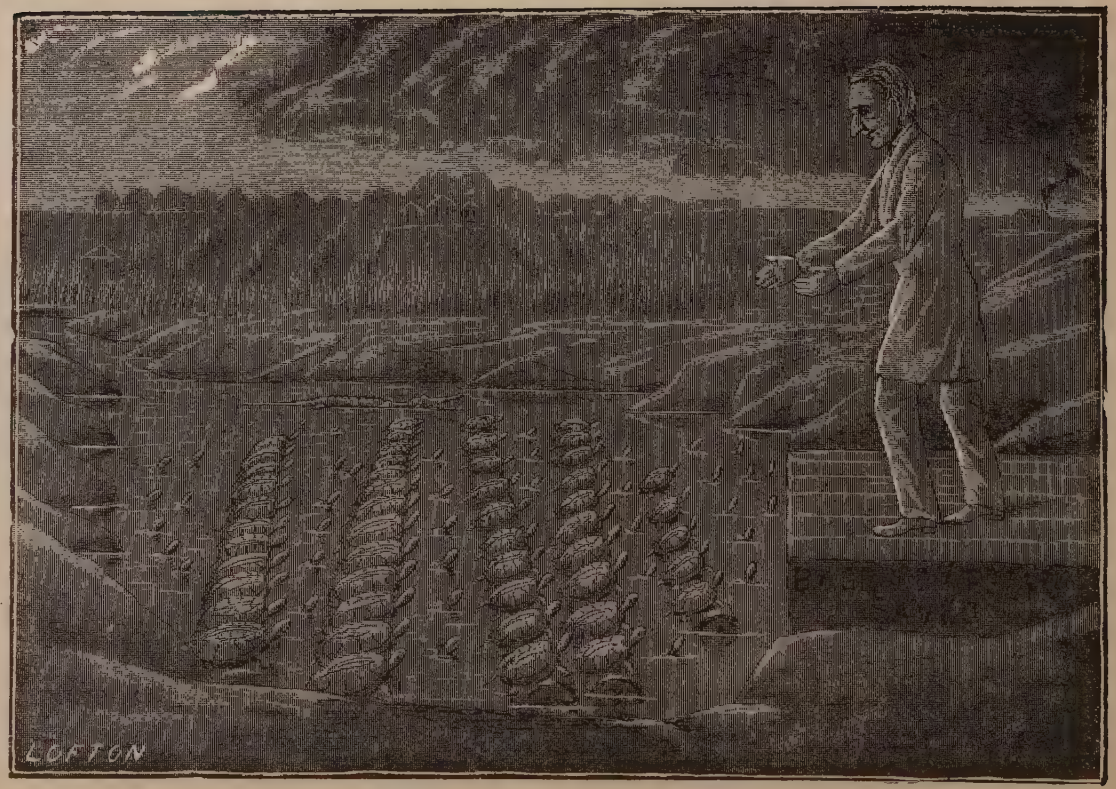
Such men as Jacob, Samson, Saul, David, Solomon, and others, were thoroughly sifted. Samson was not perfectly purged of his chaff until his eyes were put out and he was ground to powder, grinding in the mills of the Philistines; but he came out all clear and bright as newly washed wheat in the end. He "died in the faith" and went home to God sanctified from his sins and innumerable follies. So Solomon did, if he wrote Ecclesiastes in his old age—the evidence of his chastening at God's hands and the acknowledgment that his life had been turned to vanity and vexation of spirit. It was evident that Saul from the beginning was a bad man, always in opposition and rebellion to God; and though God's Spirit often came "upon" him to prophesy, to government, and to battle, yet his Spirit never seemed to dwell *within* him. He simply went through the devil's sifter instead of losing the chaff. He was not pure gold. He went all to dross, as baser metal always does in the fire. Jacob went down to the grave in sorrow, and so must David have done, the sins of their lives having been visited in kind upon their own heads and houses; but

they were sifted through sorrow and repentance, and sanctified from their sins in the end. Judas, like Saul, went through the sifter, trash and all, when once Satan had fully entered into him to betray his Lord and Master; and so of the Demases, the Alexanders, the Simon Maguses, the Diotrepheses, and a host of others who professed Christ and followed the world, making "shipwreck of their faith." They believed and drew back, not believing to the saving of the soul, and they went through the devil's sifter in demonstration that a faith without work, a faith without vital evidence of eternal life, cannot be tried in the fire like gold. God's true Church is like the burning bush—ever burning, but not consumed. The chaff, however, will go through the sifter, or get burned up, wherever it exists in the whole or in a part of the Christian professor.

From all this we learn that God perhaps puts us all in the sifter. No true child of God but has been tried by the devil. Satan tempted Christ, came to him in the beginning and in the end of his ministry, but he found "nothing" in him. If he tried the Master, he will try every servant, as the Master himself tells us; and in this sifting process it is demonstrated who is the true and the false professor, which is the true and the counterfeit gold. We are tried either by temptation, affliction, doubt, or fear; and in either process of refining our gold and silver we are made manifest and proved as genuine. The heresies and false religions around us are all for the purpose of demonstrating the true and the false believer. They are the scavengers of the spiritual and orthodox Churches, and those who go out from them are not of them. These heretical sifters of the devil, as well as his moral

sifters, are separating the chaff from the wheat, the goats from the sheep every day; and while we complain of them and combat them, Jesus tells us that these heresies are ordained of God, that offenses must come in spite of the condemnation of those who originate them, "that they which are approved may be made manifest." So of the theater, the dance-hall, the card-table, the bar-room, the brothel, the gambling-hell, politics, bad business, and evil associations. These are all the sifters put into the hands of the devil, who in this respect is God's agent, and who can go no farther than God will let him. Infidelity, Ingersollism, is another mighty sifter which Satan wields with great effect, and so of spiritualism. Thousands of Christians and false professors fall alike into all these temptations of vice and skepticism; and through this sifting process the true and the false are separated, the chaff is taken from the true, and the true are ultimately sanctified and saved. Some come out of the sifter brighter and purer than ever, and thousands go through, chaff and all, as you see in my pictorial illustration. In some way or other we all get sifted, and if we make a profession of Christ, true or false, God has ordained the sifting process to show beyond a doubt where we belong. Don't think it strange, therefore, as Peter tells us, if fiery trials try you. Faith is like gold—all the more precious by trial. Its trial is "more precious," he tells us, "than gold tried in the fire;" and the only faith of value for time or eternity is a tried faith, or one that can stand the devil's fiery sifter. Let us give the devil his due. He does the true Christian good. He does not intend to, but under God's overruling providence and grace he is made a purifier and a friend.

The devil is like a mule tethered in an oat-patch. He cannot go beyond his cable-tow. He is limited by the strong arm of God, and to the extent of overruling all evil for good to his people God allows the devil to go just so far and no farther. "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Satan could destroy Job's property, kill his children, and torture his body, but he could not touch his soul to destroy it. Nothing and nobody can hurt a man but himself, and with every tempation God has provided a way of escape. To the righteous man it is good to be afflicted, and to such a man even sin and temptation may be made to turn out for his ultimate and everlasting good, through sifting and chastening. Every fall to true Christian manhood and womanhood is a fall upward and with the face toward the cross. Bitter experience appropriated has been the stepping-stone to honor and success in every great calling of life; and the fact is no less true and applicable to the Christian's high vocation. We shall all have some scars of battle upon us in eternity. Christ has the scars of glory upon him, and though we may have been wounded and broken in the devil's sifter the scars will not be inglorious to the man who has risen to greater usefulness and honor by them.



HARD SHELLS.—NO. 1. HEADS

HARD-SHELLS.

ACCOMPANYING this sketch are two illustrations which need explanation. The first picture, facing this page, represents a preacher before a peculiar and characteristic audience—an audience of turtles seated upon logs in a pond of water, with an alligator lying off to one side. The preacher's text, as seen upon the side of the platform upon which he stands, is: "*By grace ye are saved;*" and the audience, as you will observe, is deeply intent, *heads up*, and listening earnestly to the preacher. The alligator, with mouth open, and perhaps suffused with crocodile tears, is specially the hypocrite of the congregation. The doctrine of salvation by grace is profoundly interesting to the elect, and the "Hard-shell" preacher, as he is called, seldom dwells upon any other theme except election and predestination or kindred subjects, so far as my observation has gone. It is justification by faith, "without works," but without the justifying *evidence* of works. Paul is always referred to, but James is ignored; and hence going and giving, living and doing for God's glory and the salvation of a perishing world do not belong to the "Hard-shell's" creed.

In the second picture the scene is the same and the audience is the same, as you perceive, but another

preacher occupies the platform and appeals to the crusty congregation. He is not necessarily a soft-shell in some respects, but he is a missionary; and, as you will see, upon the side of his platform he has a different text: "*Give, and it shall be given you.*" Upon the announcement of his text and theme the scene changes, "dissolves like the baseless fabric of a vision, and leaves not a rack behind." It is now *tails up* instead of heads up. The turtles pull in their heads and then plunge downward from the logs into the water, and nothing is left in sight of that weeping alligator but his last extremity. The preacher stands aghast and in chagrin, and he cries aloud in vain. All his preaching, all his array of Scripture, all his force of logic is futile. With such a change of preacher and subject comes a collapse of enthusiasm with this audience, and it is as if a wet blanket had been flung over their ardor.

Salvation by grace was extreme unction from on high to the elect, but the doctrine of the "almighty dollar" and of "effort" proves death to emotion and tears, no matter how clear the Scriptures, how cogent the argument, or how eloquent the oratory. The "Hard-shell" turns a deaf ear to every citation from the word of God on this point, or else he turns to rend you with controversy by which he spiritualizes away every passage of divine truth which involves giving, going, or doing for the redemption of the world and for the extension of the Master's kingdom. In the end, if not before, he takes water, as you see the turtles in the second picture; and, strange to say, he generally, though not always, belongs to what is called the "water family," the Baptists (and the writer, being of that family, claims the right to say what he

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HARD SHELLS.—NO. 2. TAILS UP.

pleases upon this subject). You find but few professedly anti-missionaries among other denominations.

It may not be amiss here to explain what we mean by the term "*hard-shell.*" There is a sect of our brethren called "Hard-shells;" but it is not my purpose simply to attack them, and if I allude to them, it is only by way of illustration, in order to reach the hard-shell anti-missionary and anti-effort pretender in missionary ranks. The old-fashioned Primitive Baptists, as they call themselves, are professedly opposed to Missions, to an educated ministry, to a salaried pastorate, to Sunday-schools, and to all effort for the salvation of the sinner or the heathen by direct agencies established for the purpose. They regard missionary and educational boards, missionary appointments, conventional institutions for the purpose of evangelizing and educating the world as anti-scriptural; hence, in the sense in which we foster Missions and education, they stand opposed to what they call "man-made inventions and methods." They hold that if God wants a missionary in Africa or China, he will move him to go, and provide the means for his going and for his operations; and believing, many of them, that the Holy Spirit, without the use of means, will lead the elect to faith and salvation, they naturally hold that all missionary, educational, and Sunday-school effort for the salvation of sinners is not only anti-scriptural, but useless and God-dishonoring.

However erroneous we regard their theory or their creed, they are among the most honest people in the world. They would come nearer, perhaps, suffering martyrdom for Christ than any other denomination I know. I have known them to walk forty miles to be at one of their Associations, and they are much

devoted to their Churches, and kind and hospitable to one another in brotherly love. I never knew but one of them to take advantage of the homestead or bankrupt laws, and he was excluded from the Church. Formerly, a letter of dismission from an old-school Baptist Church was a letter of credit to a dry goods or grocery merchant; and the payment of an honest debt, or the dealing out of exact justice to his fellow-man, was the pride of a "Hard-shell." They are hard in doctrine, fatalistic in theology; they believe more in "feeding the sheep" than in converting the goats; they do not believe in the use of means and measures for the extension of the gospel to a perishing world; they believe that God does not need to be helped, and that "whatever is to be will be," as some facetiously say, "whether it comes to pass or not;" but one thing is certain, you always know where to find an "old-side" Baptist, and he wouldn't deceive you to save your life, if he is as he used to be.

The old-school brethren have their faults, as I have already intimated; and they have, as I think, their grievous errors; but they are rigidly and openly honest. Many of their preachers dote on their ignorance, and seem to think God holds their illiteracy at a premium. I have heard some of them preach some of the most ridiculous sermons in the most ludicrous manner, and yet attribute what they said and did to the operation of the Holy Spirit. One is said to have represented himself as having a funnel, ordinarily in the top of his head, into which the Spirit poured the words he should utter; and on one occasion, when he "got into the brush," he said God had turned the funnel wrong end up! In East Tennessee, as a prominent minister present told me, an old Primitive broth-

er so understood Genesis xxii. 23 as to read: "And these eight did milk a bear" (these eight did Milcah bear to Nahor, etc.); and he prefaced his discourse by saying: "In these days one girl can milk a dozen cows, but in those days it took eight men to milk a bear, and they didn't get much milk, I suppose, at that." Another interpreted the expression of David, in which he said that God had set his feet like "hinds' feet" upon high places, as *hen's feet*, to prove the impossibility of falling from grace, the hen having a toe behind her foot by which she is kept from sliding backward when she walks uphill. So I might multiply instances of bad reading, false interpretation, and spiritualizations the most ludicrous, but I forbear.

The many burlesque sermons which we read as coming from our old brethren—"And they played upon a harp of a thousand strings, spirits of just men made perfect," "And they shall gnaw a file, flee to the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the whangdoodle mourneth for her first-born," "And there were nine more standing at the door who took sugar in theirn"—all such are fictions; but they originate in the style and manner of much "Hard-shell" preaching, and express the sense of the ludicrous which it inspires. I wish to say, however, that there are many honorable exceptions to the rule of practice and preaching as cited in many places. In some of our cities—notably in Nashville—where I have had the most delightful intercourse with some of our Primitive brethren, I have discovered intelligence and progress far in advance of the general *status* of the denomination; and I only regret that a people of such evangelical simplicity, of such sturdy faith and discipline, of such doctrinal integrity and orthodoxy, of

such a martyr spirit and purpose, should dwindle in numbers and power every day for the want of a missionary and progressive spirit. What a power they might have been in the world, planted upon the great commission of Christ, "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature!*" I speak this sentiment from my heart in all kindness and love, and I can assure my Primitive brethren that if any thing I could say or do would contribute to their evangelical advancement, I would lay any sacrifice I could offer at their feet. Perhaps they will consider me presumptuous and my offering gratuitous; but, whatever they may think, I am their loving and obedient servant.

But I am not after the "Hard-shell" of the Primitive school, as I said before, except by way of illustration. I am after the hard-shell of some of our modern schools. I have respect for the old-fashioned "Hard-shell" who hitches onto the rear of your cart and pulls the other way, but I detest the balky hard-shell in your own team. You can cut the hard-shell loose in your rear, but it is hard to manage the lazy or the obstreperous fellow in front of you. He is one of you, and he it is in all of our Churches who does us the most harm. He won't give, nor will he do any thing for Christ and his Church; and often he is sitting down upon the stool of do-nothing, congratulating himself upon being saved by grace. He is going to heaven upon a Pullman sleeping-car, at rest in his berth, rolling on wheels, with his luggage of sin and indifference checked through; and he is perfectly content to let his brethren bear all the burdens and all the expenses of the business, in the profits of which he hopes to participate.

He never takes a religious newspaper, that he may keep abreast with the progress of the Christian world; and this kind of a hard-shell, while he boasts much of the Bible and of having all the truth, never reads or studies it. He is opposed to boards, theological seminaries, Sunday-schools, and what-not of effort and enterprise, and he does not even give to the support of his own pastor. If you will preach faith without works, salvation by grace without evidences, his head is up; but a missionary or educational sermon will put his head into his shell every time. He will take water, too, without an argument, and it is like striking a feather-bed with your fist—there is no rebound; he will not even answer you nor fight you back. He is a hard-shell, and he is a moss-backed one at that, willfully ignorant and self-determined not to give and never to do any thing except to go occasionally to Church. He lives mostly in country places, but not unfrequently in the city. He may be a Baptist, a Methodist, or a Presbyterian—I have seen them everywhere.

One great difficulty in the way of many of our Church-members on this point is ignorance, and one reason for this state of things is the want of pastors in many places who will enlighten the people practically and push the enterprises of religion. I know some pastoral ignoramuses who would be willing to preach for nothing to enjoy the distinction, or else to live upon a pittance to have the privilege; and of course such a preacher would never develop the liberality and the energies of his Church. There are not a few Churches, too, that would like to have just such a pastor, and there are more members in most of the Churches than we think who are of just such a caliber

and sentiment. There are some pastors who prefer not to press the missionary and educational enterprises of their denomination for fear that their own pockets will suffer; and, while they promise big things at the Association or the Convention, they go home to resume their habit of doing nothing. All this is old hard-shellism, anti-effort, anti-missionary, anti-education, and much of it results from pastoral ignorance or inefficiency.

Like people like priest, and, *vice versa*, like priest like people. Hard-shellism is an antichristian lie, and it is the only form of antichrist which seems destined to die in an age like this. God nor the devil has any respect for it, for it will not give nor work, and neither God nor Satan has the patience to deal long with stinginess and laziness. Hard-shellism—religiously, socially, politically, commercially, or otherwise—would never have developed a world, an idea, an age, or a country. It is the boast of "masterly inactivity," the sin of negation and inertia, the hypocrisy in those who profess to be progressive, of impecunious lassitude—the end of which is an everlasting "innocuous desuetude." It is fatalism or the presumption of negation and inertia which makes hard-shellism, and the sooner it dies, or we who have it die, the better for the world. So mote it be, if God will.

JEALOUSY

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JEALOUSY;

OR,

THE BIG AND LITTLE FELLOW.

FACING this sketch is the picture of an ass kicking at a lion. The lion is the majestic symbol of manhood; the ass, of pusillanimous littleness and stupidity, of small ability with big aspirations, jealous and envious of the lion's dignity and reputation. The little fellow, unable to cope with the big one, and immeasurably below him in character and achievement, brays and kicks at him; while the big fellow is scarcely conscious of the little fellow's existence, and pays no attention whatever to his voice or his heels. His braying and his kicking are neither heard nor felt, and the more the ass brays and kicks the bigger and more prominent becomes the lion. Sometimes, of course, indifference and patience cease to be virtues. The little kicker ventures too close, and occasionally the lion has to make mince-meat of him. The bull-dog or the great mastiff ordinarily pays no attention to the barking fice; but sometimes the little fellow, emboldened by the big dog's indifference, will venture not only to snap, but to bite, and the big one annihilates him. Not often and not otherwise; and we are

thus frequently struck with the dignity of the larger brute as we notice his majestic unconcern or indifference when annoyed or attacked by smaller beasts.

In the picture before us, however, we have chosen the ass for an illustration of the little fellow. The character of the small man, jealous or envious of the great one, is pre-eminently asinine, rather than canine. It is the ass, as we call him, who manifests such a spirit and exposes such stupidity. Æsop, in one of his fables, shows the ass in the lion's skin, creating consternation among the other beasts until his ears popped out, when the terror subsided. It is the ass only that will pose as a lion so long as he can conceal his ears and suppress his voice, and it is the ass only that will bray and kick at the lion when his voice and his ears cannot be hid.

Shenstone has well defined jealousy as the "fear or apprehension of superiority;" and envy, "our uneasiness under it." It is the cancer in every man's breast, never wholly cut out, and only mastered by great minds. We all have more or less of this passion, which is an angel when it guards the truth of God and the honor of man, but when it turns the soul against itself and against its neighbor it becomes what the great poet familiarly calls it—

> The green-eyed monster which doth mock
> The meat it feeds on.

It is said to be born of love; but, while love rarely exists without jealousy, it is true that jealousy often exists without love — cold, heartless, cruel as the grave. As Colton says, "Jealousy can feed on that which is bitter, no less than on that which is sweet, and it is sustained by pride as often as by affection." Suspicion and apprehension are its deepest and com-

monest source. The suspected fidelity or the shared friendship of others on the one hand, and the interposition of another's superiority or excellence on the other, onstitute the bane of a million bitter, burning lives; and jealousy and envy are the poisoned and acrid food upon which they feed. To be suspicious of those we love, to dread the overshadowing greatness of those we hate, to realize our own depreciation and inferiority—all this made a beautiful writer exclaim:

> O Jealousy,
> Thou ugliest fiend of hell! thy deadly venom
> Preys on my vitals, turns the healthful hue
> Of my fresh cheek to haggard sallowness,
> And drinks my spirit up.

This passion, perverted, "ever lives upon doubts," as Rochefoucauld says, "and it becomes madness, or ceases entirely, with certainty."

> Trifles light as air
> Are to the jealous confirmations strong
> As proofs of holy writ.

The slightest apprehension felt, the faintest doubt or fear, fills the soul by jealousy wrought in little minds with every torture of a self-made hell. In fact, in the bad sense, jealousy and envy are the product of small minds; and when unsubordinated and displayed they become the characteristic of supreme asininity. In the good sense, these passions are the safeguards of the pure and lofty soul; and they are the bulwarks of virtue and honor, truth and righteousness.

The Bible says: "Jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame." One of the conditions upon which Pilate wanted to release Jesus was because he "knew

that for envy" the Jews wanted to crucify him. The majestic innocence of Jesus, the unanswerable logic of his wisdom and righteousness, the towering grandeur of his character, his mighty works and achievements, his vast popularity with the people, made the Pharisaic asses kick as high as heaven. Christ stood an awful rebuke to pride and hypocrisy, an ominous menace to vaulting ambition, greed for gain, and love of place before men. The scribes and Pharisees hated Jesus worse than the devil; and with their blinding prejudice and maddening envy they transformed the Son of God, the incarnation of innocence and deity, into Beelzebub. The cross is still a "stumbling-block" to pride and ambition, still "foolishness" to "science," falsely so called; and under the same circumstances jealousy and envy would crucify Christ again. The proud and prejudiced asses still kick and bray against being crucified to the world, or having the world crucified to them.

Purity and superiority are the shining marks against which jealousy has ever shot her fiery shafts; and even high positions of wealth and honor have shared the same fate. The tongue of scandal and slander is the barbed arrow of jealousy when brains and character are in the way; and the torch and the fagot have often been applied when the splendor of stone fronts and fine arts have confronted the green-eyed envy of anarchy and mobocracy. Churchill beautifully said:

> Among the sons of men how few are known
> Who dare be just to merit not their own!
> Superior virtue and superior sense
> To knaves and fools will always give offense;
> Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
> So nice is jealousy, a rival there.

If jealousy, as Milton terms it, is the "injured lover's hell," nor ever "understood" until Paradise fell, how much more must it be a torment to the sense of inferiority and disparagement in the view of small minds, ever looking lynx-eyed and green-eyed upon the superiority and prosperity of those above them! As already intimated, this otherwise painful passion has a just and rational place in the heart when it aims at the preservation of good in ourselves, the honor of truth and virtue, the glory of God and religion; but when it overestimates itself and underestimates others, when God and religion, truth and righteousness, virtue and honor are overshadowed in the form of pride and selfishness, then jealousy shifts upon the uneasy bed of envy; and, in the language of an eminent writer, when it is so turned it becomes "a frenzy that cannot endure, even in idea, the *good* of others," much less the success and exaltation of others. This is little kicking asininity.

We have but to look around us every day to find illustrations of what we have said upon this subject, the little fellow kicking the big, the perpetual consummation of jealousy in some form or another. The greatest and best men of any country, especially when they have attempted great and good things, have been the shining marks of envy, and have been tattooed all over with the brush of jealousy. Though dead, some of them, this ghoul of the malicious heart has dug up their bones from the grave and daubed them around with rings of blackness. During one of the late presidential campaigns the little politicians who were slandering the candidates for the highest office in this country went to the grave of Washington and exhumed the "Father of His Country" and soiled

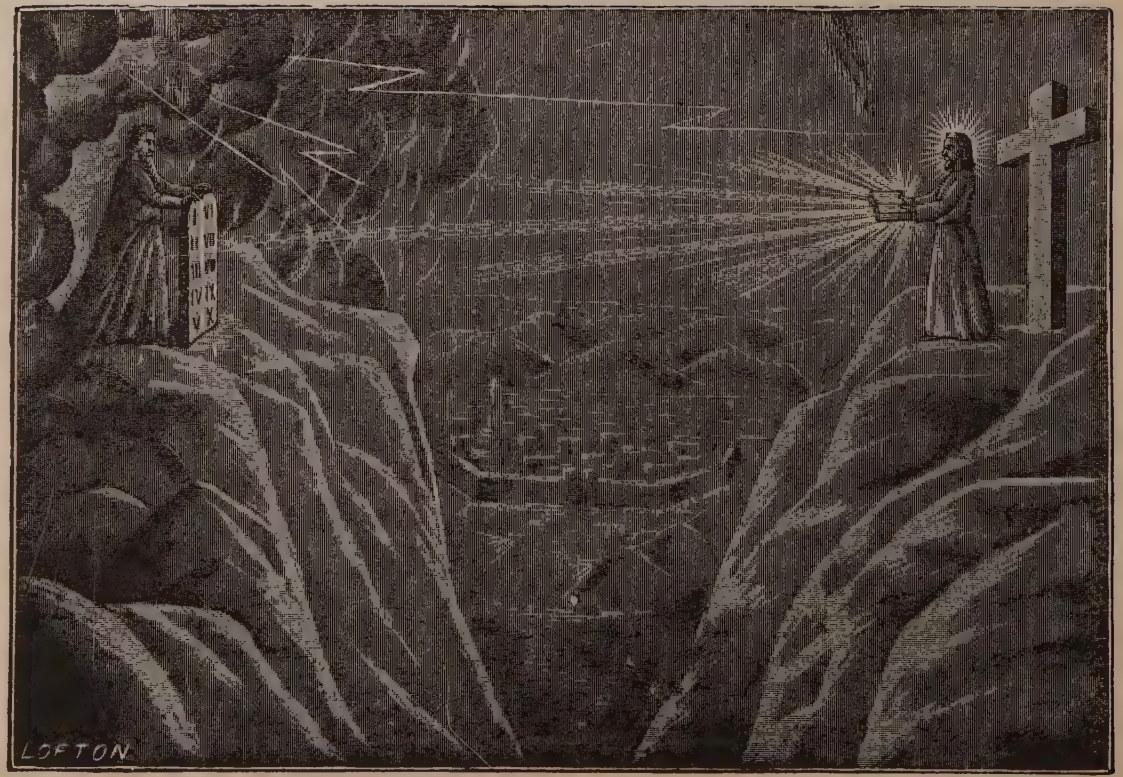
the ashes in which his glory lay buried. Of course partisan zeal and prejudice have much to do with that vile malignity which drags down personal honor and dignity in political contests; but the best man in the United States, the mightiest genius, has but to be presented for position or office, and the little asses all over the continent begin to let fly their heels. They go to hunting for the "record" immediately; and if the man ever made a mistake, if he ever soiled his character, even in youth; if his great-grandfather ever did any thing wrong, however slight the sin, the microscope of jealousy and prejudice is put upon it, and it will come out in *Puck* or *Judge* in the most huge and hideous caricature. But for their grandeur of genius, their force of character, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Lincoln, Lee, Grant, and a host of the greatest men of our times would have been buried in the oblivion of history by the little carpers and the maligners. Spurgeon, Talmage, and Henry Ward Beecher, Roger Williams and John Wesley, have been spotted all over; and one of the sources from which spring the persecution of these great men at the hands of those who have tried to injure them is the jealousy of little preachers, little editors, little critics, and little sappers and miners of character. So we might speak of Gladstone and Bismarck of to-day, of Luther and Knox, of Fulton and Galileo, of a host of reformers, inventors, discoverers, developers, and creators, who have changed the face of history, and who, under God, lifted the world to its present height of civilization against the prejudice, opposition, and persecution of mankind. Jealousy and envy have ever stood by on the part of little asses to kick at and drag down to the level of their inferiority and baseness the great-

ness and grandeur of all that tower above them. "To be great is to be misunderstood," says Emerson, and he might have added, "to be hated."

A part of the glory of maligned goodness and of traduced greatness has been the supreme indifference ordinarily manifested toward inferior baseness and opposition. The ass has kicked, but the lion has not noticed even when he observed. The dog has bayed the moon in vain. A small-statured man once struck a huge, gigantic fellow in conversation with another. The big man didn't seem to notice it; and some one present remarked to the little fellow: "You had better stop striking Jones, or he may find it out after awhile, and knock the life out of you." We have all heard the story of the big man who had a little midget for a wife. She frequently abused and beat him without his paying any attention to her. Some one asked him why he submitted to it. "It amuses her," he said, "and don't hurt me, and so I let her enjoy herself." This is the way the truly great treats the little fellow that brays and kicks at him. The ass is a good animal in his place; but out of his place, posing as a lion, or kicking at a lion, his asininity becomes observed, his ears pop up, his voice is recognized, and his character becomes apparent. Nothing is so becoming to a donkey as to stay in his place, keep his mouth shut, and control his little heels. The majestic lion speaks for himself without roaring; and it is a condescension of his dignity whenever he has to stoop to recognize or punish an ass.

The only time when the ass really enjoys the greatest satisfaction is when the lion is dead, and when he can kick or kick at him with impunity. A small and jealous mind always rejoices when the great man is

his way dies or falls into misfortune; and it is often then that the little fellow brays the loudest and lets his heels fly the highest. The magnanimous man, the great mind rejoices in the grandeur and glory of others like himself or above himself; and when Greek meets Greek in the arena of contest the lofty spirit is proud of the man worthy of his steel. David was pursued by Saul all his life, a great man in some respects, belittled and dwindled and dwarfed into a pigmy, at last, by jealousy; but David's great heart and noble spirit could refuse to take the life of his antagonist when he had him in his power, and when "God's anointed" fell on Gilboa's gory heights the magnanimous David could sing a dirge of sorrow, a pæan of praise infinitely more than worthy of his fallen foe. O David, was there ever a soul like thine? How little this great man felt in his own estimation, as in the light of Saul he called himself a "flea!" but how, in the light of his jealous and mean antagonist, does he tower in moral grandeur above all the manhood and magnanimity ever written of *men!* None but Christ surpassed him here; and Paul and Moses in this respect never equaled his bearing toward Saul. While hunting his father's asses Saul stumbled upon a kingdom; and he tumbled from the kingdom playing the meanest ass that ever kicked against a splendid and lofty spirit. He went down, and David went up, as is the usual fate of the asinine spirit and the lion-hearted. Let us learn here, my friends, the sublime moral lesson that greatness and goodness will ever triumph over and in spite of all the asinine littleness and opposition of the world.



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THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

HERE we discover two mountains standing opposite each other. They are old Sinai of Arabia and Calvary of Judea, a deep valley intervening between them and Jerusalem in the distance. On Sinai stands Moses with the two tables of stone in front of him, the old mount shrouded in clouds which hurtle with thunders and lightnings, pealing and striking with their bolts upon Calvary. On Calvary stands Christ in front of the cross, holding the everlasting gospel in his hands, shedding the softer and more genial light of evangelical truth across the valley between, and illuminating the tables of law in Moses's hands. Sinai and Calvary, Moses and Christ, the law and the gospel—these are the counterparts and the complements of each other; and while the former typifies and foreshadows the latter, the latter fulfills and explains the former.

From different stand-points of observation they interpret and blend with each other, and neither the gospel nor the law could be fully understood without the other. Especially is it true that the spiritual import of the law would never have been comprehended without the illumination of the gospel. "Thou shalt not commit adultery," says Moses; but Christ teaches that to lust in the heart is to be guilty of the act be-

fore God. So of murder, theft, lying, covetousness, and of every other sin incorporated under the law of God. Hence, while a man by culture and refinement may be externally innocent of every transgression, whether by word or deed, he may be a thousand times guilty of every transgression at heart, and if he is guilty of but one only, he is guilty of *all.* So explains and develops the law under the light of gospel interpretation, and so it is interpreted that unselfish love to man and supreme love to God can alone keep or fulfill the law upon our part.

Saul of Tarsus, Cornelius, the rich young ruler, were all "perfect," as touching the external observance of the law; and yet the gospel discovered to Paul that he was the "chief of sinners," to Cornelius that he must be "saved" by the blood of Jesus as the meanest sinner in the world, and to the rich young ruler that he had never had the faintest conception of the law's *spiritual* significance, the end of which was salvation by grace through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The law is not able to save, and Moses was not a savior. The law, or Moses, is simply our school-master to bring us to the Saviour, Christ; but we never could understand our school-master, except in the light of Christ and the gospel. All the law can do to help us is to bring the knowledge and consciousness of sin and secure conviction and repentance toward God; but the law could not do this, except under the spiritual lamp of the gospel of Christ. In the absence of gospel light the law ceases to be a school-master and becomes a tyrant over the blind and dead sinner, driving him to the endless bondage of precepts and ceremonies, trying to save himself by

self-righteousness and wearing a galling yoke which gives him no rest nor peace of body, mind, or heart. It is only when we enter the school-master's office that we learn of Christ and exchange yokes to find the gospel burden light and easy, restful and peaceful to the enlightened and regenerated spirit. Without the gospel of Christ, whether in type or antitype, the Holy Spirit could never have brought us to learn the spiritual nature and import of the law upon a single human heart dead in sin. The word of Christ is the only pen, the blood of Christ the only ink by which the Spirit can legibly write God's law of life upon the fleshly tablets of the heart, and thus kill it to sin and make it alive unto God under his divine penmanship.

The word of God, both in the Old and the New Testament, is a dead letter to the dead sinner; but when, through a belief in the gospel and the handwriting of the Holy Spirit, we are cleansed from sin and quickened to life in Christ, then we can comprehend the law in the light of the gospel. We catch its spiritual import and purpose of revelation to us, and the Old Testament kindles bright and luminous as a star lit up in the splendors of the Sun of righteousness. We see the face of Moses and the summit of the old mount shine again with ineffable and unapproachable splendor for the moment, and then we behold them soften down into the milder and sweeter radiance of Christ, who was "touched," and of Calvary, which can be "touched" by the lost and ruined sinner.

The true believer of the Old Testament spiritually, though not so fully as we, comprehended the import of the law. Abel and Enoch, Noah and Abraham, Mo-

ses and David, all saw Christ and his day afar off by prophecy and by the typical blood of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." The gospel, says Paul, was preached to Abraham, and so to all the rest who truly believed. Through Moses, by whom came the law, they beheld Christ, by whom came grace and truth, the life and the light of the world; and the saved of all dispensations believed on his name, were cleansed by his blood, and were quickened by his Spirit, by the same immutable law of pardon and life, before and since Christ, before and since the Day of Pentecost. To the saved the law was always, as now, the school-master which led to Christ, and the gospel prefigured or consummated was always, as now, the refulgent and reflective glory which lit up the tables in Moses's hand with their only true and divine interpretation.

Keeping the symbolism of our picture in mind, how striking are the lessons we learn as we behold, from various stand-points, the law as lit up or illuminated by the gospel!

Take the moral law. This is the law of life as Jesus taught the rich young ruler, if a man keep it; but to this end a man would have to be born pure and holy, perfect; and then he would have to keep the law personally, perfectly, and perpetually, from the cradle to the grave, in order to live by it. In fact, such a man could not die, and such a man has never lived. The very idea of death presupposes sin; for by sin death came into the world, and hence all have sinned, and were born in sin; "by nature the children of wrath," as Paul teaches the Ephesians. However correct a man's external observance of the law, however trained and kept by the most rigid legal culture, he cannot

obey the spirit of the law. "Cursed is every one that continueth not in *all* things which are written in the book of the law to do them;" and yet, in essence, not one single human being born of Adam ever obeyed *one* single precept written in the law, much less continued in it, to do it; and yet this curse is pronounced upon the dead sinner incapable of keeping, in spirit, one jot or tittle of God's least commandment. Hence the necessity of Christ, who perfectly kept the law for us, who died to redeem us from its penalty; who became our Prophet, Priest, and King instead of Moses, Aaron, and David; who became the second in place of the first Adam; and who, having substituted grace instead of law, became for us "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption" by the satisfaction of law. How gloriously the gospel lights up this fact when once you can make a sinner see that he cannot work out his salvation under the law, and when he can be made to cast himself upon Christ, his substitute for the law!

How blind is a poor, self-righteous sinner, trying to live unto God by his morality! How much blinder still is the poor, self-conceited sinner, trying by "science falsely so called," to reason out his life in God! How the gospel of blood opens thus the blinded eyes to the terror and the weakness of law, to the futility of all philosophy, however excellent and useful as a rule of the present life! And how, in the very light of all law and philosophy, it brings before it Jesus, "the one altogether lovely and the chiefest among ten thousand!" Beneath the cross we can discover the exceeding sinfulness of sin, God's vindicative justice satisfied, and we can behold, as contained in the law, but never revealed by it, how he so loved the world

as to give his only begotten Son to die for it. The very law demanded this sacrifice of infinite and eternal love; and in the very sacrifice of love we can behold the dignity and the supremacy of the law. Herein we behold the solution of an otherwise undemonstrated problem: How God could be just to sin and yet love the sinner, and how he could at the same time justify the ungodly *according to law*. This fact in the scheme of human redemption, revealed by the gospel, pours the brightest flood of light back upon the significance and value of divine law, which is the moral transcript of God's will and the moral reflection of God's life. Morality is the essence of God and eternal, the spirit and essence of his law; and the gospel reveals that moral guilt can alone be atoned for by the sacrifice of infinite moral dignity. The law typified and foreshadowed this vital and central truth of Christianity, but the gospel makes it luminous and refulgent on Calvary. In all these things it takes the law first of all to make an intelligent believer of the gospel; but it takes this intelligent believer of the gospel alone to look back upon Sinai and see and acknowledge the supremacy and dignity of God's divine law of life, inexorable when unsatisfied, and yet made potent and living by the atoning blood of Christ when written by the Holy Spirit upon the tablets of the regenerate heart.

Take the ceremonial law with all its symbolic institutions. What wonderful types and shadows of the "good things to come" under a gospel dispensation! and yet how incomprehensible except under the light of that gospel! The bloody sacrifices of the law would be a horrible and hideous butchery if they did not set forth the altar of Calvary with its sacrifice of

Christ, the "propitiation for the sins of the whole world." No wonder the poor, blinded Ingersollian sees nothing but the shambles in the sacrifices of the Jewish dispensation. He does not see Christ, and not seeing Christ in all, he cannot comprehend Aaron any more than he can comprehend Moses and his so-called "mistakes." It is a fearful and awful fact that God cannot come short of, nor go beyond, blood to save, because he cannot come short nor go beyond his law to help the sinner. "Without shedding of blood is no remission," said the law; but who could ever have understood this fearful maxim but for the adumbration of the fact in the light of Calvary's cross? Salvation is a legal transaction as well as a moral transformation. There can be no display of divine mercy without the vindication of justice, and it was the part of infinite and eternal love, foreshadowed on Sinai and consummated on Calvary, to step down and out of glory, tread the wine-press alone, walk amid the woes of hell, taste the horrors of death, and shed the judicial blood of an atoning sacrifice for sin. Blood, blood, blood! Awful but glorious display of God's legal supremacy and dignity to the infantile apprehension of the old dispensation; but, blessed be God, with one stroke of divine justice, once for all and forever, infinite Innocence died on the cross, closed the holocaust of centuries, and opened up the dim and cloudy past to the midday splendors of the Sun of righteousness, redeeming the world, transforming the centuries, and paving the way to the millenniums of glory.

So we might speak of the types of the priesthood, the temple, and the kingly offices of Israel. How incomprehensible, but for their revelation and fulfill-

ment in Jesus Christ! Aaron and his robes, the altar and the laver, the table of shew-bread, and the candlestick and the incense altar, the holy and the most holy place, the ark of the covenant and the shekinah between the cherubims, the wonderful veil rent in twain at the crucifixion and uncovering the most holy place, the two goats on the great day of atonement—all these who could have ever understood but for Calvary and its consummation? These things would have been enigmas, glittering and insoluble mysteries without significance, but for the gospel. How clear and beautiful and glorious do they kindle now to the believer's eye, and what strong confirmation do they give in proof of Holy Writ and of our glorious Christianity!

So we might speak of prophecy, which is a kindred development of the legal dispensation. The prophets of the Old Testament would be regarded as fanatics and visionaries but for the gospel. Yet how loftily and authoritatively do they speak to all generations when Christ and his apostles confirm their declarations, and when the gospel and the kingdom of God fulfill their marvelous predictions! David pictures the very crucifixion in all its details, and predicts the very words of Christ's crucial agony: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Isaiah foretells the Son of God by name—Immanuel, God with us, born of a virgin, and called "Wonderful, Counselor, mighty God, everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Daniel portrays the glory of his "everlasting kingdom," counts the very days and years to the time of his crucifixion, when "everlasting righteousness" should be brought in, and when "Messiah should be cut off, but not for himself." Joel blazes

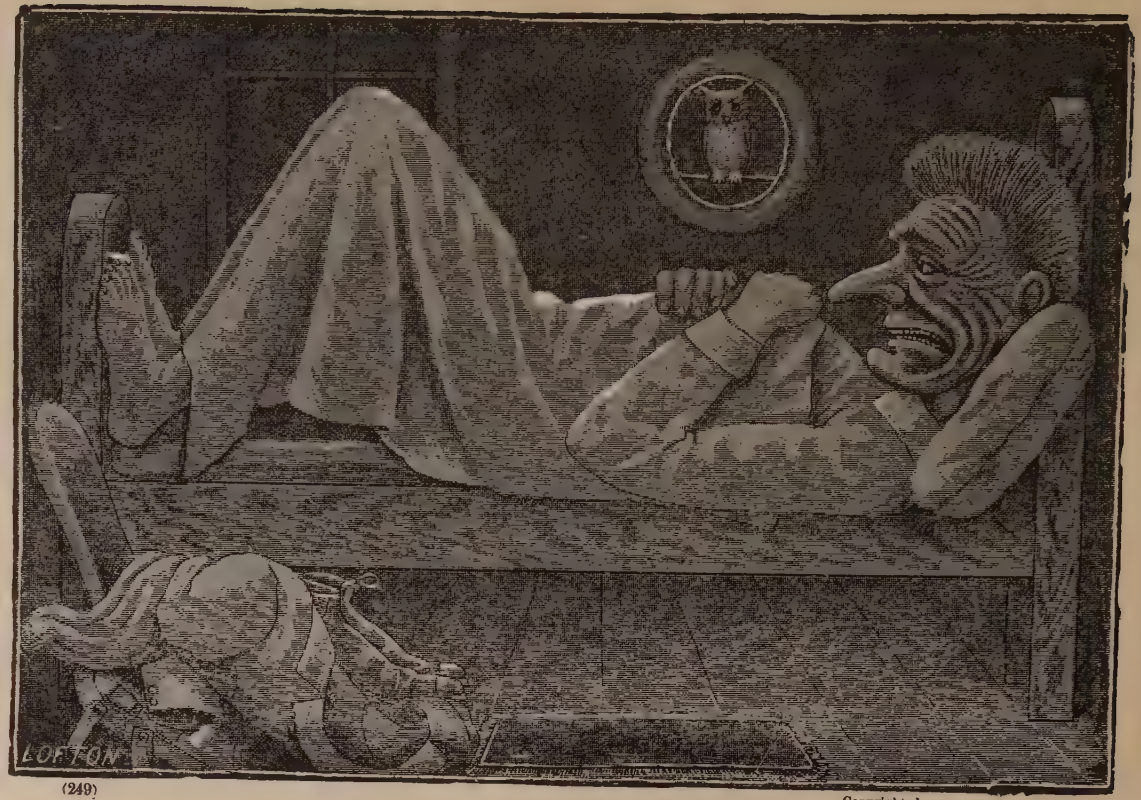
forth the Pentecostal splendors, and they all conspire to proclaim the establishment, progress, power, and consummation of the Church down to the millennium in minute and unmistakable detail to the intelligent reader and believer of the gospel. How grandly do the prophets point to the cross and the kingdom of Christ! and how resplendently do their predictions and doctrines glow under the interpretation and fulfillment of gospel light!

Hoary seers of the centuries gone by! I see you marching through the obscurity of ages, with stately step and awful form toward Calvary and the cross, and then I behold you grow radiant and luminous in the light of Christ and his apostles, as did Moses and Elijah, the representatives of the law and the prophets on Tabor's top. Then, as the transfiguration scene passes from my vision, I behold Moses and Elijah gone, and but One left in the midst of his representative apostles, while high Heaven exclaims, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him;" and while the everlasting record of God writes in letters of gold: "JESUS ONLY," He is the "Alpha and Omega" of both dispensations—the "All and the in all" of every age; and in him the law and the gospel, the prophets and the apostles, center as one complete unity, the complement and counterpart of each other. The old points forward to the new, and the new points back to the old, and both the old and the new covenants meet as the two parts of God's divine and eternal indenture, the will of the dead and living Testator, Christ, signed, sealed, delivered in his own blood, probated in the courts of heaven, and executed and administered and applied to a perishing world by the Holy Ghost.

Bed too Short, Blanket too Narrow

My picture drawn for this sketch is an illustration of Isaiah xxviii. 20: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it: and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." The caricature shows the wretched and sleepless condition of one upon a cold night under such a situation of unrest. The real theme of the text is an *Insufficient Religion*—that is to say, a religion which has an insufficient foundation upon which to lie, and an insufficient character with which to cover the soul. Self-sufficiency and self-righteousness, principles and practices which are fundamentally and resultantly inefficient and vicious, constitute such a religion. The occasion of the text, however, involved the literal condition of the Jews, in the mind of the prophet, when they should be shut up in Jerusalem by the siege of the Assyrians, and possibly pointing to the final investment of the Romans, when Jerusalem should be closed in and destroyed.

The concrete idea of Isaiah, therefore, was that the Jews thus inclosed in their city would be placed in the most straitened circumstances; and with no God to help them, depending upon their leagues with other nations and looking to false gods for help, they



(249)

BED TOO SHORT- BLANKET TOO NARROW.

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would have no foundation for hope and no covering against their fate. Jerusalem, with her walls and her bulwarks, would be like a bed too short to lie on, an insufficient defense in itself; and with no God to cover them with his righteousness and protection, they would be without wisdom and strength, like a man on a cold night with his blanket too narrow. In such a situation there would be neither rest nor comfort, neither help nor hope; and any man who has spent a winter's night at a second-class hotel or a third-rate boarding-house, where you are treated "just like home-folks," can have some appreciation of such a condition.

The spiritual application of the picture before us—the figure of an insufficient religion—affords an interesting study. What is such a religion? It is any religion which has no foundation to build upon, no character to clothe itself with for *eternity*. The only religion which ever offered a sufficient basis and a sufficient covering is Christianity. Christ is the only Rock of our salvation; and he alone can be just to sin and yet justify the ungodly. He alone can pay sin's debt and impute righteousness, save the soul from death, and cover moral guilt. He died for our transgression, and he was raised for our justification; and when the Christian appears at the judgment he will stand upon the Rock of Ages for salvation, and will be clothed in the righteous robe of Christ's merit, the only "wedding garment" in which we can appear at the "great supper of the Lamb." We are saved by grace, justified by faith; and our entrance into life and glory will be based solely upon and characterized by the record and dignity of Christ, our great and eternal Substitute. The Christian's own charac-

ter and righteousness are the evidence and outcome of salvation by grace, justification by faith here below; and his own character and righteousness will be his joy and reward hereafter; but the grace of God alone can, through Christ, regenerate and justify him, save and sanctify him, crown and glorify him. Christ is our "all in all," our "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption," the "Author and Finisher of our faith;" and he is the only bed upon which we lie, the only covering in which we wrap for salvation and sanctification. "Other foundation," says Paul, "can no man lay;" and Peter says, "There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved." The atonement which Jesus made for our sins under God's grace is our all-sufficient foundation; and the righteousness of Christ wrought out in his perfect life, and imputed to us by faith, is our all-sufficient covering.

Thus we are redeemed and thus clothed for God and eternity. In Christ alone, as in no other conceivable way, can we be made alive from the dead, and reckoned *innocent*. Quickened by his word, justified by his blood through the operation of his life-giving and blood-cleansing Spirit, we are saved and sanctified; and when we stand at last before God, body and soul, we shall be absolutely perfect through the redemptive scheme, conceived, executed, and applied through the blood, the word, and the work of Christ. We shall completely escape death, hell, and the grave; and in the consummation of our resurrection from the dead we shall appear in glory without a stain upon our character, and without a defect in our nature—all through the perfection of Christ. It will take perfection to stand before perfection, both legal and moral.

There is no other way, philosophical or religious, to attain this end but by the cross of Calvary. A man must be justified from the *guilt* of sin, he must be made alive from the dead, both morally and physically, and he must be presented before a perfect God without spot, wrinkle, or blemish, to inherit eternal life. How can this be done except through the crucified, risen, and glorified Redeemer as revealed in the Bible? How plain to the devout and intelligent believer! Who that knows the depth and character of sin cannot see and believe this truth? We must be *perfect* to live with God; and perfection has no foundation except in the redemptive atonement of Christ and in the covering character of Christ. Nor can such perfection be wrought out in man or applied to his life except through the pardoning and justifying blood and the regenerating and sanctifying Spirit of Christ. Out of Christ, in the very nature of things, God must be a consuming and eternal fire. "Blessed is the man whose sin is covered, and to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity."

But let us now glance, by contrast, at the religions of human reason and superstition. The Jews tried idolatry. They made leagues with surrounding nations and worshiped their gods, seeking help against internal division and foreign oppression. They forgot Jehovah, they abandoned the blood of the typical covenant, and the consequence was that they became a prey to their own internal dissensions and corruptions and fell under the appalling domination of foreign despotism and superstition. All the gods and armies of Egypt, Assyria, and Moab could do them no good. Straitened and stricken by famine and siege, desolate, distracted, and divided among them-

selves, without the help and hope of Israel's God, they ever found heathenism and idolatry a bed too short to stretch upon and a covering too narrow to wrap themselves in. They only survived and lived when they cried and returned to God and to the ark of the covenant. When idolatry and heathenism had been cured among the Jews by captivity, they finally fell into Pharisaism and formalism, another bed too short and another blanket too narrow; and in the final destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, when the nation was shut up and slaughtered within the helpless walls of the golden city, we have a perfect idea of the Prophet in the declaration of this text and in the use of this figure, who beheld a people lying down upon a false and hollow religion, and seeking to cover themselves with their own sufficiency and righteousness.

So with every other nation worshiping the gods of reason or superstition. They have perished or are perishing from the face of the earth. Babylon, Nineveh, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, with all the glory of their empires and their civilization, have passed away upon the foundation and under the cover of an insufficient religion. The only nations which have lived and prospered, and elevated the earth are those which have recognized and honored Christ and Christianity. All other nations now living are simply dead while they live; and they only quicken and advance with the glory of the age as the blood-stained banner of the cross is unfurled above them. What is true of a nation is first of all true with the individual; and in proportion as the true or false religions prevail is a nation, a State, or a community dead or vital.

Let us look, individually and characteristically, at

this subject before we come to a conclusion. Behold the moralist and the philosopher, depending respectively upon his self-righteousness or his wisdom for salvation, and see if his bed is not too short and his blanket too narrow. Intellectual self-conceit or moral self-righteousness is the foundation he lays or the roof he puts upon his religious structure. He needs no Jesus, or only wants him as a convenience, not a necessity. Christ may have been a good man, a perfect teacher, a model exemplar in life and sacrifice; but he is not a Redeemer, a Saviour! He is a great helper, but his blood neither cleanses nor does his Spirit make alive! Christ and him crucified is a stumbling-block to Jewish self-righteousness, and foolishness to Greek self-wisdom. The heart of man is the bulbous root of the hyacinth, and, at best, if you take Christ at all, the gospel is but the light of a moral sun which warms and develops the beautiful flowers of human excellence and immortality from the bulbous root in which is contained all the virtues and possibilities of eternal life. Many do not need Christ at all, in any sense. They are too good to be damned. They don't need blood to cleanse them. They require no regenerating life from God. They don't steal nor lie nor curse nor cheat nor drink, and they do good, are charitable, belong to the lodge or some benevolent order, and expect to get to heaven upon their own goodness and righteousness. Ask one of them if he trusts Christ for salvation, if he worships God, if he contributes to his cause, if he loves and serves the Creator and Redeemer upon the principle of allegiance and devotion as a child its parents, as a beneficiary his benefactor, as a subject his king, and he will tell you, "No." God is under obligations to him.

not he to God! At least, it is a matter of debit and credit, and God is on the debtor side of the account! Heaven is the result of covenant, a business transaction between him and his God; and he is expecting the reward upon the ground of his philosophical acumen or his moral self-righteousness. He is his own way, his own truth, and his own life.

Well, now, this gentleman's bed is simply too short and his covering is too narrow. It is not long nor broad enough for eternity. His covering is about like the fig-leaf garb of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and his foundation is about like their hiding-place from the eye of God. His self-righteous service is about like the offering of Cain, the works and fruits of his own hands, offered to God and rejected. The fig-leaves had to be taken off of Adam and Eve and the skins from the slain animal, the type of Christ crucified and of Christ's righteousness put on. The offering of blood by Abel, not the fruits of Cain, was acceptable, because it pointed to "the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world;" and our self-righteous and self-wise gentlemen will have to have Abel's blood as a foundation and Adam's lamb-skin as a covering to stand before God. Without Christ and his righteousness he shall never see God. Out of Christ, let me repeat, God is a consuming fire. Alas for all ritualism and formalism and self-righteousness even in the profession of Christianity! Even these are a bed too short, a blanket too narrow before God and angels and eternity.

We might speak of a number of insufficient things which this picture illustrates, but we must close with but a mere mention. In all the affairs and relationships of life men must have a *principle* to build upon

and a *character* to cover with. The foundations of government, business, society, family, and individual integrity depend upon this idea of life and success. In every case failure follows life and effort, if principle and character be wanting. The politician whose only ambition is office and spoils, the business man whose only aspiration is money and ease, the preacher whose only ideal of his high office is reputation and place, the social butterfly whose only aim is admiration and conquest, the young man whose crowning hope is a good time in the world—builds his house in the desert, and, like the ostrich, covers his head in the sand. His foundation will be swept away in the flood, and his destiny will be uncovered by time and fate, which, like the hunter, pursue the game of fancy and folly to destruction. Man has but three objects in existence: (1) to glorify God, (2) to help his fellowman to heaven and happiness, and (3) to develop himself, withal and by all, to the stature of manhood in Christ. Here is a principle on which to build and a character with which to clothe which time cannot destroy nor eternity take away. Any other principle or character is an insufficient foundation and an insufficient covering. The bed is shorter than a man can stretch out upon for eternity. The covering is narrower than that a man can wrap himself in for eternity. Life, temporal or eternal, must have true principles upon which to build and to rest, a true character with which to clothe and to cover.

The Drunkard's Last Offering.

In the picture before us we behold the drunkard in tattered rags—bloated and blurred out of manhood's once ruddy and rounded form—laying his own immortal soul upon the altar of his whisky god. This altar is a whisky-barrel, erected in a bar-room, behind the counter of which stands the monstrous shape of the bar-tender, and before which sits King Alcohol, holding up to his victim the whisky-bottle, which "at the last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." This poor, lost, and ruined immortal soul comes with his last offering. He has long since surrendered money, morals, character, wife, children, and all; and in his desperation, with every resolution broken, and every hope fled, he devotes both soul and body in fiendish consecration to the divinity of his appetite. He cuts loose from every prospect of the future, and, glancing back over the checkered and desolate career behind him, he shuts himself up only to the madness and gratification of the present. He would give a world for one drink of whisky, and he says to the devil: "Give me drink, and I will give you myself." The fiends of perdition clutch him round about, and the devils of the bar-room conspire with hell and make a league with death to

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DRUNKARD'S LAST OFFERING.

give him the damning cup, when he can't get bread to eat.

When all else is gone to the drunkard he can still get a drink of whisky; and the most appalling spectacle of human depravity and debauchery is seen in the abandoned and forsaken soul that hazards hell and banishes heaven, if only the appetite for drink can be gratified. I have seen such, when every tie and motive of this life, when every touch and terror of eternity was swallowed up or obliterated from the deadened brain and the petrified heart by the all-consuming thirst for liquor.

It is often the case that the temporal pains and penalties of the earthly hell into which strong drink turns life have no power to deter the reckless and maddened drunkard upon his downward and hellward career. I have seen the victim of *delirium tremens*, raving with *mania a potu*, curse his habit, at lucid intervals, and swear reform; and, although shrieking and haggard, on the very verge of the grave, yet he would recover to break every purpose of reform and to violate every promise of manhood. It would seem that these awful experiences, which do sometimes terrify some into sober lives again, would never fail to reach the most obdurate debauchee who ever lived; but thousands go from one scene to another of this character, and persist to the death of all held dear in time and hoped for beyond the grave. The drunkard, strange to say, is seldom an infidel. His awful experiences—his horrid visions and terrors of conscience—compel him to believe that there is an avenging God who has fixed his punishment upon the violation of law, and who has reserved a hell beyond, which is proved by its foretaste and counterpart

here. And yet it is strange that the poor lost wretch will persist in flying from one hell to reach another worse than the one already endured. I have seen some who thought the hell to come was almost a heaven to the one already reached, and once I heard a drunkard exclaim: "I had rather go to hell than to live!" It seems that drunkenness can so develop a torment in the soul and in the life of its victim as to make the prospective hell a paradise to the one endured, and hence we often see, in the blindness and delusion of inebriety and desperation, the man commit suicide and end a career which sends the soul to risk the ills it knows not of, in order to get rid of the ills which, while they only foretaste the future, dazzle with false hopes of the life to come.

Of all the enigmas in this world it is drunkenness and the drunkard. The fascination and allurement of alcoholic intoxication—which fills the brain with fancy, which robs the heart of care and trouble, and which elevates the man with hallucinations of his own exemption from danger, peril, or poverty—are easily seen, to be sure. Prudence, fear, and depression, all take their flight, and, for the time being, the man lives in the airy realm of his own imagined security and happiness—turning loose every passion, to revel in its fancied or real gratification, and subordinating reason, will, and motive to the wild and ungoverned play of emotion. Most men enjoy this state of exhilaration and delirium, and when intoxicated imagine that they are wiser, better, and happier, often, than the best of earth. But it is a wonder that the dreadful collapse of remorse and degradation which seizes the sensibilities and the intellections when the sober moment comes does not forever banish, with horror,

the thought of such a state again. For a time it does frighten and debar the drunkard in the incipiency of his delusive and destructive habit; but as the habit grows the victim becomes ingulfed with the irrepressible desire to drown one collapse by another debauch. Even when the purpose of reformation gives a long, lucid interval it is strange that the drunkard's fearful experience is forgotten, and, in the mad thirst for the alcoholic effect and experience, he will, against every protest of conscience and remembrance of horror, again go back to the bottle. The fact is that drunkenness becomes a disease, under the nomenclature of *œnomania;* and when the fierce frenzy of that disease takes possession of the man, however long the interval of sobriety, he would rush to the bottle over the very pit of hell itself. In thousands o instances this disease becomes chronic and constitutional, and nothing but scientific and prolonged treatment can cure it. The truth is that habitual drunkenness becomes a disease in every case, and in only a few instances curable by the loftier will and motive power of the inebriate. He is like the man afflicted with cancer or consumption or scrofula; and his delusive and habitual disease of the appetite must be cured by all the forces of mind and medicine which can be applied. The solution of that enigma which at last makes a man willing to sell his soul for whisky lies largely in the theory that drunkenness becomes a constitutional and chronic disease. It is like any other species of moral or mental insanity—once formed, and the disease once fixed in our nature, it is almost as impossible to resist our impulses in the one case as in the other.

What is a man's duty under these circumstances?

What is the duty of his friends? What is the duty of his country?

1. The man's responsibility lies in ever coming to such a pass. With the experience and observation of the world before him, with his own experience and observation in the incipient stages of his temptation and his disease, his accountability lies in not stopping his dread career at once; and when he is once confirmed in his habit, once diseased beyond the cure of will and motive, he should do as any other insane or diseased man does—go to the asylum and submit himself to treatment. He has God, and religion too, on his side; and with the use of means, diligence, and prayer the grace of God can cure any case of inebriety where all manhood is not destroyed and when drunkenness and debauchery have not passed the day of grace. The drunkard may not have the power of self-cure within; but he can submit himself to scientific and divine remedies. The worst of men have been saved and elevated into positions and lives of usefulness and power, as John B. Gough, Benson, Bliss, and others I have known.

2. A man's friends and family should combine to save him; and he should be cut loose from all his so-called friends who conspire to ruin him. We should feel that a soul is worth something; and, with its temporal and eternal dignity before our eyes, we should treat the drunkard as we treat other people diseased, mad, and helpless in themselves. Energy, prayer, work, long-suffering, patience, and determination, by all a man's friends and family combined would accomplish in most instances the drunkard's reformation and salvation. We usually treat drunkenness as a hopeless matter, become disgusted with

its victims and turn our back upon them; and if, often, we would do as much for them as we do against them they would be saved. We want faith, love, and work here as in the salvation of the lost and of the heathen; and were the Christian world bent upon the drunkard's salvation as upon China, India, and Africa thousands would be redeemed where thousands fill a drunkard's grave and go to hell. Nothing is impossible with God; and if he could save the thief on the cross, Mary Magdalene, John Bunyan, and John B. Gough, who is it he cannot redeem in the use of Christian charity and energy, faith and hope? The drunkard is responsible; but how many of us are equally responsible for not helping and saving the lost thousands annually dying and going to hell?

3. The duty of the Government is as equally clear and plain. No civilized Government in the twentieth century—the most enlightened age of all history—should allow a traffic which makes universal pauperism, crime, and insanity. If men will have liquor, let them make it and use it for themselves; but let no man be allowed, in violation of divine precept, to put the bottle to his neighbor's mouth. As a medicine, if necessary, the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits can be restricted to the scientist and the druggist under the pains and penalties of law; and so ought every deadly poison used in the *materia medica*. Novices and irresponsible persons should not make nor sell opium, strychnia, arsenic, and other poisons, without license and prescription; and alcoholic liquors, so far as manufacture and traffic are concerned, should fall under the same rule, as they do in some States and countries. A pint of whisky will kill a man not addicted to drink; and hence it is a

deadly narcotic poison. Worse than this, it is to thousands a poison as fascinating and deadly as the charm of the serpent; and it is infinitely more dangerous to handle and taste it than all other poisons put together. To touch it is to die by multitudes, infatuated with its effect; and if ever there was one poison more than another the object of alarm and the subject of legislative restriction, it is whisky. By all means it is the duty of the Government to destroy the saloon, pronounced a nuisance and a universal evil by our Supreme Court, and adjudged amenable to State and national legislation. If liquor must be sold, for humanity's sake kill the bar-room business, and let some plan be adopted by which the existing evil can be robbed of its *social* curse, essentially created in the saloon resort. Our Government, our politics, our legislative and business enterprise, are all dominated by the saloon, all corrupted in some form by this infamous and infernal machine of destruction to every thing good and noble in man.

Only look at the illustration which faces this sketch to see a true picture painted every day in vivid and awful reality in the tens of thousands of saloons which curse this sunny land. This is the effect of the bar-room in its last analysis. On the altar of his whisky god the drunkard lays at last his shrieking, immortal soul; and sends it to his fiery, endless, hopeless hell. Such is the power of alcohol, and such is its doom that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven. It may be said that men will eat opium, or take cocaine, or form other habits of the appetite; that they will lay their souls upon the altars of other gods as vicious and damning as whisky; but this argument could be used for the practice

of any other vice. Alas for the cold-blooded theory that every individual is alone responsible for himself; and that I may place before him any temptation I choose, with impunity and without responsibility! Alas for the fallacy of the "personal liberty" sophism that every man may kill himself, and his neighbor too, by whisky, if only a license is granted to drink and sell this damnable destroyer! Why legislate against concealed weapons, gambling-hells, and lewd houses? or why not license them all as we do the saloons?

My friends, think on this picture—the most pitiable and the most horrible ever drawn by the imagination. Reflect and ponder, poor tempted man, and then go and drink again if you can, with such a prospective fate before you. Think upon it, sober men and women, and then give your influence, if you can, to the saloon. Remember we shall all meet at the judgment—the drunkard and the saloon-keeper, the law-maker, the voter, and the citizen—and if no drunkard can enter heaven, if no giver of drink can escape God's almighty "woe," what shall be the penalty inflicted upon the man who wielded his suffrage and his influence to fasten the accursed saloon upon his country?

Tell me I hate the bowl?
Hate is too feeble a word!
I loathe, *abhor;* my very soul
With strong *disgust* is stirred
Whene'er I hear or read or tell
Of this dark beverage of hell.

THE TWO WAYS.

BUT two roads lead to eternity, and these two roads lead in precisely the opposite direction. One of these roads leads to heaven, the other to hell; and we are all on one or the other of them. There are no other roads leading to eternity, no by-ways which switch off, no midways between; and the picture before us is an exact representation, in substance, of what Christ says in Matthew vii. 13, 14: "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and *many* there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and *few* there be that find it."

1. Let us look at the narrow way. It is entered by a strait or difficult gate, represented by the little needle gate in the wall of Jerusalem, through which it was next to impossible for a camel to go. Before doing so he had to be stripped of all his load, and get down on his knees, and with great difficulty squeeze through. Coming to Christ is like entering this gate, for a man can just barely get through, stripped of his load or luggage. So Christ enters us, as we enter him, by repentance for sin, which we renounce, and by faith, through which we receive him into our

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hearts as he receives us into his favor. We cannot get to Jesus with the world on our back, with our hearts full of worldliness and sin; and he could not accept us in this condition if we could so get to him. We have to make a complete surrender of ourselves and of our sins at his feet, and it is thus we enter Christ, who is the door. He is alone the sheep-gate into the kingdom of heaven, and if we climb over the wall, or get in ostensibly by any other way, we are thieves and robbers. Hence the entrance to the "narrow way" of life is called a "strait gate," because it is difficult or hard to enter. It is too close for human nature, unregenerated and unconverted to God, and it squeezes sharply against all our natural inclinations and predilections, even when converted. The world does not like this "strait gate," and hence but comparatively few ever *really* enter it. Thousands go around it by a loose and false profession and climb over the wall. They apparently get on the narrow way, like Bunyan's man "Ignorance," and others; but they will soon either forsake this narrow way or else they will go on to the end in delusion. This little strait gate, this sheep-gate, is the gate of repentance toward God as well as of faith in the meek and lowly Saviour, and it implies that conversion to Christ which incarnates his life, his spirit, and his truth, and which qualifies for putting on and for following Christ in his appointed and holy way. This gate crucifies human nature to begin with, and without entrance through it it is impossible to tread the narrow but heavenly road. How important it is to enter, to start right! and how many thousands would have been saved the trouble and misery of having attempted, delusively and blindly, to tread a path which they have

ever tried to broaden and smooth to suit their tastes, appetites, pride, passions, and ambitions!

But let us notice particularly the narrow way itself. You see but few who are treading it, for

> Wisdom shows a narrow path,
> With here and there a traveler.

We have shown that the strait gate to be entered is the reason why the few travel the narrow path. Many seek to enter in, but are not able because they do not seek to enter aright; and hence only the "few," as Jesus shows, walk this narrow way. Now it is a very close way, but it is amply broad enough for truth and righteousness, for faith, hope, and love to find room. It is not close and narrow to true conversion, to consecrated and devoted Christian life; and it is broad enough for all the people of ten thousand such worlds as this to get upon and go together if they would enter the needle-gate of the sheep. This narrow way is sometimes a rugged way to the Christian, but all its hills of difficulty or its valleys of humiliation or of death in the end can be crossed by faith, and with all its rugged places and trying obstacles it passes through its Beulah Land of delight and its Delectable Mountains to glory. The way to heaven is upward, lofty, and pure; and it is the way of the cross, without the struggles and conflicts of which no crown and no glory would ever be won by the Christian. All earthly honor and glory is achieved by treading the narrow path of virtue, toil, and tears; and if nothing glorious in earthly rewards is ever won without a cross, how much more shall we war and work on the narrow path to glory for the crowns and honors of the heavenly world! We are not saved by walking this way. We are saved by entering the gate—Christ; but by our

walking on the narrow way, which is Christ also, we demonstrate our salvation by grace, work it out to our own satisfaction and development, make our calling and election sure, and prove by following it to the end that we are the children of God. Traveling the narrow way is the evidence that we have entered the strait gate—that is, if we travel it faithfully and follow it to the end. Otherwise, we would prove that we had climbed over the wall and traveled it in presumption and delusion. How happy and glorious is this little narrow path to the travelers home to God! Their very trials, conflicts, and cross-bearings inure to their manhood in Christ, and every victory over sin and Satan by the way, every escape from Doubting Castle off the way, every step of development in the divine life brightens our path over the hills of time and gives us glimpses of the heavenly city beyond the dark Jordan of death. We have to cross the dark river at last, but with this last struggle our journey on the narrow pathway ends, and, like Bunyan's pilgrim, we enter in through the pearly gate into the golden city flooded with the light of God and filled with the hosannas and hallelujahs of angels. How often we wish our journey ended, and that we were there!

2. But now let us look at the other side of the picture. There is a big gate, and thousands are entering it; and there is the broad way, and the "many" are rushing down it to destruction. This represents the great caravan gate in the wall of Jerusalem, and the great highway along which the multitudes could walk as well as enter. This is the world and the way of the world, and this gate symbolizes the easy and inviting entrance which opens up the way of the world

to everlasting death. But let us examine minutely this big, wide gate and its significance, or meaning, in the language of Christ. It indicates that the entrance to the way of sin and death has no barriers nor obstructions. It is *easy* to enter, because we go upon this broad path in perfect accord with our tastes, appetites, passions, ambitions, preferences, and prejudices. This is pre-eminently the gate of natural selection or preference, and we enter it in childhood, as, at the years of accountability, we turn from Christ to follow the world, the flesh, and the devil. There is not the slightest trouble in entering this gate, no surrender of self nor any sacrifice of pleasure or sin. On the contrary, every gratification to sinful tastes, lusts, and ambitions are offered. This gate is so wide, beautiful, and attractive that over its arch in tempting letters are written popular mottoes and emblematic illustrations and seductive advertisements of every vice, amusement, false religion, delusive sentiment, bad vocation, and corrupting philosophy, and Satan stands there as an angel of light, promising to satisfy every want of body, soul, and spirit along his magnificent broad way to destruction. He has something to charm and satisfy the wise and the foolish, the learned and the unlearned, the good and the bad, the old and the young, the great and the small, and even the pious and devout soul following the phantoms of unspiritual religion and science falsely so called. Anybody can enter who wants to, and there is not a single restriction put, not a qualification required to enter this devil's gate, which opens upon the way to hell. An angel could enter if he wanted to, and nothing would delight Satan and the world more than to get a true Christian to go in at this fatal entrance to ruin. All

is merry and lusty and delightful to the senses upon entering this world-wide gate.

And now let us examine the way a little. It is a broad, popular, latitudinarian route. Any thing can get upon it of any size or proportion, religiously, philosophically, ethically, or æsthetically; and so of iniquity, infidelity, or atheism in the most monstrous and hideous forms. Satan has a way of keeping apart things dissimilar in appearance, however alike in nature; but his road is broad enough to accommodate every thing which tends to evil and death, whether incongruously mixed or separated into classes. He can put the whole world upon this route and keep it going without a jar or a jostle; and wherever conflict by association would tend to work ruin to his schedule of destruction he knows how to classify and separate as well as harmonize and assimilate.

Again, this road is smooth and well kept. It is finely engineered and worked; and it is kept full of graduated and congenial attractions to satisfy and decoy every taste and predilection as the heterogeneous and yet homogeneous multitude presses on to the end of the way. God's angels and ministers shriek out warnings to the thousands doomed in their course; but the witcheries of music and the shouts of pleasure and the enthusiasm of worldliness and the intoxications of business and the rapture of pursuit drown the admonitions of God and the cries of conscience. Comparatively only a few ever awake to their situation, their delusive career of madness, and turn back to enter the strait gate and the narrow way. Some find this way of the transgressor hard by reason of excessive wickedness. They drop prematurely through the traps and pitfalls of the delusive way. The great

mass, however, move joyously on in the moderation or wickedness, attracted still deeper by the illusions of the way, until they plunge off at the end of life and at the end of their deceptive road to death.

Finally, this broad road to destruction, this smooth road to death, is downward and winding; and while it often appears to rise by undulation it so winds as to hide the fact that each declension is deeper downward than the one before it. Many a man thinks he is getting up in the world who does not dream that he is sinking deeper down every moment toward hell; and so Satan manages to deceive thousands as to the perpetual declension of his broad way. It is perfectly easy to go to hell, as much so as it is to ride upon a glass railroad down grade or to slide down hill. We follow simply the trend of our moral gravity in sin, and every moment of life the sinner is bending downward toward the bottomless pit. Only the inflated balloon rises in spite of downward gravity, and only the soul converted to Christ and filled with the Holy Spirit can rise to God and heaven against this downward gravity to death and hell. In fact, Jesus, the greater body, turns our moral gravity the other way when we are converted, and, attracted toward him with joy and gladness, as light as the air we take the narrow path upward instead of the broad way downward. Yes, in the nature of things the broad way is downward, and, like leaping over the awful Niagara, the sinner at last, gaining momentum at every step, plunges into the swirling vortex of everlasting despair.

THE PROFESSIONAL LIAR.

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THE PROFESSIONAL LIAR.

THIS sketch presents, with the picture, a characteristic liar. He does not possess the physiognomy of the malicious, mischievous, or slanderous perverter of the truth to the injury of others. He is rather a jolly, big-mouthed Munchausen, a rollicking Mulhatton, who lies without motive, and who yields to a constitutional idiosyncrasy to exaggerate facts and figures, and to create figments and fictions of the brain. He represents, however, a considerable class of men and women of all shades and shadows, given to the habit and business of falsehood, and who follow their vocation as if they enjoyed it, or could not help it. Some of them tell their lies until they become the truth to them, lost, as they are, in the oblivion of forgetful repetition and of conscienceless persistency. Some lie simply for fun, as we sometimes hear, while others just lie from an inordinate and innate inclination against the truth. The faculty of veracity is wanting, or so feebly developed that lying is perfectly natural, and they prefer to lie even when the truth would pay them better. If you tell a remarkable story in the presence of one of these characters, he will excel you, and his peculiar faculty for mendacity affords him marvelous ingenuity in

constructing, off-hand, the most plausible fabrications for deception. Of course a man develops to perfection along the line of his genius, and hence the marvelous gift of some liars in conceiving and adapting falsehood to every occasion and circumstance which call their habit into play. No matter what subject the professional liar touches, he is equal to the emergency. If you talk about money, he is worth his millions—or has been—or else his kin are all rich, or have been, or promise to be, and he himself will be a billionaire before he dies. In the past he has done many mighty and wonderful works. He has been everywhere—traveled the continents, sailed the seas, fought in Mexico and Cuba and at Sebastopol, and can show you his very picture in one of the illustrated battles. He dined with all the sovereigns at the Paris Exposition, was Privy Council to the Shah of Persia for three years, owns a number of houses and lots in London and Vienna, expects soon to revisit the Holy Land, and God alone knows all he does not know and can do all he has not done. For hours I have listened to these Munchausen tales, which the professional liar reeled off without a twinge of conscience, and with all the air of vivid reality, and I have wondered why he might not, by some faint conception of truth, imagine that a man of some intelligence and judgment did not perceive that he was lying.

Sometimes I have thought that a few of these professionals had the lying mania so deeply rooted that it bordered upon insanity, and yet they were so intelligent and clear upon every thing else that I was constrained to believe they were either cognizant of their vice or so blinded or deadened by habit that they

had lost consciousness of their iniquity. Some such I have known as otherwise clever Church-members, who could make an eloquent prayer-meeting talk, occasionally weaving their lies into pious discourse, and then I have wondered more than ever at the "mystery of iniquity." It is said, however, that the preachers tell stories—lies, as the heathen call them—when illustrating their sermons or writing up their protracted meetings, but the preacher claims the license of parable and allegory in this line, though sometimes we must admit he presses his claim upon its all fours.

Again, we see another species of this class who lie not for fun or fame or wonder, but who pervert every thing they touch by exaggeration—that is, by addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. If they hear a story, they color it and tell it all out of shape; or if they see with their own eyes, they are sure to represent a scene or an action in such a distorted form that the truth would never recognize it. This accounts for all the perversions of truth in the history of events, for these perversions arise out of the vicious disposition of the liar to change, magnify, minify, or otherwise distort and exaggerate facts. They seem to hate the truth, and their peculiar delight is to get things out of shape—sometimes in order to make mischief, but more generally in obedience to an inordinate bent of nature which inclines to lie rather than tell the truth, without any motive whatever. I met a man, one day, just one hundred yards from the scene of a difficulty between two men, which he had witnessed in a lawyer's office, and in which one told the other if he did not get out he would put him out. He seemed a little excited and amused, his big eyes

rolling and sparkling as he said, "Jim L. kicked Tom K. out of his office awhile ago, and then kicked him all up and down the sidewalk;" and on he went. Knowing the parties, I went on down to the place, and inquired of the kicker the nature of the difficulty, and what he had done in the premises. "O!" said he, "I told Tom, who was a little drunk and insulting, that if he did not behave himself I would put him out of the office; that was all."

Of course there are ordinarily many truthful people who will lie under a pressure, and there are but few people in the world who will not sometimes tell a lie, in some way and in some shape—for lying is a monster of such multitudinous form, such multiplicity of manner, that he devours thousands of good people who think they never lie. A shrug of the shoulder, a wink of the eye, a facial delineation, the assumption of an air, the tone of the voice, a dodge or a parley, may be a great lie. It is surprising how many people lie by concealing the truth when it should be told, or by the evasion of the same; and in an emergency many of the very best people will falsify, or whip the devil around the stump. The excellent and fashionable lady who sends word to the door by the servant that she is not "in," in order to escape the bore of an unwelcome visitor, is a liar, although she labors under the mental reservation that she is not "in" to see the visitor she does not want to see. The business or professional man, whose courtesy runs into the slush and gush of dissimulated love for his customer as a matter of policy, is a liar. The neighbor who says he is glad to see you when he is not, who slurs you and talks about you behind your back, is a liar. All this is ordinary ly-

ing, and regarded by many as "a necessary evil;" but there is not enough of pressure or emergency involved to give excuse—if there is such an excuse for lying—for the perversion or the evasion of the truth. It was under such circumstances that Rahab deceived the spies, and was justified for her faith in that she believed God. So Jacob deceived his father, and secured the predetermined blessing, according to God's purpose. So Abraham deceived Pharaoh in regard to his wife. All of them lied under a pressure, but it cannot be proved that they did right, or that there was not some other better way to accomplish the end purposed, or that God did not punish in some way their sin. So, many good people have lied since under extraordinary circumstances, to avoid death or serious difficulties, or to accomplish good ends; but this is doing evil that good may come, and it is contrary to God's law. It implies also a want of trust in God's wisdom and protection, and it is contrary to that divine promise and providence which covers with the ægis of divine love all integrity to God under all circumstances. Daniel and Joseph and Job did not lie, nor deceive, nor evade, and God honored them all the more as they came out of their fiery ordeals of trial and affliction unscathed and unspotted from the world. Peter dissembled, and it looked as if Paul was not free from the sin of evasive policy when he went up to Jerusalem, shaved his head, and went to charges, in order to bias the Jews in his favor; but they won nothing for the same at the hands of God, whatever the emergency, or the dilemma of duty. In the long run it pays best to be honest and truthful. We can but die for honor, and death for honor and God is a martyrdom which wins

the righteous reward. Good people under ordinary circumstances have lied, but in the long run they never made any thing by it. Such people are not characteristic, habitual, intentional, deliberate, nor constitutional liars; but they fail of their honor, their reward, their glory, in the end, and suffer the punishment of God here below for their sins, whatever their motives. Let Christians do right and tell the truth, if the heavens fall. It will be all right in the end, no matter what the emergency or the apparent consequences here below.

It may be well to say right here that almost every liar is made by another liar. The parent that puts off his or her children under false pretenses teaches children how to lie. The very myth of Santa Claus is one of the devil's fundamental schemes for training children in the habit of deception, however plausible and harmless it seems. I have heard a mother, when her baby wanted something to eat which she did not desire it to have, tell it there was no more, and afterward, in the presence of the child, give it to some other person. The child then knows its mother has lied, and her influence for inculcating truth into this child is gone. These little deceptions are universally practiced upon children by their mothers and fathers —manufacturing deceivers out of the young and tender heart thus practiced in the art of so-called white lying. The merchant teaches the young clerk to lie, likewise to steal, when falsehoods are told about the cost of goods, and when false measures or weights are palmed off upon the ignorant purchaser. The slightest indirection or prevarication or pretense, upon the part of older people, is detected by children, and the faintest example or precedent upon our part in this di-

rection is readily followed by the vicious young heart. Some children are disgusted with the indiscretion or crookedness of their parents or superiors, but the great mass of them will copy all the evil traits, and omit all the good ones characteristic of our lives. Three-fourths of the lives in the world are made by their mothers and fathers, tutors and employers, their older and superior exemplars in every calling and walk of life; and there is no sin for which, whether directly or indirectly committed, older people will be held more accountable, as a matter of influence upon the young. Old folks, beware of manufacturing liars out of your children, your pupils, or others under your care.

Finally, the Bible abhors the liar. The devil is a liar from the beginning, and he is the father of lies and of liars. More than this, among other hideous and awful sins, lying is put down as one of the damning vices. Adulterers, whoremongers, drunkards, railers, and the like, shall not inherit the kingdom of God, and lying is put into the black category of these crimes. Nothing that works abomination or makes a lie will be allowed to enter the Golden City. God hates lying, and there is no character among men more despised or abominated than the regular liar. It is the most contemptible of vices—tolerated by nobody and execrated even in jest. We love the man of truth. We honor the man upon whose word we can depend, and whose word is his bond and his oath; and, whatever other vices he may possess, his honesty and veracity will cover a multitude of sins in the eyes of the world at least. There are business and professional men, laboring men and tradesmen, farmers and contractors, so-called ladies and gentle-

men, whom you cannot trust. Their word is worthless—often when they are professors of religion and members of the Church; and to the pure and upright such characters are loathed with abhorrence and disgust. Worst of all, a liar is almost beyond reclamation. His vice becomes as incorrigible as drunkenness or lust, and it is seldom he ever recovers from the paralyzing grip of his giant sin.

Epictetus said, "Liars are the cause of all the sins and crimes of the world;" and if so, how terrible must be their punishment, and who can wonder at the fearful grasp of such a sin upon the soul of the perpetrator of all mischief? Truly did Holmes say: "Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all." It is not strange that Shakespeare exclaimed, "Lord, Lord, how is this world given to lying!" nor is it strange that David cried out in his "haste" that "all men are liars." It is perhaps, with the exception of profanity, the most universal sin among men. The first-born of mankind was a murderer and then a liar, and from that time until now lying has been the pet policy of the world. No wonder David says that the wicked are estranged from God from their mother's womb, going astray and telling lies; and it would be hard to find a human being who had not at some time in life blackened his character with a lie. All, more or less, learn to lie in childhood, and perhaps but few have ever grown entirely out of the clutches of this infamous habit. In all probability there is not an absolutely truthful and honest man in the world, or that ever lived, and lying is but one of the black features and sad evidences of the doctrine of universal and total depravity.

(288)

POWER OF TEMPTATION.

POWER OF TEMPTATION.

YOU will discover the picture before us as conceived from the story of an African hunter which I read some years ago in "Ford's Christian Repository." This hunter, accompanied by some natives, went out from camp one day in search of game. They came to the skirt of some thick underwood, and suddenly a small herd of antelopes darted from the thicket, whereupon the hunter fired at his game, but without effect. Immediately a huge lion stepped out from the bushes and presented himself before the hunter. The natives all fled, and the hunter was left alone, with an empty gun in hand, facing the terrible monster with glaring eye and ready to spring. He attempted to load his gun; but the lion seemed to recognize instinctively what a gun meant, and with a deeply uttered growl prepared to spring. The hunter waited a moment, as the lion seemed to desist; and, wondering why he did not spring upon him, he again attempted to reload, but again the fiercely glaring, growling lion prepared to make his fatal leap. The hunter soon discovered that the lion did not mean to make a breakfast out of him; and so he lay down upon the ground and waited his chances. The truth is that the lion had already killed and eaten an antelope

and, being exceedingly fond of human flesh, he had determined to hold his prey for breakfast next morning. All the long, weary day, in the hot, broiling sun, the poor hunter had to lie, not daring to move, much less to touch his gun. The lion lay upon his haunches and his paws, and sometimes seemed to be asleep; but the slightest motion of the hunter would open the burning eyes and stimulate the angry growl. The lion did not roar in response to his companions, which could be heard repeatedly in the distance; for he did not intend to share his dainty meal with any of his neighbors. There he held the hunter almost famished and fainting during the day, expecting every moment to be his last, and but vaguely hoping for relief.

Night came on, and still the lion did not move. At last, however, the hunter noticed that he grew more and more restless. He began to growl and get upon his feet; then again he resumed his position, still restless and growling, as if something was disturbing him. Suddenly he prepared to spring upon him, when from behind a tree near by the natives with fire-balls rushed upon the scene, when the lion fled to the thicket. "Load the gun, load the gun!" was the cry of the negroes; "for," said they, "he will soon come back." The hunter immediately prepared for the beast; and sure enough he came deliberately back to his position. As he did so the hunter took deadly aim, and killed him. The negroes had watched the event from a distance; and, being acquainted with the habits of the lion, they understood the meaning of his delay in holding the hunter. Knowing, too, the fear of fire on the part of the lion, they as secretly as possible came up after dark behind the tree and

frightened the beast with the fire-balls. This was a sad and almost fatal experience to that hunter; and he must have ever remembered it with a shudder of horror. That awful day was enough to turn him gray; for such experiences have been known to silver the blackest head of hair in one night.

The application we wish to make of this story is the power of temptation; for temptation, like this lion, often holds men and women spell-bound and powerless for days and weeks and months and years. The devil is a roaring lion, going up and down, to and fro in the earth, and seeking whom he may devour; and often he stands before the man unprepared, with empty gun, and for the time being utterly helpless under his spell and his charms. He is like the serpent that he is, which mesmerizes the bird or the squirrel and holds him helpless until he is ready to make a meal of him, instances of which I, with others, have seen, and one of which I will here relate as told me once by a reliable gentleman friend of mine, a Mr. Hamilton, who lived in South-western Georgia. He was on his way to Dooly County, and at a certain point on the road he noticed a squirrel sitting on the trunk of a pine-tree, which did not move as he rode by. The singular fact struck him, and he rode back, to find the squirrel still sitting in the same position. He began to think of the stories he had heard of the rattlesnake's charm, and he began to ride around to see if this was not a case of charming. He took an old road which circled around where once a tree had fallen across the main road, and before he knew it his horse leaped over a huge rattler lying straight across the obscure path. He got down, hitched his horse, picked up a long pole, and struck the snake, which

had not moved, across the back, but did not kill him. As he struck the snake the squirrel dropped from the trunk of the tree, springing first into the air. He then left the serpent and examined the squirrel, which he found stupefied, but not dead; and going back to the snake he struck him another blow across the head and killed him, the squirrel bouncing up again at the same time. He then went back and picked up the squirrel, which was dying, and the next moment gasped its last breath. This is a well-authenticated fact, and such instances have often been witnessed by others.

Here we have the complete illustration of the devil as the lion and the serpent; and it is said that the lion has something of the same spell-binding power, and that the victim dies painless and benumbed in his clutches when once seized. So the devil charms and benumbs and holds us spell-bound under temptation. I once knew a good Christian man seized with a strong temptation, the nature of which I need not mention. It so preyed upon him that his sleep fled from his eyes and his nervous system became weak and unstrung. He wasted in flesh, and it seemed sometimes as if he would lose his mind. He would come and tell me of his trial, and I prayed with him time and again; and I have known him to pray for hours and try, by the help of God, to banish the very thought from his soul. I have known him also to set out during the day and try to think only of Jesus by the force of mental energy and will, and yet he would go back to his temptation under the spell and charm of Satan in spite, it seemed, of God. I wondered how it was that God did not help him in answer to prayer and in support of his every effort to break his temptation; but so it

was, he did not. This went on for six months, and then for a year, and then for two years, and at last he got the victory, at the risk, it seemed, of all he held dear on earth and in heaven. I saw him several times after the awful trial and after victory was achieved, and he wondered at his strange fascination, his marvelous weakness, and at what seemed to be God's desertion of him, so long and helpless in the clutches of the lion. He said he could not, and I know I did not, understand it, and I have thought it over and over a hundred times and wondered at the problem insoluble, unless God intended to punish him with his own weakness for a time, and then give him a complete and final victory over an awful sin—which he did.

The story of the African hunter and his lion has often occurred to me as I recollected this incident in the life of a struggling friend whom I knew to be sincere and earnest in his efforts to conquer, and whom I helped with all my might until the victory was gained. That man is a useful and happy servant of God to-day, and when I meet him we sometimes speak of the trial and rejoice together over the result. It takes fire-balls at last to run the lion of hell from his prey, spell-bound and held by his magnetism; and nothing short of the Holy Spirit in prayer can turn the fiery hand of God against him. Sometimes we cannot say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," as Jesus did. Sometimes we cannot "resist" him, as James tells us, that he may "flee;" nor can we always run from him, as Joseph did. Occasionally, in the dark valley of temptation, we fight with Apollyon, like Bunyan's pilgrim, and well-nigh we seem to be slain by the tempter. How many a strong Christian has gotten into Doubting Castle under the grip of Giant

Despair! The difficulty lies in being unwatchful and unfruitful for long periods of time and in giving continued indulgence to ease, passion, and appetite. We shoot off our gun, we fail to keep the powder of grace dry and our gun loaded with faith and prayer; and it is in these conditions that the lion of hell comes upon us. It is only in Samson's and David's strength that we can slay the lion and the bear—in the youth and manhood of religion; but both Samson and David fell under the charms of Delilah and Bathsheba, and they were for a long while under the spell of Satan and the flesh. The old lion sat over them and glared and growled, paralyzed their strength and put out their eyes until God came to the rescue. So of Solomon, who died ingloriously; and so of Peter, who warmed himself by the enemy's fire. The strongest, the best, the wisest, and the boldest man of God, like these respectively, when off their guard, when out of duty and place, when their gun is empty, may be seized by the artful enemy of souls; and the repentance of David and Peter, the inglorious close of Samson and Solomon are bitter admonitions to every careless saint who lives or who may read these lines.

I often think of the "nameless prophet," the "man of God" sent to Jeroboam at Bethel. What a victory he gained as he broke down the altar of the calves, and as he healed the paralyzed hand of the king raised against him! God told him not to stop nor eat bread nor drink water in that place, but to go out another way than the way he came. He obeyed so far, but he had to stop close by on the way long enough to be overtaken by the false prophet and deceived back into the city; where, in disobedience to God, he ate bread and drank water, and received the

prophetic doom which sent him away with a heavy heart toward a home he would never reach. A lion slew him on the way, and his sin was some strong temptation to stop, to listen perhaps to the recital of his great triumph and wonderful works that day in Bethel by the passers-by. His temptation slew him; and while God in mercy always redeems his penitent children, he sometimes kills them as an example to disobedience, which ever makes us a prey to the lion, to the lion of temptation, which often becomes the lion of punishment and death.

There is a lion across every man's path out of duty, off the King's highway of holiness. Bunyan's pilgrim saw a lion near the road he traveled, but he was told in his fear that the lion was chained and could not hurt him if he would move straight on and keep in the road. The path of holiness and duty has no lions across it, but they lie very close to it. Get off the path and you get into the clutches of the lion—the devil. On his knees, with his Bible in his hand, doing the will of God, the Christian is safe. He may be tempted and tried even here, but the tempter is on the side of the road, out in the bushes, and he cannot use his charms nor employ his forces to hurt us if we do not go off to meet him. The ball-room, the play-house, the saloon, the billiard-table, the horse-race, the card-table, bad company—these are not on the pilgrim's pathway. These are the devil's side-shows, his allurements to piety and zeal, his deadly charms to holiness and activity; but they never hurt the Christian who "keeps in the middle of the road." He may sometimes want to get off and get into them, but the prayer of faith and the diligence of zeal will keep him pressing, like Paul, upon the course for the

prize of glory, looking neither to the right nor to the left, conferring not with flesh and blood, with every weight and the easily besetting sin laid aside, looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. The path of duty is the post of danger, but it is the way of absolute safety if we keep in it and press on it and run it out to the end. It is dangerous even to stop on it; for whosoever stops upon it will likely get into a parley with the devil, and get off of it. The serpent is always ready to charm the idle and unwary bird, but he never catches him upon the wing.

Finally, let us learn the impressive lesson of the picture. Keep your powder dry and your gun loaded, and when you are hunting for lions, or lions are hunting for you, don't be shooting at smaller game. Always go armed and loaded in the lion's country, and remember that the Christian is always in the land of the lion, the roaring lion of hell, going about seeking whom he may devour. He always knows when your gun is empty, and when your gun is unloaded and kept so you never know where the lion is. You are off guard, and you forget your old adversary, the devil; but he never forgets you, and is sure to catch you unarmed and unprotected. You may be sure of that, and you may be sure of another thing: he will eat you for breakfast if God does not run him off. Grant that this story may be a fable. If so, it has a moral. Keep your powder dry and your gun loaded; don't be shooting rabbits when lions are hunting you.

THE FIVE ASININES.

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THE FIVE ASININES.

THE accompanying cut exhibits five characters, phrenologically caricatured, which are embraced in the asinine family.

1. There's the man of asinine conceit. His head, from a side view, is a little rhomboid-shaped, sloping back to the rear of the coronal in the extraordinary development of the faculty of self-esteem, which runs into conceit. His mouth has a cynical curvature, drawn first up and then down at the corners, indicating a doubtful realm between the sour and the sweet of disposition, and is in perfect accord with his bump of conceit. This faculty is so extraordinarily developed, and his character and conduct in this line so marked and disgusting that everybody writes him down as an ass. No matter what his other faculties are, or how nobly developed, this bump of conceit will stick out of his character as it sticks above the back of his head. His long ears will show up. I heard a distinguished religious controversialist speak, not long since, and while he tried otherwise to display his infinite and voluminous learning, or dabbling in the same, he could not refrain from telling, or intimating repeatedly, how learned he was and what a lot of ignoramuses belonged to the other side of the subject

discussed. I wondered at the "big I" and "little you" until I thought to look at his head, which was bald and well-proportioned, indicating a strong combination of the animal and the intellectual; a little sunken in the region of the moral, but awfully pointed and prominent in the bump of self-esteem. I did not wonder any longer, for I saw that the distinguished orator and debater could not help, or had not tried to help in time, his infirmity. He was challenged, not long since, to controversy on a certain question, by a Mr. ———. Speaking of the subject before a large audience—disdaining to take such small game—he said: "In your imagination behold the fice going out to meet a lion! The lion puts down his paw, and where is the fice?" The fice was Mr. ———, and the lion was himself!

Unquestionably, egotism is asinine. The student of Latin who wanted to show off before his professor, one morning, by a very pleasant way of salutation, exclaimed, "*Ego sum asinus!*" intending to say, "*Ego sum discipulus!*" The young fellow, however, was right, and said truly, "I am an ass!" rather than, "I am a scholar!" and thousands of learned and unlearned conceits might well introduce themselves to the world every day: "I am an ass!" There is one advantage conceit ever has, and that is what the world calls "cheek," and with fair talents and opportunities the braying ass may make headway against the world, but seldom against the flesh and the devil. He is never conscious of shame or embarrassment, and will dare to do and tread where angels would blush and tremble. Self-conscious importance turns the world's ridicule into imagined commendation, and he is never afflicted with pain or chagrin,

no matter what his blunders or failures. In some respects the conceited donkey is to be envied; but his advantages are greatly counterbalanced by his disadvantages before a thinking and discriminating world. In the end and in the main self-conceit proves a failure and a blunder through life.

2. The next figure represents laziness. It is the circular face and head, fat and chuffy, with the mouth curving upward—lethargic and phlegmatic, good-humored and happy, with no dread of famine and misfortune, with no ambition for the future, and with no remorse of conscience for the past. He is the dull, slow donkey you see beaten and braying along the street sometimes, and the force of blows, like the force of circumstances, have no effect upon him beyond the present moment. All his faculties—intellectual, animal, or moral—have a rounded sameness of development, and he has no striking or prominent features of character which give him a salient force anywhere in the affairs of life. He may be a fair merchant, doctor, lawyer, school-teacher, or an intelligent farmer, but he is too indolent to succeed greatly at any thing. I remember one such man in my boyhood. He was a merchant, but he sat and dreamed in front of his store—large, chuffy, and pleasant; could laugh at a joke, but was too lazy to tell one—and while he sat and dreamed of nothing other business men were taking his custom from the front door, while the chickens and pigs came in at the back door. He would get up lazily and wait on his customers, if the clerk was absent, and then resume his seat. Nothing troubled him but the flies in summer, and he was too stupid to fan these away except when they would get too numerous and annoying—like

an ass with a tail, but too indifferent to use it. A few years ago I went back to the city where he lives, and I saw this man again—grown old and gray, fat and chuffy still, seedy and poor—and he was sitting on a goods-box, smoking his pipe, apparently as happy and contented as he ever was. An earthquake or a cyclone might stir him to action, but no ordinary circumstance in life nor phenomenon of nature would have any effect upon his nerves. This man also has his advantages in his freedom from care and in his absence of ambition, but his disadvantages overcome his advantages in the great chances and glories of successful life. His very happiness is that of asinine content seen in the stupid donkey that browses about on sticks and grubs along the barren hill-side; and he almost fills a blank in the history and development of the world, which only gives him sitting-room. Of the two misfortunes, conceit and laziness, it is hard to decide upon a preference, but I believe there is more conscious joy and real worth in the former than in the latter.

3. We come now to the third species of the asinine family—the kicker. He has an octagonal head and face—front view—with broad and deep-set jaw-bones and a straight and compressed mouth. The faculties of combativeness and destructiveness are most prominently developed, and he is so overbalanced in his make-up of belligerency and antagonism that he kicks upon all occasions and at all things, as his jaw-bones and mouth would indicate. He is a "striker," and he strikes square and often from the shoulder. In other words, he is an ass with heels, and he is always ready to let them fly. In his ridiculous opposition and readiness to kick at everybody

and every thing he receives at the hands of the discerning public the well-known title, ASS. I have known several such men in my life—and they may be found in almost every community—broad, thick-skinned, heavy-set, square-built fellows, having the characteristics and contour of this figure in the picture. They are in politics, at the bar, among the doctors, at all business and general meetings, and often in the Churches. They are great on controversy, and in their salient angularity and opposition to every thing no question or movement arises against which they do not kick. I once knew a deacon of this character in a certain Church. No subject could be suggested, no enterprise could be proposed, no action taken in business, without his objections to it. He seemed to be born and bred in the objective case, and he died, after having butted and kicked against the walls of Zion for thirty years. He was a good man if you would let him have his way without letting him know you favored his course; but he would kick against himself when he found that he had kicked you into his way. He was an ass of the most asinine character, and he was as tough-hided and as stupid-minded, in his line, as the veriest donkey that ever brayed. I am told that in the Zoological Garden of Cincinnati they have the stuffed skins of a lion and an ass which had killed each other in a fight, the lion biting and clawing the ass to death, and the ass biting and kicking the lion to death in the same conflict. One would hardly think it, but if you imagine for a moment that some asses cannot kick the life out of even a lion, you are mistaken. They can kick the life out of a Church, scatter the forces of a a political party, and turn a community upside down.

Beware of that species of the *asinus* belonging to the kicking family. All business and professional men know of him—shun him; and there is but one way to kill him. It takes a whole community to combine against him, and even then he may kick the life out of half of them before the job is finished. The kicking ass has power, and the very vigor and thoroughness of his character and calling make him friends who stick to him through fear or admiration of his extraordinary incorrigibility and enterprising pugnacity.

4. Look now to the fourth figure in the illustration. This is the stubborn ass—somewhat akin in propensity to the last, but not of so belligerent a disposition. His face is the diamond—front view—with "long, wapper-jaws," his head running up in the region of the moral faculties into a comb, like the roof of a house; his cheek-bones very high, his mouth concaved downward; thin-skinned, sensitive, and sour. He is a sullen, determined ass, ever set back upon his haunches, and while he does not kick much, he pulls against the post until the lines or his neck breaks, or the post pulls up. His faculty of firmness runs into inordinate stubbornness by inordinate and abnormal development and protuberance, and if once he sets his head, right or wrong, from conviction or prejudice, from pride or principle, nothing short of divine power can change him. Even when convinced of wrong, he will not alter. The angel Gabriel would have no influence over him. Tears, groans, cries, supplications, sufferings—all are vain to move him when once his head is set against you, right or wrong. I once knew an old sister whose head and face were made on this order. She was a member of

the Church to which I preached, and she was a good woman so long as things went her way, but when you crossed the old lady's path she began to pull against you. On one occasion she invited a brother minister and myself to supper, with a view of having us talk with her husband, who was an unconverted man. After supper we got into a conversation, and the husband, being a shrewd, jolly fellow, diverted conversation in various ways in order to avoid any thing seriously touching religion. Somehow we got into a discussion of the dog, and my friend, being something of a naturalist, gave a humorous idea of the dog's tail being his rudder, which enabled him to walk a log, and without which he could not walk the log at all. This disgusted the old lady with that preacher, and there was no argument nor persuasion after that by which she could ever be led to forgive him or hear him preach again. I came near being ruined to her on the same occasion myself; and several times, in other matters, I had to avoid trouble by not pulling against her. So I have experienced the same thing with other good men and women thus abnormally developed; I have seen life-long alienations and feuds and disasters in families and communities at the hands of stubborn, unreasonable, and unyielding people. Stubbornness seldom or never forgives; and if it does, it never forgets. It is almost impossible to see how such dispositions ever get converted, or how they ever get to heaven.

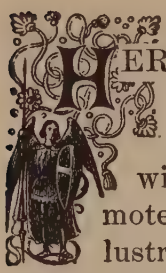
5. Lastly, I come to the fool ass. He has the oval face—front view; his forehead is low and his eyes are far up on his sloping brow; his mouth is a broad medium between the straight and the curved, and his lips are thick and heavy, and he has more beef in

his face than brains in his leather head. He usually makes himself an ass for the want of sense, and though sometimes slouchy and unkempt, he is generally seen in the shape of a dude. He is the fellow with a one-eye glass, dressed in the latest style of his kind, sporting his cane from the middle, and walking in all the lofty pomp and swell of his senseless dignity. He shows the white of his soulless eyes from below, glancing upward into nothingness, and his arms and his knees go akimbo, *sans* custom, *sans* sense, *sans* nature. He cuts a big figure in society on account of his clothes or his father's bank account; but he is only admired by those of his kind. He is a fool and an ass—always cutting an asinine figure and letting off his asinine mouth in the world; and he is the sport and the ridicule of all sensible people. One of them got aboard a London train of cars going to Liverpool. He wondered that everybody did not know him—Mr. John Brown, commercial traveler from London! He was smoking a cigar when a lady got aboard. She showed that she was offended, but could not get out of the little coach. "Ah!" said he, "I'm sorry; but do you not know me?" "No, sir!" was the short reply. "I am Mr. John Brown, commercial traveler from London." After awhile two other ladies got aboard, and they did not seem to notice Mr. Brown. He endeavored to introduce a conversation, but the ladies remained quiet. "Well, ah! do you know me? I am Mr. John Brown, commercial traveler from London!" Shortly the train passed a field where three donkeys were grazing. "Ah! what are those?" asks Mr. Brown. One of the ladies quickly replied: "Commercial travelers from London!" They hit

the nail on the head, and Mr. Brown was silently indignant, having sense enough to see the point when he was indirectly called an ass. All asses are fools in some sense, but it is dreadful to be an ass for the want of sense. We see these asses everywhere—in society, in the legislature, in politics, in business, and sometimes in the pulpit—always letting off their mouths in the wrong place, and ever cutting antics at which everybody but the ass blushes. You will generally find him in the likeness of the picture I have drawn of him.

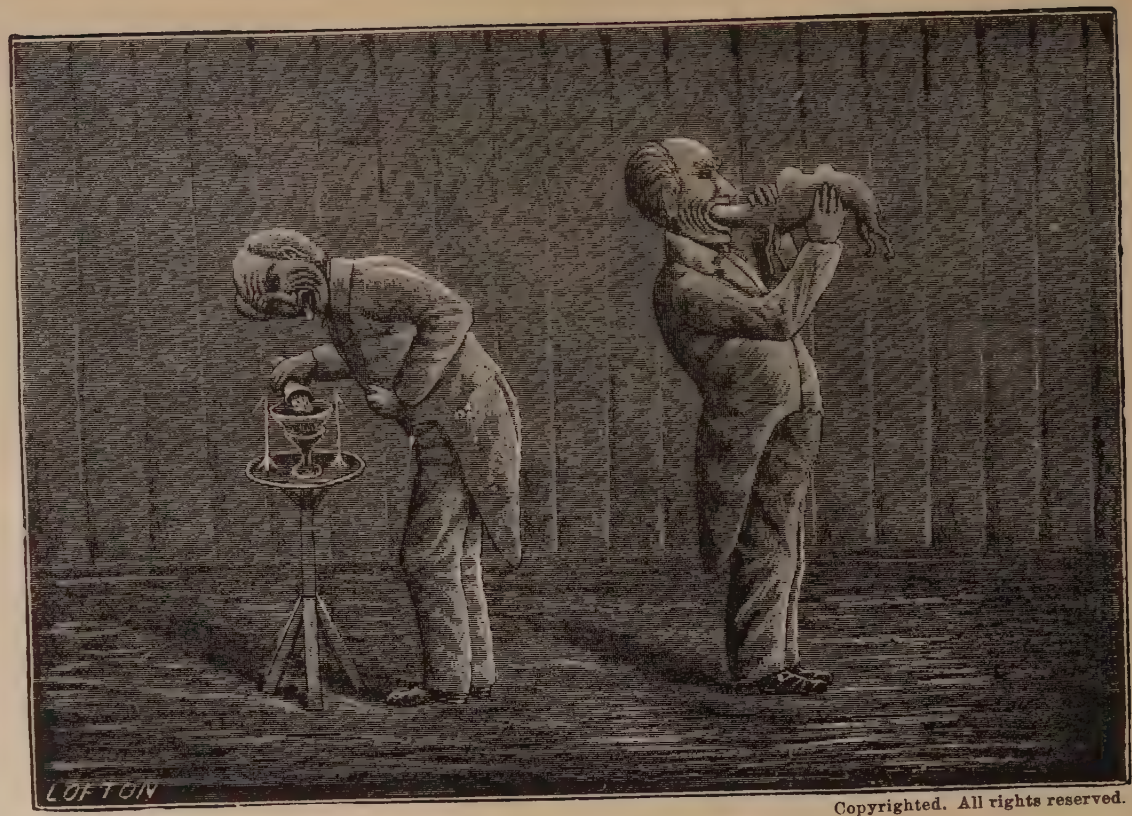
But I must bid adieu to the long-eared family. There are other specimens of the species, but I have said more than enough in these sketches to give a hint to those not mentioned. The unfortunate part of it is that the donkey seldom or never sees himself as others see him, and cannot be *made* often to so see himself. Stupidity is the nature of the beast, and the cudgel, the only instrument by which he can be impressed, is soon forgotten. Nevertheless, a little education of this character may be of service to the young—the "wild asses' colts"—who may come across these lines. There is no hope for the old thoroughbreds. Train up the young asses in the way they should go, and when older grown they will not do as asses do.

Strain out a Gnat, Swallow a Camel.



HERE is another phase of hypocrisy—one of the chief characteristics of the Pharisees. In another picture we see the hypocrite with a beam in his own eye and picking a mote out of his brother's eye. This was an illustration of optical surgery at the hands of a hypocrite, but now we come to a gastronomic feat worthy of the most gigantic gormandizer. He strains out a gnat and swallows a camel, which finds comfortable quarters in his capacious maw.

Jesus said to the scribes and Pharisees: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves. . . . Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought



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STRAIN OUT A GNAT—SWALLOW A CAMEL

ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. *Ye blind guides, which strain out a gnat, and swallow a camel.* Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. . . . Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but within are full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness."

This is the most terrible arraignment ever made of a class of people occupying so high a position of honor and respectability in religion, society, or government. In fact, nothing worse could have been said of any other class of men in any other position. Shutting up God's kingdom against those who would willingly enter, devouring the substance of widows, turning the hard-made proselyte into a worse devil than themselves, leaving undone the weightier matters of the law, full of extortion and excess, whited sepulchers full of rottenness and dead men's bones! What a terrible catalogue of crimes, and what an awful series of denunciations in detail! And yet these scribes and Pharisees were the most scrupulous, punctilious, and exact observers of all the forms and ceremonies of religion. They were the most zealously devoted of all people to their creed, as such; so much so that they would compass land and sea to make *one* proselyte to it. They would pay tithes of mint, anise, and cummin, the smallest and most insignificant shrubs of the garden.

If one of them touched a heathen in the marketplace, he would wash himself all over as defiled. It is said that if one of them had drawn his handkerchief to

wipe his face at the moment the Sabbath entered the lists of the week he would not even so much as touch his face or put it back in his pocket until the Sabbath was past. Never were there such extremes of character and conduct recorded in men. If they prayed, it was upon the house-tops to be seen of men; and if they gave alms, they blew a trumpet to be heard of men. Their religion was the very refinement of self-righteousness and hypocrisy, and they regarded God as under obligations to them for being better than other men, for paying tithes of all they possessed, while their pride and ambition was to enjoy the praise of men, their only reward. They were guilty of the most depraved and corrupt lives, and yet they were exceedingly exact and particular in the doing of little things. Justice, mercy, faith, love, holiness—all these they ignored and trampled under foot; but they would pay tithes of the grass which grew in their yards. They were grand in doing little things for good, but they were monstrous in doing big things for evil. Their fathers could murder God's prophets, and they would build sepulchers for them. They strained out a gnat, and swallowed a camel. This is the awful picture. Truly did Johnson say, "Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy;" and nowhere does his proposition find such startling illustration as in the scribes and Pharisees. Perhaps nothing in modern times, in no age of the world, ever equaled or surpassed their hypocrisy; but we often see chips from that original block in every phase and grade of society, even in the Churches of Jesus Christ. We find men and women scrupulous about little things, yet negligent of weightier matters. There is "the devil at home and the saint abroad." How exquisitely po-

lite and mincing at your table! but at home she munches and champs and eats with her fingers; and so do "dear George and the children." Every thing is "darling" and "precious" to the visitor or the stranger, but when the curtain falls or the screen closes, the silvery veil of Mokanna is off, and the devil is at home. The children are spanked and slapped about, and the little ones, trained to hypocritical politeness in public, quarrel and fight and bawl among each other. "Dear" George "cusses" reverently and systematically when angered, and "precious" Lillie scolds and scowls and cries, and is always going home to her father. Nothing goes right at home half the time, and often the sacred place is but a bedlam of an uproar; yet how deliciously sweet every thing is at church or at the party or on the cars! What an elegant and amiable family they are! and one would think the honey-moon had never waned, but waxed, ever since the wedding-day.

Hundreds of families, more or less, are little schools of educated hypocrites—a fact which would never be known but for the servants and the children, who all agree sometimes tell the truth. Quite often it is only one of the couple who is the devil at home and the saint abroad—oftenest the man. He is a tyrant, a cold, sullen bear, who seldom speaks a kind word to wife or children, reads the newspaper and smokes his cigar when he stays; or, when home becomes a bore, goes to the club or elsewhere. He makes a little hell of the family abode, for it is not a "home" when something goes wrong. A button off, a string broke, a paper misplaced, the least disconcerted, he breaks forth in passionate ebullitions; and the atmosphere becomes lurid and sulphuric with profanity and

abuse, and yet abroad he talks about his "darling wife" and "little jewels."

Sometimes it is the wife who is the termagant, and the poor, hen-pecked husband lives in the murky realm of scowls, scolds, and lectures. If he is patient and manly, or if he is submissive and lamb-like, the world never knows it; but when she swings out upon the arm of her "precious" you would imagine she was an angel guardian to her loving lord. In any event, such people are externally precise and punctilious in the little amenities and etiquette of life, while the weightier matters of purity, politeness, and happiness of home are unknown. They strain at gnats and swallow camels. Sometimes such families make a pretense of religion. Not unfrequently they read the Bible and hold family prayer. Not long since a father got mad at one of the children right around the family altar, and cuffed its jaws. The wife got mad, and slapped him. He threw the Bible at her, and would have knocked her down. All was smiling and sweet, however, next Sunday morning at church, and the family pew was apparently full of song, praise, devotion, and attention.

Again, there is old Deacon Jones. He sits in the "Amen corner," sings with a loud bass voice, leads in the prayer-meeting, and is prominent in all the business affairs of the congregation. He is worth a hundred thousand dollars, and he gives liberally to the cause, and with a fiery zeal he is up in all the orthodox principles and practices of the denomination. He is exceedingly scrupulous, exact, and nice about every thing in the house of God. He would send a sinner to perdition for spitting on the carpet, and if he knew that his pastor smoked a cigar in his study he would

prefer charges against him and dismiss him from the pulpit. He would not dance or go to the theater or play cards for all the world, and on Sunday he is at home all day or at church, engaged in religious devotion and service. Deacon Jones is ever austere and supercilious, and without condescension. Externally he is in every respect a Pharisee; but he is a lawyer, doctor, merchant, manufacturer, broker, or banker, as the case may be. Squire Jones took the case of a poor woman who sued for a claim, and he got about all the widow had before the delayed case got through. Dr. Jones attended the case of a poor, sick family, and because they did not have the fee to pay him before he left the house he refused to take the case. Merchant Jones has been known to "sand his sugar" or "goose his cotton." Manufacturer Jones pays poor women a dying pittance for making clothes. Banker Jones shaves notes and grinds a needy friend with exorbitant usury.

He strains out gnats every day, and gulps down camels, and nobody who knows him has any confidence in him; but he has money and position and respectability thereby in Church and community. He is a valuable citizen, a punctilious Church-member, a social and religious ornament, and all the talk and scandal in the world about his *meanness* goes for nothing. You say this is a strained and imaginary case; but I reply that I have known a number of such men, and everybody else has seen them in almost every neighborhood and community. They shout and cry "Amen!" in the Methodist Church; they look elderly and solemnly awful in the Presbyterian Church; they blow and bulldoze in the Baptist Church; they read the service among the Episcopalians; they run whisky-

saloons among the Catholics. They are everywhere, the same in all denominations and among all creeds; and they are especially the outgrowth of a loose, popular, wealthy, and worldly-seeking ecclesiasticism. They always appear when there is no persecution, when the Church becomes a profitable investment, and when religion walks in golden slippers. In times that try men's souls when the cross becomes the martyr's symbol, the Pharisee seldom appears, except in the honest delusion of self-righteousness.

Sometimes we find the Pharisee among the preachers and among the good sisters in the Church; but this is rare, for the lack of opportunity to play the dishonest game of hypocrisy. I knew one good old sister who could shout, get happy, sing, and pray in public, especially when the revival was on. She was charitable, made a good visitor to the poor and the sick, and she had a perfect horror of the little sins and foibles of the young people. Nevertheless, she would jew a negro an hour for the difference of a nickel in the purchase of a load of wood or a barrel of potatoes; and she would sell off old clothes or furniture to the darkies at exorbitant prices. Her rule of life was to get all she could for as near nothing as possible, and to get for almost nothing double its value. Worse than this, she would talk about her neighbors, quiz and draw from the servants the secrets of her friends, and she could almost tell what you had for breakfast every morning. She was scrupulously honest in telling the truth, but she was ever dead to find out something scandalous and keep it going. There never was a fuss in the community about which she did not know every thing, and but few at the bottom of which she was not the cause. She was to all ap-

pearances a good woman, and yet she was a hypocrite of the deepest dye. She religiously strained out a gnat every hour, but she was perpetually swallowing the devil's camel.

According to Pollock it seems that this sin is particularly characteristic of an age of wealth and culture, so favorable to the development of Pharisaism under every phase and form. Listen to the poet's descriptive characterization:

> It was withal a highly polished age,
> And scrupulous in ceremonious rite,
> When stranger stranger met upon the way
> First each to each bowed most respectfully,
> And large profession made of humble service,
> And then the stranger took the other's purse;
> And he that stabbed his neighbor to the heart
> Stabbed him politely, and returned the blade,
> Reeking into its sheath, with graceful air.

Never was there a more favorable period to hypocrisy, especially in the Churches, than the present age. Whenever religion walks in golden slippers, becomes popular and wealthy, fashionable and powerful, then multitudes seek it for the worldly benefits it may confer. They hunt for the loaves and fishes where the multitudes get fed, and hence hypocrisy under every form is multiplied. Luxury, riches, and culture refine; but, without virtue and purity, they often become the refinement of iniquity under the plausible guise of religion. Like the Jews in the height of their refinement and culture, we tend to Pharisaism in the nature of things; and to-day many of our most splendid sinners are in the Churches. It has often been remarked here in Nashville, as in other cities, that the cause of religion is depreciated and despised by many because of the prominence and power of rot-

ten Church-members occupying front seats and influential position, retained and fostered because of their money, liberality, and social power. There are Church-members of this character whose private lives would disgrace a worldling of less influential position, and yet they are hiding behind the mask of public hypocrisy, posing as sheep, but they are wolves in sheep's clothing in the flock of the Lord Jesus Christ. However, this is another phase of Pharisaism and hypocrisy; and, like the mote-hunter and the gnat-strainer and the camel-swallower, should be treated under a separate head. So of the trumpet-blower, the sanctimonious faster, the house-top prayer, and a host of others too numerous to mention.

In many instances of our day, however, a man does not have to play the hypocrite to remain among God's people. Some of our Churches are so loose in discipline, so anxious to count noses, so greedy for wealth and social power, that one need not act the hypocrite of any character if he is liberal, influential, and *bon ton.* He can do just as he pleases without masking his wickedness, and the Church, as such, is nearer the hypocrite than the indulged and petted member. Many of our preachers now openly and boldly proclaim that no man should ever be excluded from the Church unless he gets into the penitentiary, or should be hanged for murder or some other diabolical crime. Too late then.

THE LITTLE FOXES

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THE LITTLE FOXES.

THIS picture presents the true Vine, representing Christ, with its fruitful branches, representing Christians; and the fruit of these branches is being destroyed and the vines devastated by the little foxes. Solomon said: "*Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.*" Every Christian is regarded as a branch, a little vine in the true Vine, bearing fruit unto God; and every small sin is a little fox which spoils the branches by tearing them apart and by devouring the grapes, a fruit of which the fox is especially fond.

It is not the wolf in sheep's clothing, not the howling jackal, not the hyena nor the tiger of monstrous sins which are here symbolized. Not even the old and wily fox, like Herod, whom Jesus so characterized; but the little foxes, the small sins, are evidently meant. However small or young these little foxes, or sins, may be, they have the vulpine nature and peculiarities about them. In other words, they are cunning, and they come upon us slyly and unexpectedly, and they are ravaging and destroying our vines before we are aware of it. According to the figure, the big foxes would not come until the little foxes first got among the branches. In fact, these same little foxes

grow and fatten into big foxes as they continue to feed upon "our vines," and it does not take them long to mature to full size. The little sin well fed and long nourished outgrows any other beast in the soul's menagerie, and it is the hardest of them all to kill when it gets grown.

Let us now examine a few of these little foxes, which so rapidly and surely become big ones:

Take *profanity*. A boy does not often begin with downright swearing in the name of God. He shudders at a blasphemous oath the first time he hears it, if he has been tenderly and properly trained, and he begins with little "by-words," which gradually swell and fill out to full and rounded profanity. Sometimes these diminutive oaths in embryo run for a long time before the amateur swearer becomes sufficiently hardened to advance in sacrilege, and then he is prepared to employ stronger and more comprehensive terms in the line of his profane development. He gets to where he can lightly take the name of "Jesus Christ" and of "God," and when he can add on the adjuncts of "damn" and "devil" and "hell" without a shudder of compunction he has acquired at last the qualifications of a first-class blasphemer. The little fox, "by-word," becomes the great, big fox of "curse and swear" in the name of God; and it is sometimes the case that we hear ten-year-old boys on the streets belching and vomiting out blackguard vulgarity and the most glaring and daring profanity.

Take *lying*. It seems almost natural for people to lie; but there are thousands of children who at first would stand horrified at the idea of telling a falsehood. The well-trained little conscience revolts at the suggestion; but it does not take long, with bad

company and ill advice, to taint and contaminate the very best of children. They see other children do wrong and lie, and unless so kept as to remain disgusted at their conduct they will soon venture to imitate by evasion or dodging the truth—a lesson easily learned and a habit readily formed. The little "white lie" becomes the progenitor of the big black lie; and by the sure and steady process of growth in evil the purest young heart, the sweetest young lips will become foul and filthy with the hideous and polluted vice of lying. Under evil training and association the little fox will not be long in becoming a bold and barefaced falsifier. The little circular dodge is soon reduced to the big square lie. The little evasive shift soon takes the clear, open forthright into the broad, plain boulevard of shameless, blushless prevarication. Very small children in almost every family and Sunday-school are often very big liars; and the foundation of every crooked, perverse, and untoward career is thus laid in falsehood, amid the rose-beds of once innocent and happy childhood.

Take *stealing*. With many children to touch what is not their own would be like touching a hot iron. They have been trained to truth, honesty, and purity of life; and yet many a thief is manufactured out of just such material. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and many a noble little spirit has been led by bad company to unlearn the well-taught difference between "mine and thine." The little boy learns from others to take his mother's sugar, to pick the apples from a neighbor's tree, to purloin his father's pennies—all under the conception that it is not much harm and that other boys do likewise. The little fox of petty theft becomes the big fox of felonious rob-

bery after awhile. Larceny from the person runs into burglary, and from the jail the convict goes to the penitentiary, and perhaps at last to the gibbet for murdering his neighbor for gold. Perhaps the murderer was once an innocent boy, who thought it not a great wrong one day to take a pin which he felt was no loss to the owner and a gain of little consequence to himself. The principle which steals a pin or a nickel is the same which takes a million, and the culminating corruption which finally dethrones honor and life begins in the very least and first sin which started the ever widening and deepening stream of vice and crime. Destruction begins in valuing sin according to the *quantity* of damage, and not according to the *quality* of crime. Take care of the little fox of false valuation according to the *amount* and not the *essence* of wrong. From this little fox of principle and practice springs the big fox of result and ruin.

Take your *temper*. What a tempest or a tornado it gets to be with some people! Was it always so? Not with every one. How did it reach such a rash and wrathful pitch in life? The little foxes did it. That mother was once a sweet and amiable young lady. The little vexations and ills of life have been allowed to aggravate her into a termagant. The children, the cooking-stove, the house-cleaning, the odds and ends of making and mending, the ceaseless round of duties and toils in which a woman's work is never done, instead of inuring to patience and fortitude by culture and forbearance, have developed all that was opposite and salient in her soul. Now she is a terror to herself, to her family, and to her neighbors. She cannot brook opposition, obstacle, or inconvenience, much less affront or variance; and she is sensitive, nervous,

impatient, resentful, and restless in the discharge of every duty and relationship she sustains. Having given way by degrees to an evil temper until it has supreme dominion over her body, mind, and soul, she is as much the wreck of bad habit as the drunkard or the opium-eater. Her little foxes have all become grown-up jackals, and although she professes religion and belongs to the Church, the grace of God seems scarcely able to help her, especially as she does not help the grace of God to help her temper. So have I seen teachers and preachers, business and professional men, whose hot and impatient tempers have lost them finally all control of themselves or of others. He that does not possess his soul in patience and equanimity will not be long in losing possession of every thing else.

Take your *tongue*, that unruly member of which James warns us. With some people it is turned loose at both ends, and plays upon a pivot in the middle, as elastic as India rubber and as drastic as aloes. They have become habituated to talk fiercely or recklessly about every thing and everybody, and scandal and slander and exaggeration and blasphemy are the big foxes which have at last developed from the tittle-tattle of the little gossip of early days. The small whispers of evil thoughts and imaginations, once charily and warily suffered to enter the mind about persons and things, have grown to the whirlwind of wholesale and retail slaughter upon every thing and everybody in the way of their linguistic cyclone. The innuendo has become the sharp, two-edged sword of loud and bitter vituperation and contumely, cutting asunder soul and body and piercing betwixt the joints and marrow of your reputation and character:

and so of every principle and practice, ideal or conception, characteristic or virtue which distinguishes neighbor or society or business in conflict with those who have cultivated this big, talking fox which ravages the vines of our peace and prosperity in almost every community. Alas for the unruly and uncontrollable tongue of many people! Their voice is like the sound of many waters, and like a flood of waters their words often overwhelm us with griefs and miseries untold. The most provoking, aggravating, vexatious, all-fired, and ring-fired curse a man must endure is a well-trained and fully developed tongue in the mouth of a full-fledged, malignant persecutor.

In a thousand ways the little foxes spoil the vines with us all. The little sins ruin our lives. The "bees" worried David more than the "bulls of Bashan;" and it is in these little vexations, as well as little sins of life, that we oftenest allow ourselves overcome. Many a man who is able to bear a great misfortune or resist a great sin or endure a great provocation cannot sustain a little disaster, overcome a little temptation, or stand a small affront, especially when these little ills come in a multitudinous form. It is the moth that destroys the bee-hive, not the martin that catches the bees. It is the craw-fish which oftenest undermines the levee, not the flood which sweeps over it. An infinitesimal insect has been discovered in Germany which eats out the iron rails upon the track and destroys them more effectually than the friction of the mighty engines and trains which run over them. We guard more particularly and are better prepared to meet the great difficulties and sins of life; but the little ones, like an army of ants, may be all through your house before you know it; and an army of ants

in your house is harder to destroy than a lion at your door. You can make a fence so strong and high as to keep your neighbor's bull out of your corn-field, and the prudent farmer always does this; but the mole may trace your rows of young corn and kill your crop in a night. So may the crows and the blackbirds in a day. We look out for big foxes and provide against them if we are prudent men and women, but we too seldom watch for the little ones until it is too late. Our little sins come upon us unawares, and tear our vines before we recognize their presence; and, worse than all, we so neglect their appearance or so ignore their growth and power that we become the prey of the full-grown brood before we are concerned about our condition. "Take care of the nickels, and the dollars will take care of themselves;" and what is true of money is true of virtues. Keep down the little sprouts of sin, and there will be no trees to cut down when they have grown big and old and hard.

Finally, let me say that the little foxes spoil our vines very easily, because "our grapes are tender grapes." Therefore we should be more on the alert to take them when "little," and before the work of devastation begins. The grape is a very tender fruit, easily spoiled at best: but the grapes of the Christian vine are the *tenderest* ever grown. Nothing is so easily soiled as Christian reputation or character, and nothing is so readily tainted and poisoned as Christian purity and piety. All other reputation and character can stand a greater shock, in the world's eyes at least; and all other virtue or integrity may stand a greater strain or a fouler touch under the pressure of temptation or contamination unless it be the good name and the chastity of a woman.

Nothing, according to human standards, is so delicate and spotless as religion, especially the Christian religion; and by reason of our weak and vile natures, our susceptibility to doubt and declension, our subjection to Satanic art and delusion, our every-day contact with worldliness and temptation, our purity and piety are most readily polluted and blighted; and when we are so blackened and corrupted we are the most conspicuous and the worst hurt of all other creatures. The whiter the angel's wing the more easily spotted. The holier and higher Lucifer was before he fell the blacker and fouler he seems and is in his degradation. How easily, apparently, one little sin overthrew the stainless Adam and Eve! and what woe and wickedness have followed! The loftier the being and the whiter he is the lower his fall and the blacker his character, and the greater are the consequences to him and to others. The purer and holier the heart the more delicate the touch needed to stain it and befoul it; and hence our vines are said to bear very "tender grapes." Hence the great importance too of keeping out the little foxes that spoil the vines. In order to this we should kill down every outcropping of unbelief, of infidelity, of passion, and appetite. Kill this brood of vipers while they are little, and don't wait for the little brood to grow up and breed other broods, as is too often the case. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil our vines, for our vines have *tender* grapes." O for the cultivation of that early, that constant and assiduous piety which keeps down the little sins, and which in the course of religious development inures to that peace and prosperity which flow like a river and which are never marred by the touch of great transgressions or misfortunes!

FIGHT WITH CONSCIENCE.—NO. 1. THE PARLEY

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A FIGHT WITH CONSCIENCE:

IN FOUR ACTS.

THE first picture in this sketch represents a man on the eve of doing something wrong and determined in his course. He is plotting some scheme of meanness or measure of villainy for which he has not the consent of his conscience. It is a matter of no difference here what that scheme or measure is. It may be that he is devising a great plan to swindle his fellow-man—for instance, some patent medicine discovery or invention. He may be designing to gratify some base passion, or to debauch himself by debasing appetite. Perhaps he is plotting robbery, murder, or seduction. Whatever his purpose, he is bent on evil just the same; and in the first act, or picture, we discover him in debate with his better angel—his conscience. Dallying in the lap of sin, he is parleying with his conscience, and the controversy seems hot and furious. This is always the case when conscience gets the better of the argument with a man bent on evil, guided by evil impulses, or misjudged purposes. The first step in vice or crime is always slow, cautious, hesitating, and full of trepidation, and so in every step of a man with conscientious scruples and convictions; but when his purpose is

made up, and his impulses are strong, he cannot proceed without a fierce controversy with his inner and better nature. So you see the man debating with his conscience in the first picture.

In the second act, or picture, you discover that conscience has knocked him down, tumbled him heels up and head under, and she is proceeding to pommel him into a virtuous frame, as a school-ma'am does a refractory boy. Ordinarily she succeeds, or often does; but if the man is infatuated and determined upon his course, he resists her lashing admonitions. He kicks while conscience gets the first blood, and though knocked down and stunned for the moment, he recovers from his collapse with redoubled purpose and fury. It isn't every fellow who gets knocked down first who gets whipped, albeit the advantage is great to the first slugger. Opposition and violence arouse some men to the full measure of their strength and resistance, and this is about the case with a man fascinated with a vicious purpose and bent on evil in spite of consci ntious convictions and compunctions which smite him to the contrary. He may halt and parley, and bend like the sapling to the gale for the moment, but he springs back with elasticity farther in the other direction than before.

Thus we see him in the third act, or picture. He has risen, like Roderic Dhu, springing like a tiger at the throat of Fitz-James; but unfortunately the cudgel of conscience has not done the previous work of Fitz-James's blade, and the madman, bent on evil, does not relax his nerveless and exhausted grasp from the throat of his combatant, as Roderic Dhu did, faint from loss of blood. He has risen to his

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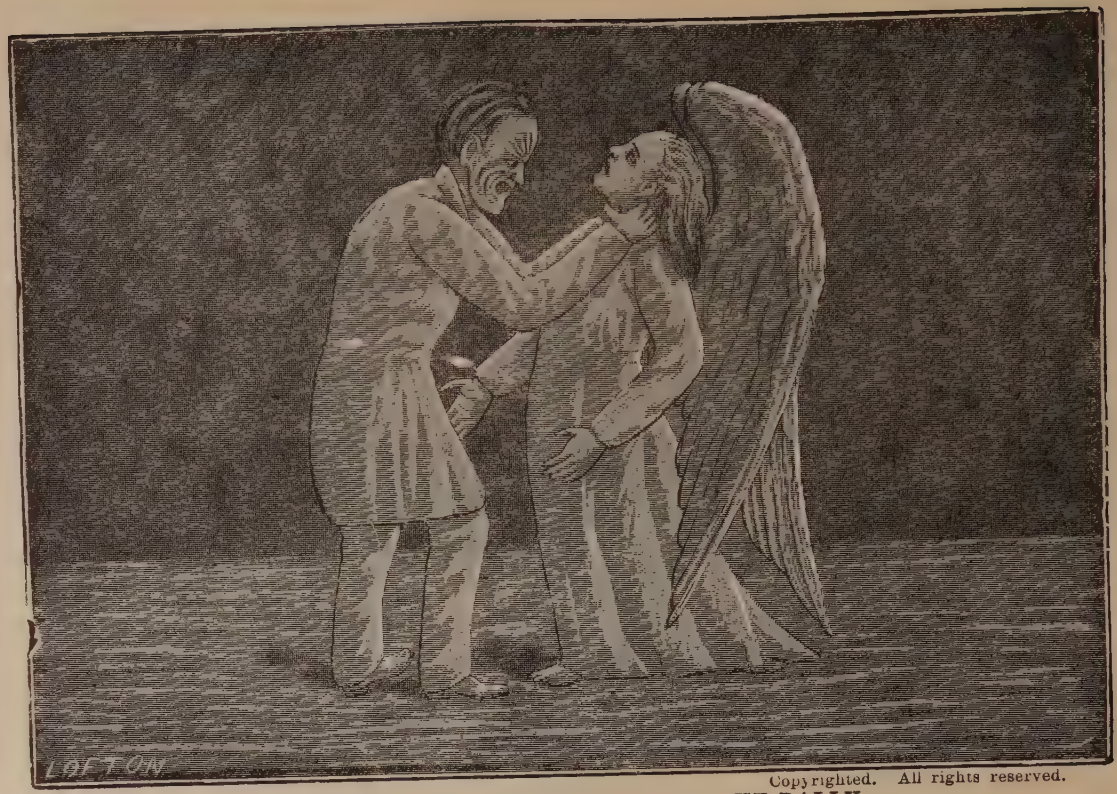
FIGHT WITH CONSCIENCE—NO. 2. FIRST BLOOD.

feet with all the force of renewed and redoubled energy, and he proceeds to choke his conscience into submission. While flat of his back he matured a more violent determination, and rallying with all the venom and fury of his temptation, he makes a vigorous onset and takes his better angel by the throat. He throttles conviction, represses consideration, suppresses caution, and this point in victory achieved, he has less trouble in finally choking down all resistance or compunction of the moral sense. Had he felt, when downed at the first blow, no disposition to debate or fight, then conscience would have been triumphant over his will, and his passions and purposes would have subsided and relaxed, but it is just at this point that passion and purpose always rally, if permitted, and choke the life out of God's angel monitor of the soul. Sometimes the conscience gets the better of the man by argument; but if argument fails by milder measures, if blows fail by severer means, and the stricken victim rallies, she is likely to share the fate of temporary if not permanent suppression, as is sometimes the fatal result. Conscience is always a logical and solid reasoner, and where reason ends her intuitions are always infallible. How much better at the outset to listen to her voice! and when she lifts her lash upon us how much better to submit to her chastisement! Her healing stripes are precious to the heart, if passively received; and when she knocks us down with her blows of conviction and compunction, how dreadful is the obduracy and the turpitude which can recover, and take her by the throat! Alas! how many are ruined right here at this fatal point in their fight with conscience!

In the fourth and last act we find the determined and incorrigible slayer of his conscience successful and triumphant in his fatal course. He has carried his purpose; and passion, appetite, pride, ambition—whatever it is—dominates his will and revels supreme in his soul. For the time being, and for the present purpose at least, he has choked his better angel speechless, got her down, put his foot upon her bosom, and is stamping the very life out of her. He is not only bent upon carrying his point, but he is determined to hush her voice and paralyze her latent energies. He began by a heated dialogue with her, and she got the better of the argument. More heated still, insulted and injured conscience knocked him down by momentary conviction and shame. Determined not to be outdone and thwarted, he rallied all his forces, arose upon his feet, in spite of judgment convinced and sense convicted, and chokes her into silence; and conscience, thus resisted, from this point grows weaker and weaker at every step of stupefying and blunting opposition. Not only so, but the will and determination of persistence and pursuit in evil grow stronger and stronger after this point is reached; and it is with little difficulty then that a man chokes the breath out of his conscience and then stamps the life out of her. This course pursued, especially in a series of contests, the fight kept up often and long enough, and conscience upon all points will be repressed and suppressed for good. Although throttled and crushed in one instance, and from the stand-point of a specific vice or crime, she will rally again when evil passion and purpose, in any given case, have been satisfied; and the fight, though feebler than at first, will be resumed; but it



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FIGHT WITH CONSCIENCE.—NO. 3. THE RALLY.

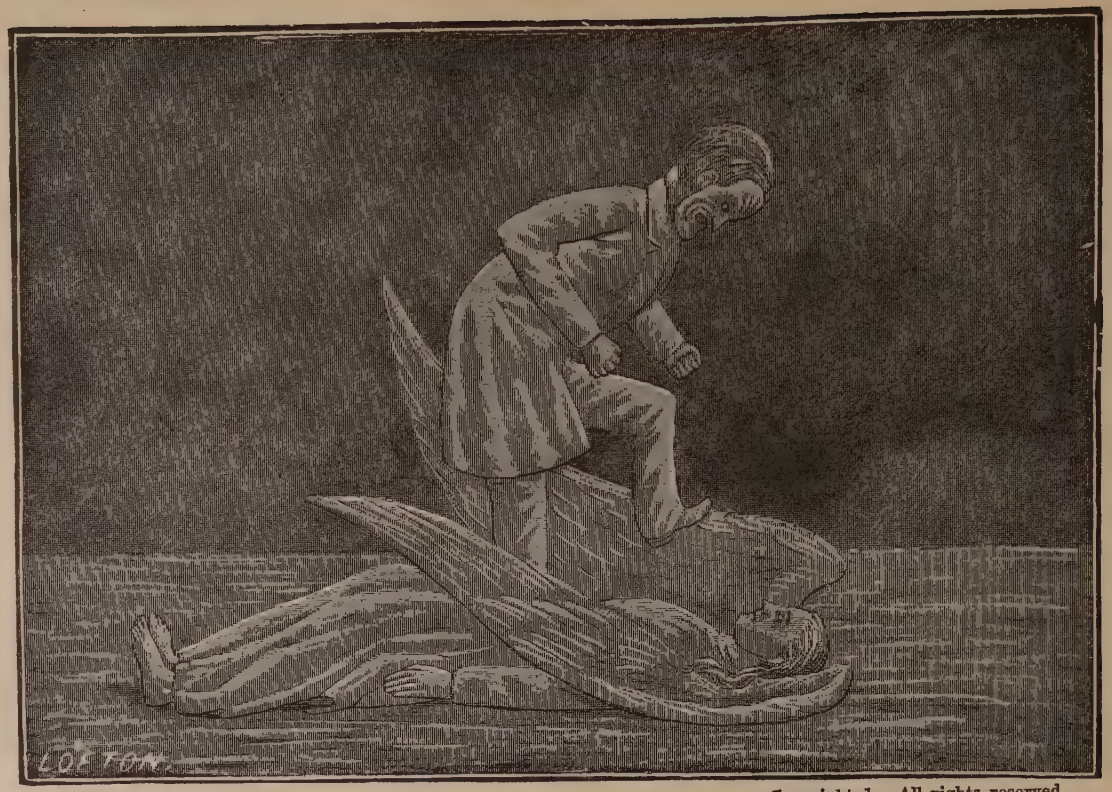
conscience does not gain a victory in the next onset, her contest will be feebler and fainter still, and so on until she will make no resistance at all in the hour of temptation.

Thus the victim of passion will erelong have it all his own way in the given direction of his evil course and what is true of one direction in life may become true of all directions. Some people have conscience in one thing and not in another, but the tendency is to kill conscience in every direction when you have killed it in any direction. With an undisturbed sense of guilt the conscience-killer can go on, after awhile, calmly and coolly into vice and crime, without a sting or touch of compunction beforehand, and he is only affected by the sting of remorse which follows. If he pursues his course long, he will reach the point when his conscience will hurt him neither before nor after his sins. Thousands are terrified after who are not troubled before, but the man who can so kill conscience as not to trouble him after vice or crime has reached the lowest and most fatal point in the degradation and ruin of moral consciousness. By killing conscience before the fact a man lays the best foundation for the destruction of conscience after the fact, and when he can successfully do both he has reached the end of all hope and passed the day of grace.

If a man would only let his conscience always argue him into the right every time—if necessary knock him down when perverse, and then get up like a hero, to pursue the right—he would reach that point in moral culture and habit when conscience would have no need of controversy or conflict with the soul. We all have our early contests to begin

with, but habitual victory alone can, erelong, make a lofty conscience and give it supremacy and rest. Conscience would be but a negative force without conflict and trial. It is good for her and for us to have our fight until both become *positive* by development, and it is then that, with an untroubled heart and a clear head, man may move mightily and grandly upon the even and upward tenor of life's way in an honest, successful, and happy career. Of course there will be emergencies and doubtful contests upon the way of those who attempt any thing in conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil; but a victorious and well-inured conscience is the best solver of doubt and the best hand to hold the lamp of experience before us. The clearest thinker, the most reliable actor in the dubious conflicts of life is the man who has a good conscience toward God and man, made so by education and trial in the fire. It was thus no doubt that Paul could boast of a "conscience void of offense," and this fact added grandly to the masterly conflict which he waged with triumphant success over all the forces of nature and the powers of darkness.

A glorious and a dangerous mystery centers in the heart of man, and there is nothing he should so study and preserve as his conscience, which sits enthroned and sceptered in the soul. This is our great "moral sense," involving the concurrent testimony of every human faculty as to what is right and wrong—as to the ought and the ought not which rules our life. Conscience is the central sun of an internal system around which revolve our ruling principles and passions, held to their orbits by the centripetal and centrifugal forces of will and motive. How delicate the



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FIGHT WITH CONSCIENCE.—NO. 4. THE DEATH.

adjustment! how easily disordered and made chaotic! What needs a more habitual, philosophic, and scriptural education than conscience? How often perverted by a false training, or for the want of education! Often this sense becomes dormant or dead. It is the key to the heart, the sentinel which guards the soul; and here God or the devil enters and reigns. Here every human relationship is adjusted. Conscience is the granite column which supports the fabric of self and society, and many a Samson blind lifts in indistinguishable ruin this magnificent shaft from beneath the structure of his own and the souls of others. Conscience wrecked is the world's chaos, and Napoleon went so far as to call it "the inviolable asylum of the liberty of man." Man with it dethroned is a self-propeller upon a turbulent deep, hurled with the force of his own destruction upon the reefs of an inevitable ruin. Conscience involves every thing. Origen calls it "the chamber of justice;" and let me say that with a good conscience toward God and man we need neither judge nor jury. Coleridge pronounced it "the pulse of reason," and we may add that all mental science is mastered when a trained conscience rules our intellections. Johnson declares it "the sentinel of virtue;" and we have compassed all moral philosophy when conscience subordinates our passions. Others have styled it, "God's deputy," "God's vicegerent," "God's oracle," in the soul; and, if so, the heart which treasures and heeds "God's monitor," as another calls it, needs no other scepter to sway our mental and emotional nature.

On the other hand, Shakespeare says, "Conscience is a thousand swords;" and hence, destroyed, she becomes the Nemesis of the lost soul. Theodore Par-

ker said, "There is no college for the conscience;" and Lavater said, "The conscience is wiser than science;" but, if so, it is none the less the subject of education, false or true, and from this stand-point it is all the more fatal if perverted or prostituted. I love to feel like Luther, when he said, "I am more afraid of my own heart than of the pope and all his cardinals. I have within me the great pope, self;" and he who fears himself most profoundly will be best guided by an inviolate conscience. I once talked with a man who seemed to have no conscience. He was a murderer, a libertine, and a thief. He laughed and joked about his crimes as if they were insignificant trifles, and he could sleep as soundly and sweetly as an infant. He was even a good soldier, and about the close of the war he killed a Confederate marshal and was executed. Upon the gallows he kicked his hat from the platform, and he went off into eternity without a tremor and with an oath of levity upon his dying lips. How many men in the world are like this I do not know, but this one thing I do know: it all comes of a man's fight with his conscience. Some very bad men have always a tender conscience which tortures them; but, in spite of pain and misery, they still grow on in sin and go to ruin. This also comes of a man's fight with his conscience. Whatever the condition of conscience in time, nevertheless there comes a moment when conscience, however choked or crushed out, will re-assert itself. The hour of death usually brings this most just judge to the bar of reckoning, and if the death-hour should fail, there is a time when conscience will make a coward of the guilty soul—at the bar of God. How truly did Byron, that man of expe-

rience on this subject, describe the remorse of a guilty conscience regaining dominion over the guilty soul:

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
  Is like the scorpion girt by fire,
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close
Till inly searched by thousand throes,
  And maddening in her ire,
One and sole relief she knows:
The sting she nourished for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
And darts into her desperate brain.
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse has riven,
Misfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death."

Mortal man, let me beg you, never fight your conscience. Take care of your conscience, and she will be sure to take care of you.

CHURCH CRUTCHES.

THIS sketch represents a small but unique concourse of worshipers going to church late. They are all on crutches, and they represent various characters who constitute a part of the assembly of the saints. They are all wounded, have been shot or stabbed through the feelings, and they are so offended and hurt that they cannot get to church without limping. They get in late, therefore, take a back seat near the door, and they go out first and leave early. They do not halt and hobble half so badly getting home as they do getting to church; but, no matter how close the church is to which they belong, it is a long way off and hard to reach on occasions of devotion and service. They take no part in religious matters when there, and they seldom give the pastor or the brethren a chance to speak to them unless they desire, like Ajax, to give a parting shot from behind them as they go limping away.

In the picture before you are a number of characters, all peculiar and peculiarly affected.

1. Colonel John Brown is just entering the door. He was former treasurer, and, the moneys of the Church not being well accounted for, he was left out at the last annual election and another brother sub-

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CHURCH CRUTCHES.

stituted. He has never been happy since, and he is absolutely irreconcilable and in the sulks. He goes to church, but he goes to show how badly he is injured and to see how deeply he can make the pastor and the brethren realize the fact that he is not appreciated and that he has been most grievously wronged.

2. Next comes Aunt Polly Snooks. She never was noticed by the pastor and the rich people, no matter how much attention was paid to her in her distress and poverty; and her chief object in going to church is to let everybody see how badly she is neglected and how dreadfully she is wounded. She talks all around the community about the minister and the leading brethren, and when they go to see her, as they do as often as possible, she is always astonished that they have come again.

3. Next comes Deacon Jones. He is for rule or ruin, and if he can't pull the whole cart he will break a trace. The Church gets tired, and "sits down upon him," as it were; and he sits back with his "bull-dozing" countenance all hung with the dark drapery of injured innocence. He is not appreciated, he cannot run the machinery of the Church and the pastor, and he is determined by his limping gait to make the Church as miserable as possible.

4. Here hobbles old Brother Jedediah Sniffle-wiper. He is a preacher, and the brethren and the pastor do not ask him to preach. He is called and ordained of God to preach, and he wants to preach only when they do not want to hear him. He gets no calls elsewhere, and in his estimation the pastor is an ignoramus—and an ass too, for that matter—that he is not allowed to preach where he belongs and when he wants to. O he is hurt to the quick, and he tells it

all over the country at all the Associations and Conferences; and wherever he goes he tries to get up opposition to his pastor, as he has tried a dozen times to get up a faction in the Church. He too takes a back seat, and gets away early and rapidly, unless he wants to stay long enough to give the pastor's sermon a cut. God deliver a Church from a preacher whom nobody wants to hear preach!

5. Next comes old Colonel John Thomas Stakeholder. He is pursy, fat, and flourishing. He is worth two hundred thousand dollars, and lives in grand style. He expects to get to heaven, escape hell, and carry the world on his back. He attends the horse-races, goes to the watering-places, has a big time, and he gives a small pittance to the Church, and comes when he gets ready. The pastor trod upon his toes, and his offended dignity takes a back seat at the church on Sunday, and stirs up the world against his Church and pastor the balance of the week. He tries hard to make the Church realize the danger of treading upon a man of his immense proportions, and his offended dignity hobbles along and does all the harm he can.

6. Next behold young Gordon Granger Swelleberger. He joined the Church in a former revival, and his wealthy and distinguished parents dote upon Gordon as the highest type, *par excellence*, of royal young manhood. He goes to church occasionally, visits all the places of amusement, and gets "tight," swears and swells around promiscuously with the world. No sermon a pastor could preach would miss him, and he and his family are terribly aggrieved on account of a discourse which castigated dissipation among Church-members. Gordon was no doubt aimed

at, they think, and the young man stands about the streets on a crutch and with his arm in a sling, "all broken up," and trying to keep everybody else from going to *his* church. He goes now to some other church, except occasionally he goes as far as the door of his own church to let his pastor see that he does not come in.

7. There is Zeke Smith. He is poor and ragged and wears a flopped hat, and he construes the most charitable condescension to his condition as an insult to his poverty and obscurity. The Church hates poor folks, and he has quit going, except to take a back seat and stand around and pout and show that nobody loves poor folks, especially if they can't dress well.

8. Now see Miss Flora Flimsey as she too goes to church on crutches. She is passionately fond of the novel, the theater, the dance, of dress and show and society. She has not a single taste for Sunday-school and prayer-meeting, and she has no relish for preaching and service on Sunday unless the choir sings opera music and the preacher scrapes the sky with eloquence or flatters the heart with sensation. The true pastor is always treading upon Flora's toes, and she has well-nigh quit coming to church. When she comes she sits back, talks all the time in service, flouts out when the benediction is pronounced, and all the week she takes occasion to depreciate her pastor and her Church among the worldly Christians of her acquaintance like herself.

Having noticed the figures in the picture—and we could have filled in with many more—let us now examine more minutely the nature and character of the religious crutch upon which the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ sometimes halt and hobble.

During the late war thousands of men who could by any means frame some excuse, manufacture some disease or wound, sometimes even by the breaking of their own limbs, or find refuge in some bomb-proof to escape service, did so. The amount of disease and casualty which afflicted the land was truly astonishing, not only in the field, but at home. Especially did men get sick before a battle, but the proportion of infected, defective, and disaffected ones in camp was far less than at home. Home was the melancholy place during the war, not the camp, independent of the real causes of distress which arose out of the calamities proper of the great struggle. Crutches were in great demand, not only war-made, but home-made; for not only soldiers prayed for slight wounds, rheumatism, and other disabilities, but citizens manufactured them by the thousands when exemptions more favorable to health and bodily soundness could not be obtained. After the cruel war was over, however, these homesick, bomb-proof, self-crippled, and otherwise and variously exempted and discontented men came out of their holes as brave as lions, became sound and well, threw off the hospital mask, threw up their exempted occupations, and threw down their *crutches*—until the next war! Even many an old soldier who seemed to have been fearfully wounded in the field improved incredibly fast, and all entered actively again into the fields of life, business, and pleasure, until Corporal Tanner got into the pension business.

Now all this has a counterpart in the Churches of Christ. Thousands are daily shirking duty, like poor soldiers and cowardly citizens in time of war. It is really amusing, often, to see and hear them in their

frivolous excuses for not giving of their substance, attending church, or for otherwise failing to discharge their duty. There are several kinds of crutches which we will here notice:

1. *The poverty crutch.* It is incredible how often Christians do lie about their poverty. To hear many of them talk you would think they were fit only for the poor-house. They never have any thing to spare for God, but always something to spare for any worldly object. They can enlarge their business, chew tobacco, and drink whisky, attend amusements, dress well, have enough to eat and enjoy themselves with, employ doctors and lawyers, have something to lay up for a rainy day, but nothing for God and religion. How like some during the war—willing to give their *sons*, but not their *negroes*, for the lost cause! They were ready to rebel against the rebellion when their *slaves* were called for, or other sacrifices of property were demanded to sustain their cause and country; and yet many of these men were seeking to make fortunes out of the necessities and poverty of the people and the Government. How many Christians to-day who would turn, like the rich young ruler, and leave Christ if they had to give up their property to follow him! If it is going to take the "*niggers*," stop the war! So with Christ. Many want all the profits in the religious business, but they don't want to bear any of the expense. How many thousands hobble around on this poverty crutch, and cry, "Poor," "broke," "hard times," "debt," "pressure of business," and a score of other excuses, which indicate that religion is but a secondary consideration! But when off the subject of religion it is refreshing to hear some brethren talk of being rich. They are flush and full of

speculation; "business is business." They lay down their crutches, but you just mention Missions and Church expenses, and up the crutches come. No doubt they often smile at the crutch trick they play upon the beggars for Christ, for whom they cherish a dogged and hearty contempt.

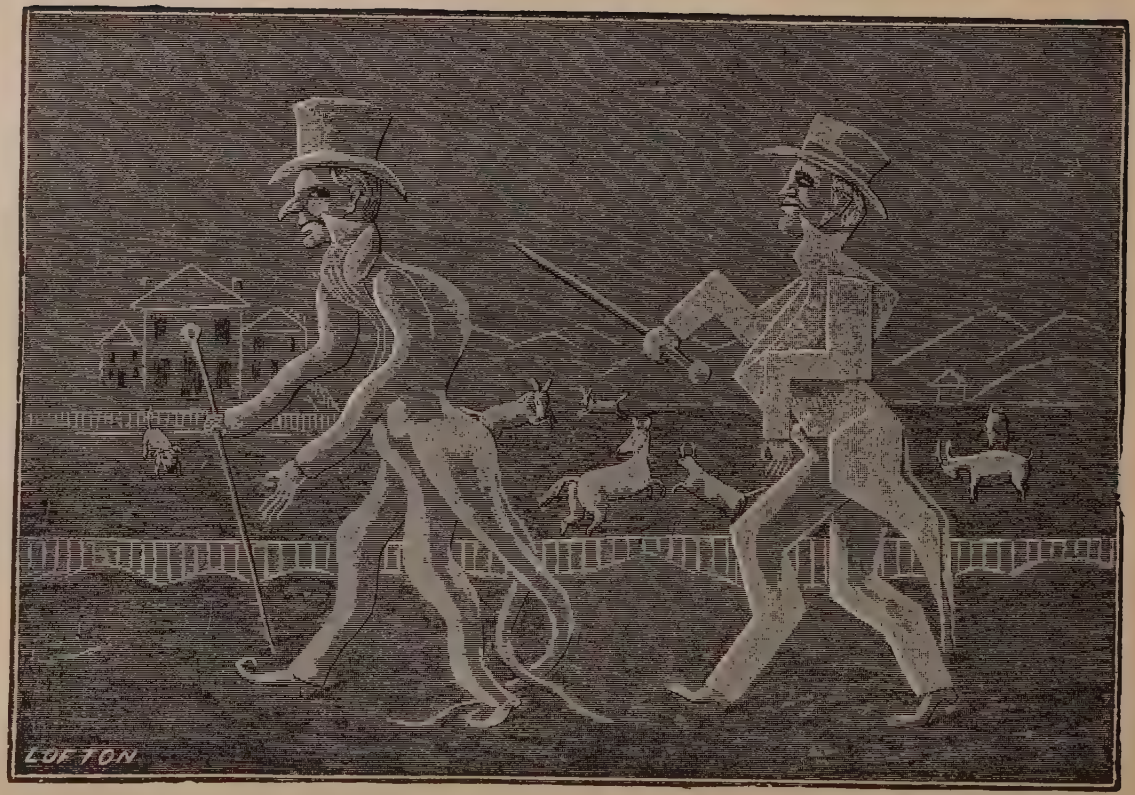
2. *The sensitive crutch.* The late war developed a numerous class of croakers and growlers. There were those who were always mad, dissatisfied, complaining, and hunting a crutch or other means to keep out of service and hide their property. Some of them were "big men" and former "fire-eaters." So we have a number of brethren always sensitive and offended at some *body* or some *thing*. They can't commune, they can't meet in the Church Conference, they can't hear the pastor, they can't have things their own way because somebody or something has hurt their sensibilities. They are exceedingly thin-skinned, and if they can't get an offense any other way, they will hunt for one. A soldier at Fredericksburg wanted a furlough, and putting his hand above the breastworks he got it shot off. He exclaimed: "A discharge, thank God!" So some Christians are always wounded by looking for offenses and hunting for excuses to be out of the way with the Church. They are like the old-fashioned Irishman, with his coat-tail dragging the ground, daring some one to tread upon it, and thus hunting for a fight; and they usually get it, and get wounded so that they can hobble on the sensitive crutch the balance of their lives.

3. *The Sunday crutch.* This carries a numerous class —active, energetic, clever, *sometimes* liberal, attentive to business all the week, but they cannot attend prayer-meeting, Sunday-school, or preaching on Sunday.

Rain or shine, cold or hot, calm or windy, business is never neglected. Ice, mud, snow, slush, storm—these are no obstacles in the way of secular duty. But religion, ah! well, that's another thing. Sunday always finds them "tired," "sleepy," "sick," and they must "*rest.*" The family, the baby, the cat, the canary, the poodle, the toothache, the headache, the backache, or some other ache kept them at home all day Sunday; but the baby may squall, the wife may groan, the canary, cat, poodle—all may die when Monday comes. The Sunday crutch is laid down, and business is vigorously resumed. True, the family all went visiting Sunday afternoon, or they all took a ride in the country; but they couldn't come to church. Meet them early Monday morning, or they see you coming in the distance, and they begin to hobble and lie on the Sunday crutch. Heavens! how the people do lie about that Sunday business! They stay at home, read the daily papers, crack jokes, eat fine dinners, visit or ride out, but lie about "feeling too bad" to go to church on Sunday. What will become of these liars? What falsehood and hypocrisy!

There are a number of other crutches too numerous to mention. Some have *nervous* crutches, and are able to stand any thing else but the sermon and the congregation of God's house on Sunday. Some can't stand the style of the preacher, the singing, or the folks, and they hobble on the crutch of *taste.* Others find fault with the character of some of their brethren, cannot commune with them, and can't go where they are, and they hobble upon the *fellowship* crutch, as mean as those they condemn. Some object to this or that *doctrine*, and they are hobbling around you all the while on the crutch of some other denomination,

while, indeed, they would not be satisfied or worth any thing anywhere. The devil has made a pair of crutches for every Christian, so called, who wants to halt and hobble, and unfortunately there are thousands of patrons who support this part of the devil's business. All I can say is, God have mercy upon the crutch-finders and the crotchet-hunters! I fear that hell will be full of such people going directly from the Churches upon crutches. You can never cure one in a hundred of the crutch disease. Prejudice, pride, selfish preference—these three evil principles lie at the bottom of this sin; and these principles, once set in the heart, are well-nigh incurable and ineradicable. Laziness, too, is a mighty factor in the making of religious crutches. After all, a Church is very much like a drove of mules—some active, and always ahead; some conservative, and always in the middle; and some lazy, hobbling and lingering in the rear, falling out at last and left behind. Many start well, but fall by the way, often offended and halting upon crutches, to be left and lost in the end. So it was with Israel on the way to Canaan. Only two of the old stock above twenty years ever reached the happy land, and so with our Churches—many will be left and lost who started apparently well on the way. Alas!



CROOK AND CRANK.

THE CROOK AND THE CRANK.

In this sketch we have two pictures which illustrate, as near as imagination can get it, two characters common in almost every community.

I. Observe the Crook.

He is a wiry, circular, eely, oily, snaky-looking fellow, with a sharp, sinister face, a keen, piercing eye which looks you under, sidewise, or straight, as he looks characteristic or assumes an honest appearance. All his motions and attitudes are circular and roundabout, and he is a most perfect illustration of the serpent in human form.

The term "crook" is usually applied at police headquarters to bad men and women living under cover, spotted as criminals of some character, and under the surveillance of the law. They are thieves, burglars, confidence-men, pickpockets, shop-lifters, and the like; and they either work in gangs, with "pals," or alone, as the case may be. Some of them are very low and degraded characters, while others assume the shape of gentlemen and ladies. The professional beggar, often very wretched-looking, sometimes well dressed, always schooled to a hypocritical and obsequious air of want and suffering, might come under this head, though not technically so called.

This covers the general definition of the crook; but I want to extend the definition to a larger and more respectable class of individuals not so called. The thief and the house-breaker and the gambler are not always the most dangerously crooked people in the world. They are only the midnight wolves who prowl about the confines of society, seldom coming in contact with the better circles of mankind. The eye of the police is upon them, and it is under the greatest difficulty that they can do us any harm. Even then, they only hurt our pocket-books or our property. Let us look at some of the worst of all the crooks who infest and damage society.

1. There is the "*cornerer*," the respectable gambler in stocks and bonds, the "futures" speculator in the necessities of life, creating exorbitant and fictitious prices upon food and raiment, robbing the producer and oppressing the consumer. "Old Hutch" and a thousand others like him are among the worst enemies of the poor, the demoralizers of business and society; and their ability and respectability, coupled with their piles of gold, sinning with impunity and immunity, enables them to crush all moral opposition and to set at defiance all law and sentiment.

2. Look at our trusts and monopolies. They pit themselves against all competition at home, and cry for "protection" against all competition abroad. The big fish eat up the little ones, our smaller men and enterprises are driven to the wall, the few get rich and the many get poor all the faster, and the laboring classes are held to perpetual poverty, ignorance, and violence. Politics and legislation are everywhere corrupted and controlled by the "rings," and we have reached an age when politics and governmental ad-

ministration are dominated by the "almighty dollar," with their head-quarters in the saloon. The "whisky ring" is a stupendous circular crook which winds its anaconda folds around the life of our nation. The bar-room is well-nigh the master of this country, and both our great national parties are at the mercy of this ring, which girds a planet with a belt of blackness. Crookedness, crookedness!

3. Observe the respectable crook in ordinary business. How many thieves and pickpockets, cheaters and swindlers, oppressors of the poor, and deceivers of the world shine in the club-room, the drawing-room, and the front pew! Men become millionaires by grinding the laborer, and yet sing psalms on Sunday. Others deal in false weights, short measures, and adulterated merchandise, employ every trick of trade, accumulate fortunes by deception and sharp driving, and by reason of a big safe and a heavy purse pass for honest men and good Church-members. They spend a life of crookedness in business, and their pastor sends them to heaven at the funeral.

4. Observe the seducer, called the "masher." He ensconces himself in your parlor to have "fun," as he terms it, with your daughters, and by all his wily, snaky arts he wins the confidence and love of some silly girl, and erelong the once spotless dove is soiled and ruined. We often denounce the ball-room, the theater, the bar-room, and other recruiting shops of the devil. They do deceive and mislead thousands of the young; but the *unguarded* parlor is the most dangerous place in the world. Next comes the moonlight ride, the lawn party, the fishing spree, the huckleberry-hunt, and the like. It is here in these secret places that the citadel of the female heart is oftenest assault-

ed, and, being improperly strengthened and fortified by parental indulgence and training, undue familiarity opens the way of the seductive crook into the stronghold of virtue and purity. He is not always and altogether to blame. The customs of society allow him the privilege of the "arm clutch," the "round dance," the lustful kiss, the squeeze of the hand; and not unfrequently some of the belles claim to be "lemons" only to be "squeezed." The chastity of thousands of our girls is tainted thus, and nothing but *fear* stands between them and ruin. Nevertheless, the blackest fiend out of hell is the seducer. The penitentiary is paradise for him. The neck-tie of the gibbet best becomes his serpentine villainy.

5. Then there is the clerical crook—quite a number of them, of all shades, shadows, and shines. He "creeps into houses and leads captive silly women laden with sins, led away of divers lusts;" and about the best evidence of his presence is the manifest admiration and infatuation of the ladies in any given Church or community. He is smothered with compliments, flowers, presents, and, sometimes, kisses. He is called "sweet," "grand," "eloquent," "splendid," "killing," and the fine fellow swells and struts and smiles and flatters and fondles in return. His sermons are all popular and broad, and he fairly floats upon the perfumed breeze of adulation. His people weep for sentiment, but never for sin; "Jesus is never seen nor heard for the man. In the very nature of things, unguarded by the grace of God, the best preacher is sometimes made a clerical crook.

The clerical crook is sometimes a ministerial tramp, going about playing the game of confidence, working his brethren, imposing upon their hospitality, getting

their money under false pretenses, seeking places of honor abroad with a bad odor at home. Churches are often deluded and torn up by these humbugs. Even the sheep follow these crooks with the Master's crook in their hands and letters of recommendation in their pockets; and the poor, simple fools often only find out their folly when it is too late. Not unfrequently they run off the old pastor to put a serpentine crook in their bosoms. They always get bit in the end.

We might speak of many other classes of crooks, but we will spare the lesser fry. There are crooked deacons, crooked treasurers, crooked members, male and female, in many of our Churches. Crooks abound everywhere, and we are not to go to police head-quarters alone to find them. Beware of the crooks, and the best way to beware is to look into your own bosom and see if there is not a crook there.

II. Observe the Crank.

This is a common *genus homo*, especially in these latter days. I suppose crooks have always existed, and so have cranks. Timon of Athens, Antisthenes and Diogenes were cranks, and no doubt Æsop and Socrates were considered cranks. There was a crook among the twelve apostles (Judas), and Peter sometimes seemed a little cranky.

But what is meant by a crank? This character is somewhat varied in its peculiarities, and he is harder to define than the crook; but we may say of him that he is a man of angles, not crooks, as you see in the illustration. He is an "Angular Saxon," and my observation is that he generally belongs to the Saxon family. The crank is usually an honest, straightforward, though salient and original character. He is not morally mean, and he may be a good Christian as

well as an unconverted sinner, intelligent as well as ignorant, learned as well as illiterate. Some of the most intellectual and lofty spirits have been the worst of cranks. The great difficulty we meet in the crank is that he is at right angles, and sometimes acute angles, with everybody and every thing except himself and his notions. He often rides a hobby, and if so, he is in salient opposition to everybody and every thing which cannot straddle his little horse. He will not be satisfied, either, until he can get you upon his wooden pet; and he will spend a life-time of energy and zeal in pressing upon you the importance of his hobby, absolutely the most important of all important things.

Whether he rides a hobby or not, he is always peculiar, and peculiarly distinguished from all other men. He seldom agrees with you at any point in the consideration of things common among men, and he is often so peculiar that he will change his mind and shift his position if he finds that you agree with him. Even in a multitude of counsel upon the most difficult subject he will bolt the convention, and if he were to call a convention of his own and of himself alone, so to speak, he would dissent at last from his own decisions.

More than this, the crank is seldom, if ever, practical, although sometimes his inventive and discovering genius goes ahead of the world and of the day in which he lives. All men who have lived ahead of their fellows in their times have been considered fools and cranks; but this does not imply that they were such. Our greatest originators and creators were held and persecuted as cranks and fanatics until the world caught up with them; and then, like the Jews

lid their slain prophets, they build monuments to them. Bunyan was no doubt considered a crank as well as a heretic in his day, but recently England put his statue in Westminster Abbey. All such cranks as Columbus, Washington, Harvey, Galileo, and Luther have turned the world forward for centuries upon its great centennial axis. So of Morse and Fulton and Stephenson and Eads and a host of others.

Besides impracticability in the genuine crank, he is often and truly a fanatic—irrational, incorrigible, and unimpressible. In the great bundle of his peculiarities he sometimes has something good, but with impracticable fanaticism he carries his ideas to extremes and fails to reach the conservative co-operation of mankind in order to carry them out. Even when a man is a crank upon something true and good he kills his influence by his persistent hobbyism and his offensive idiosyncrasy. Every thing runs into the groove of his own idea, the importance of which dwindles every thing else into absolute insignificance; and, with an utter disregard for the opinions of all mankind besides, the crank soon becomes, even in the good and the true, an insufferable bore.

One-idead men have done the world, in some instances, its greatest good; but, to be successful, they put their one idea in harmony with all other ideas about them. They were practical with their peculiarity, and they were neither hobbyists nor fanatics They had common sense as well as singular genius, and, whatever their persistent enthusiasm, they pressed nothing out of joint. They bowed at the feet of learning and excellence, and they only implored the forces of wealth and ability to consider their claims. They were not George Francis Trains, nor were they

anarchists, anti-poverty fanatics, and all-the-world panacea propagandists of our day. They were common-sense geniuses who knew that they had something good for the world, and with wisdom and fortitude, suffering opposition and persecution, they waited and worked until they succeeded.

Henry George, Father McGlynn, Justin D. Fulton, Frances Willard, and others are considered cranks upon a grand scale, urging great but impractical ideas; but it may be that they are but great revolutionizers of thought and of society. They may turn out ahead of their age. Let us not always judge too harshly of those *considered* cranks, remembering how often the world has persecuted its greatest benefactors. The Pharisees considered Christ a crank, but he has revolutionized the world, and the once cruel cross has become the ensign of the world's glory. Best of all, let us examine ourselves and see if there is not a crank within, knowing that most men have something peculiar. There are but few straight trees in the forest. Most of them are crooked or gnarled or knotty or cranky.

(368)

SHIMEI THROWING STONES.

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SHIMEI THROWING STONES.

ONE of the most pitiable scenes in history was that of David and his friends fleeing from Jerusalem and from the threatened destruction by his own son, Absalom. This promised to be the great disaster of his life, and he went out of the city and over the slope of Mount Olivet barefoot, covered with sackcloth, weeping as he went up, and all the people, with heads covered and eyes weeping, followed him. The only hope David seemed to have was that God would "turn the counsel of Ahithophel," his chief counselor, "into foolishness," for, as an arch-conspirator, he would be Absalom's chief adviser. Quite a number of leading friends joined the king on the way, but he sent back such men as Hushai, and Zadok and Abiathar the priests, to counteract the conspiracy and keep him informed of Absalom's movements, while he himself moved on with his little army and the people. A little beyond Mount Olivet, Ziba, the servant of Mephibosheth, came to him with a couple of asses loaded with bread, raisins, wine, and fruits, and so in his great and bitter misfortune he had some consolation and encouragement at the hands of distinguished friends, while the mass of the people, led by the sons of Zeruiah, Joab and Abishai, stood by him, but not

gathered in sufficient numbers as yet to resist the rebellion of Absalom.

David had just reached Bahurim in his flight when there "came out a man of the family of Saul's house named Shimei, the son of Gera." The general scene of sympathy changed, and, instead of condoling with the king and wishing him success in the end, this man walked along on the hill-side and cursed the king in his grief and misfortune. More than this, he cast stones at David and at his retinue of servants and followers; being, no doubt, in a safe place, high up on the hill-side, where the compliment of replying stones could not be well returned, and knowing that David was in a hurry. How Shimei cursed and threw stones and cast dust! He called the King a "bloody man," and a "man of Belial," the devil; and he charged him with usurping Saul's crown, and denounced upon him the curse of Absalom as a just retribution for the destruction of Saul's house. "Behold, thou art taken in thy mischief, because thou art a bloody man," he said; and how long he continued to curse, to cast dust, and to stone David and his friends we do not know.

The sons of Zeruiah proposed to go and take off the head of this "dead dog" of Saul's house; but David was a great-hearted man in his sorrow and misfortune, as well as in joy and prosperity, and he had no time to stop to kill fleas. "Let him curse," said David, "because the Lord hath said unto him, Curse David." If God sends this grievous episode on the way, then we must submit, was David's idea, and then he turned to the hopeful side of his case, and remarked to his friends: "It may be that the Lord will look on mine affliction, and that the Lord will re-

quite me good for his cursing this day." David argued that his own son was seeking his life, and how much more might Shimei curse and stone and cast dust at him! He philosophically took the whole matter as a designing providence, and left the solution of its mystery to the future; and in his magnanimity he forgave Shimei when he returned victorious over his son, Absalom, back to Jerusalem. Submission to God's will in misfortune; magnanimous clemency to his enemies in victory! This was great-hearted and lofty-minded David, and he would have spared Absalom, the arch-traitor, above all, if he could.

But the most pusillanimous creature in the whole lot of David's enemies and persecutors on this occasion was Shimei. His conduct was the very baseness of all cowardice and meanness, and the apparently brave bully—casting dust, cursing, and throwing stones when he thought he was safe—became the abject and obsequious dog at the feet of David when he returned victorious from the bloody field of Ephraim wood. So it always is with the coward and the vile enemy who will take the advantage of your misfortunes to insult and injure you, and at the same time to seek their own ascendency over you. It must have been a well-known fact that God had deposed Saul and his house and had exalted David to the throne and scepter of Israel, and David had been exceedingly kind to Saul and his family, although Saul, in his life-time, had sought every means which jealousy and envy could invent to destroy David. Even when Saul and Jonathan fell on Gilboa's gory heights, slain by their own hands, David gave vent in the noblest strain of magnanimity ever written, to the grief and appreciation of his own heart; and yet

Shimei and Saul's descendants, like Saul himself, still cherished the spirit of malice and revenge toward "the man after God's own heart."

Green-eyed envy, base-minded littleness, vile-hearted cowardice, in man are always as blind to God's purposes and providence as to the moral sublimity and nobility of superior character; and neither the judgments of God nor the condescension and favor of human generosity can transform cowardice and pusillanimity into manhood and honor. These qualities in human nature are always at war with every thing good and lofty above them, and when misfortune or affliction come to the objects of their envy or revenge, they are always on hand to insult and injure. There is sometimes no cure for them except to kill them. David had been kind to Shimei and his kindred. He forgave him his wrong perpetrated at Bahurim, but Shimei would have repeated his low drama of baseness and cowardice the next day, if the opportunity had been afforded. Shimei was the character personated to whom Shakespeare spoke when he said:

> You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
> Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard.

Honest people are often cowardly, but to add baseness and villainy to cowardice makes the vilest creature that God ever permitted to live.

Here we learn an important, though sad lesson, and it is valuable, especially to the young, to learn it, in order not to be surprised in life. Your enemies will fight you as you rise to position and prosperity. They may subside and become silent when you have triumphed over your struggles for honor, fame, or wealth; but when misfortune comes the Shimeis will

be on hand to curse you, to cast dust, and to throw stones, especially if you have ever had any conflict with them. They cannot keep an honest and energetic man from rising, for they are the breeze against the kite which may enable it to fly. They cannot hurt you when you are on top of earth's favor and glory; but when you once fall, they often sting you with the keenest arrows of chagrin and sorrow, especially if they think you have any likelihood of rising up again.

Always be sure, in your efforts to succeed in life, that you do no man wrong; make no enemy justly, for then in misfortune your Shimei could pierce you through with many arrows which would sting your conscience as well as your pride; but be sure that if you have lived a positive and aggressive life for good or greatness; if you have risen by battling down the elements against all positive development, and then fail or fall, you will have your Shimeis at best and anyhow. It will be something precious then to feel the grand and magnanimous indifference and relief of David, who could say: "Let him curse, let him throw stones, let him kick up his dust; he cannot hurt me." You can then leave your Shimeis to God, and, as best you can, leave yourself and misfortunes to the same God who brought off David more than conqueror. A man in misfortune, cursed and stoned by the Shimeis, and without the help of God, can find his only relief—and that earthly and unsatisfying—in stoical indifference to pain as to pleasure. But the miseries of David were turned into joy, and the insults of his enemies recoiled upon their own heads, because God was with him. He acted Christlike on this occasion, and in fact in all this misfort-

une he seemed a type of Christ. Say what you will, Christ teaches the only remedy for the cure of evil and for the conquest of enmity and meanness. Forgive your enemies; do good to them that despitefully use you; bless for cursing, and you will heap coals of fire upon the heads of those who would injure you. Of course the application of this principle relates to personal injuries. While David spared and forgave Shimei, he pitched his armies against Absalom, the enemy of his country; and while his own son was slain, his merely personal enemy was allowed to live, and to live ashamed and abashed in the light and in the sight of his base ingratitude. A true and valiant man would have rather died. Ahithophel went and hanged himself. In all matters of governmental or official or disciplinary duty the matter of magnanimous forbearance and forgiveness depends upon conditions and circumstances; but in personal matters Christ alone teaches us how to conquer enmity and, if possible, turn our enemies into friends.

Love is the only true and invincible ruler of mankind, and love never was vanquished nor hurt by the exercise of forgiveness and magnanimity, as the whole life of David demonstrated—save where in official relations and duties he allowed his affections to be betrayed into a false indulgence. We may always look out for the Shimeis in misfortune; but in trusting God and showing forbearance and kindness, we have the surest promise and outcome of victory over our misfortunes and foes as well. No man ever failed here, or ever will fail, every thing else being equal. Earth nor hell can hunt a good man down, if he will trust God in love, and do good for evil.

Especially can a man always afford to be magnani-

mous with his foes when he is triumphant. Joab and Abishai wanted to kill Shimei still, after they had returned, for cursing the Lord's anointed. David replied: "Shall there a man be put to death this day in Israel? for do not I know that I am this day king over all Israel?" So he turned to Shimei and said: "Thou shalt not die." And the king sware unto him. An offended and jealous tyrant would have slain the miscreant, but the great-hearted David could afford to be generous to his meanest enemy, especially when no danger to the State was involved. What a lesson for statesmen to learn! and what a lesson for all men to consider! Under all circumstances we must love and forgive our enemies at heart, and whatever be our personal or official relationships, it pays to be generous to a fallen foe, if safety will permit it.

A blot will ever remain upon the escutcheon of England for her treatment of the great Napoleon who cast himself upon her mercy and magnanimity. She could, at least, have placed him upon some spot of earth, in some place of confinement, below or above a tropical sun, where he might have enjoyed the blessing of health, and have lived and died in the smiles of a generous and agreeable nature. Saint Helena—the crater of an extinguished volcano—sweltering under an equatorial sun, hung with deadly mists, somber with the everlasting gloom of barrenness, and torn with the terrors of the perpetual tornado! Magnanimity to a fallen and submissive foe! My young friends, always be forgiving, generous, and kind to your enemies—to your Shimeis; and when it is possible, give them your hand and restore them to your confidence. Especially do this if they repent and confess their wrong, as Shimei did—al-

though I have no confidence in David's Shimei, and perhaps he had none. It is human, and barely human, to act the part of a Shimei; but it is divine, it is Christ-like, to act the part of David.

Don't forget it, however, Shimei will throw stones, curse, and kick up a dust. The most insignificant puppet can insult and hurt you when you are down. When the old lion in Æsop's fable became decrepit and was about to die he realized this. The other beasts, like the bull and the boar, came and gored and tusked him in his helplessness. He could bear the ignominious insults and injuries received at the hands of what he considered his *noble* enemies, but when the "ass" came and kicked him or kicked at him, when "the disgrace of nature" scorned him in the hour of his misfortune, this was the keenest cut and the deepest mortification to his pride. Among the Shimeis will be the ass and the dog, the meanest and the lowest of the animal family; and in misfortune we must never be surprised at indignity from the basest and vilest of mankind. So David felt, no doubt as to *his* pusillanimous Shimei.

(378)

FAST YOUNG MAN TREED.

FAST YOUNG MAN TREED

ABSALOM had a fine head of hair—whether blonde or black or auburn I do not know; and it must have been one of his chief personal attractions. Being very luxuriant and heavy in its growth, he "polled" or cropped it every year, and the weight of the cropping amounted to "two hundred shekels after the king's weight," equal to eight pounds Troy weight, according to the Hebrew tables. Perhaps the "king's weight" was something less, but at all events Absasom carried a remarkable head of hair, so much so that the divine record sees fit to mention the fact. Perhaps he ornamented it with jewels and made it glisten with unguents, after the fashion of his day; and its beauty must have corresponded with its weight and exuberance, the charm of the women and the wonder of the men.

To what extent this head of hair was a matter of vanity to Absalom himself we have no means of knowing, and we can only infer that it was by its reference in the record to other things. We know that occasionally we see men wearing long, heavy heads of hair, and nobody ever saw such a man that was not a creature of great vanity. Most men clip or poll their hair very closely, and perhaps Absalom did for aught we

know, as he cut off eight pounds of it every year; but it must have grown to considerable length and must have been displayed to great advantage. Some of these long-haired dudes never clip their locks at all, at least not for years.

There was another remarkable feature in Absalom's personal make-up. There was not "in all Israel" one "to be so much praised for his beauty." It is said by the divine record that "from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head there was not a blemish in him." He was the perfect model of beautiful manhood, faultless in feature, symmetrical in figure, and blameless in stature and style. He could neither be added to nor taken from in the proportion and make-up of his *physique*, and Nature had about exhausted herself in beautifying and endowing this young man. No doubt his personal appearance was also a matter of vanity, without any vexation of spirit.

He was just the fellow to pose himself on the street-corner; and, with the air and assumption of his physical excellence, he would stand and enjoy the admiration and gaze of the passers-by, thousands of whom, both male and female, are perfectly infatuated with physical and fascinating beauty. As he walked the streets or rode upon the thoroughfares of Jerusalem he was the subject of universal remark, naturally an object of attraction and the subject of flattery and adulation; and we may just imagine how his ears pricked up at the buzz of applause, and how his heart swelled with the conception of his personal importance. He was inflated well-nigh to bursting with his bigness, all the result of the self-conscious pride of his own personal splendor and of the praise and admiration of the people constantly heaped upon him.

With all this, however, Absalom was not a fool. He was a young man of a high-toned sense of personal and family honor, and he never rested until he had killed Amnon for the ruin of his sister Tamar. He was a man who could keep his tongue and his counsel, and, if he cherished revenge as in the case above, he had the patience and the unforgiving perseverance of the Indian to wait and accomplish his purpose effectually. More than this, he was ambitious, and, like Napoleon, he did not scruple at any measure to reach an end. Commensurate with his ambition he possessed a bold and fearless spirit, a strong and well-balanced judgment, a determined and unwavering will; and he worked systematically and cautiously to carry out his plans. He was a Cæsar in genius, with all his personal vanity, and, unlike most empty-headed and vain people who become lost in their own personal attractions, Absalom utilized his fascinating beauty and power for his purposes.

He was as perfect a demagogue as ever lived, and with his charms of magnetism and splendor he stole the hearts of the people, "stole the hearts of the *men* of Israel." After his return from exile, and after his restoration to his father's confidence and favor through the instrumentality of Joab, pretending sorrow and repentance for the murder of his brother, he went deliberately to the work of undermining his father's power and of usurping his throne. He rode the streets in chariots, followed by retinues of sympathizers, while his father rode a mule; he met the disaffected and kissed them, expressing his great sorrow that the government of his father could not give justice to the people nor foster the dignity of Israel; and he was continually exclaiming: "O that I were made judge of the land

that every man that hath a suit or cause might come to me, and I would do him justice!"

It was thus that this artful and able young genius worked until he had Israel ripe for rebellion and revolution. To this end he secretly sent spies throughout the kingdom. A trumpet was to be blown upon a certain day, and all Israel was to proclaim Absalom king; and when the day came, by permission of his father, he went to Hebron under the pretense of offering sacrifice; and here, with the counsel of Ahithophel, the rebellion and revolution were organized. So secret was the work that David knew nothing of it, nor did those who accompanied Absalom from Jerusalem, and had it not been for hasty messengers to David, Absalom would have surprised him in his own palace.

David fled with his friends and his little army to Mahanaim, across the Jordan, and had God not confounded the counsel of Ahithophel, through the advice of Hushai and the strategy of David, Absalom would probably have followed his father and defeated him before he could have organized his forces for battle. The battle of the wood of Ephraim was subsequently fought, and the forces of Absalom were defeated and routed with great slaughter. Absalom was caught by the head, and no doubt his hair helped to entangle him in the branches of a great oak, and here Joab found him and killed him. A pile of stones was heaped upon his dead body; and this was the fit monument erected to his filial ingratitude and rebellion.

He died the infamous traitor of his country, and the name of Absalom will go down with those of Benedict Arnold and the like to the disgrace of their history forever. Such men cannot succeed in the end;

and however grand and noble in blood or position, however fair the prospects and promises of success, they will go down under the doom of failure and under the characteristic fact that the way of the transgressor is hard. What abilities and possibilities were those of which Absalom was possessed! How grea and glorious would religion and virtue have mad such a young man! He turned all his powers and charms to treason and villainy, and he went suddenly and without remedy to everlasting as well as temporal destruction.

In conclusion, let us draw a few lessons from the history of this young man—this fast young man at last treed and slain like a wild beast of the forest and consigned to infamy and despair.

1. It is a dangerous and deadly thing to be beautiful and not be good. Unconsecrated and wicked beauty is a snare of the devil, and it almost always becomes the victim of evil, or else the victimizer of innocence. It engenders pride and vanity, and it has turned the great head and created the bad heart of many an Absalom before and since. A "pretty man" is seldom, if ever, of any account; and if he have abilities, he but too often turns them to bad account. It is dangerous for even a woman to be beautiful, and it may be set down as a rule that manly beauty almost always carries with it a fatal charm. Most of the greatness and goodness of this world have been contained in rough and ugly caskets. Beautiful vases are seldom used for any thing but flowers. How far Absalom's beauty went to ruin him we have no means of knowing; but, from all the intimations, we may judge that his personal vanity created the fatal Nemesis of destruction which swept before his fall.

2. We imagine from the record that Absalom was also a spoiled young man. His father loved him with an overweening affection, and he evidently indulged him without watching his course to every desire of his fancy and of his vanity. He killed his brother, he burned Joab's corn-field, he betrayed his father—all in the face of parental love and forgiveness; and it would seem that he had been left, like many other boys, to indulge his passions and his temper, to have his own way and pursue his own course, unchecked by parental or legal authority all his life. He was his father's pet and favorite, and the old king's last lament goes to show that, in spite of all Absalom's faults and crimes, he loved this boy above the good and welfare of his kingdom and his country. Such training and indulgence would ruin any boy, more especially a boy of such fascinating beauty and vicious tendencies as Absalom possessed. Parents, look out for your boys; boys, look out for yourselves.

3. Absalom's great sin was filial ingratitude, and the child which does not honor its parents shall not live honorably or long upon this earth. Impetuous, violent, insolent, proud, ambitious, treacherous, unscrupulous, this young man grew in wickedness and rebellion until he could lay his hand upon his father's crown and take his father's life; and this is but the common end of filial ingratitude or disobedience, when it has sufficiently developed, with favorable opportunities and temptations, in every case of disaster and fatal termination to young life in every generation.

How many children actually kill their parents, or kill somebody else, or otherwise close their lives in some fatal tragedy! and who can tell how much and how many of these misfortunes and miseries of young

life are traceable to parental indulgence on one side, or to filial ingratitude on the other? David's last great mistake with Absalom was the forgiveness and restoration of his son to confidence and public favor, after his return from the exile of Geshur. He forgave Absalom without repentance, though he pretended it; and he then trusted him without watching his conduct. Forgiveness and restoration, without repentance and reformation, would ruin both earth and heaven and turn loose bad men and devils, and such clemency would be criminal and unmerciful to the good of heaven and earth. Absalom played the hypocrite, and took advantage of his father's unwary ignorance and innocence, and his fatal end soon culminated in the just retribution of his diabolical ingratitude.

The end of Absalom is sad, especially when we reflect upon what that young man "might have been;" and the saddest wail which ever went up from a broken heart was that of David at Mahanaim when he learned of his boy's death: "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" He knew that his bad boy, impenitent and unbelieving and ungrateful to the last, was not only dead, but *lost!* He knew, too, that his own training and indulgence had been such as to be somewhat the cause of his final disaster; and nothing can be more torturing to a parental heart than to feel that it has a boy in hell with a sense of responsibility for his being there. God save us all from David's last lament over a lost boy! and may God save your boys from Absalom's fatal end, his everlasting ruin!

HOUSE ON A ROCK.

ANCIENT cities and houses were generally built upon high places, and especially in cities they sought some high eminence for the citadel, as at Rome, and as the Acropolis and the Acrocorinthus at Athens and Corinth. These places, however, were chosen rather for defense than for foundations; but in Matthew vii. 24–27 we find a sort of parabolic illustration of the pictorial idea before us. It reads as follows, from the lips of Jesus: "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it."

The reason for the fall, of course, is implied in the fact that it was built upon the sand. It could not stand against the floods, built down in the sandy valley, where foolishly some built their houses in ancient times, just as they do to-day. The house built upon

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THE HOUSE ON A ROCK.

the rocky summit or hill-side could never be affected by the flood, however severely the winds might blow or the rains fall or the storm beat upon it. Hence the wise man builds his house upon a rock, far above the flood-tide; and it is only the foolish man who, when he could help it, would build in the sandy gorge or upon the overflowing valley.

We have seen a recent illustration of this truth in the terrible disaster of Johnstown and other localities swept by the awful floods of 1889. The breaking of a great dam above the city carried off hundreds of houses, destroyed three thousand lives, and eighteen million dollars' worth of property. Every thing in the valley was devastated, while the buildings on the hills were untouched and not a life lost. So at Johnstown, N. Y., more recently—a strange coincidence of two cities having the same name, damaged alike by floods in the same season—and so of Xenia, Ohio, a year or two ago.

Often, in this country and in others, many people are compelled in our cities to build in the valleys and hollows and along the river-banks, but they have to risk the flood, however unwise and precarious the situation, by necessity. No wise man, however, where he was not forced by circumstances to locate, would build his house in the sandy valley, or in the creek or river bottom, when he might know that sooner or later he would be swept away by the flood. The fool alone would be guilty of such a folly; and yet there are thousands of just such fools in the world.

A certain village located at the foot of Vesuvius has been destroyed fourteen times, and yet successive generations continue to repeat the folly and risk the destruction which will some time certainly follow, un

less old Vesuvius has exhausted her fiery bowels of wrath—not of compassion. There is a village in the Alps located under a huge precipice of hanging rock, and this great rock has been leaning farther and farther toward the village for years; and yet these villagers live and eat and work and sleep as comfortably beneath their impending doom as if that terrible bowlder would never fall. Just so fools build and fools live under the threatening doom of that Rock, every day, against which to stumble they shall be broken to pieces, and which to fall upon them shall grind them into powder.

The wise man builds his house upon some elevated place; digs deep and gets a good foundation, and if he cannot find a rock, he puts a rock beneath his edifice, for a basal support. This is the figure of the man who (1) *hears* the words of Jesus aright, and (2) *does* them according to his hearing. It is one thing to hear them, another thing to hear and heed them with a good understanding; and it is quite another and a better thing to do them. There are a multitude of "way-side" hearers, a large number of "stony-ground" and "thorny-ground" heeders, but there are but few "good-ground" believers and doers according to the word and the will of God. These latter alone bring forth fruit to perfection—some thirty, some sixty, some a hundred fold, according to capacity and opportunity—and these alone are the wise and well-to-do hearers and doers of the word of God. These alone will be saved by grace at last and rewarded for their works; for these alone have the wise, the "understanding," the "honest," the "good" heart of that wonderful parable of the sower. These not only sow in the common soil of the human heart,

as the others do, but all the conditions of good sowing are added. The stones are piled out of the way, the thorns are plucked up, the fallow ground is broken by the Holy Spirit, and the soil is penetrated, without obstacle, by the seeds of eternal truth and divine life. These go down to bed-rock upon which to build, and their edifice is erected upon the solid foundation of Christ, the Rock of Ages—"the Rock that is higher than I" and deeper than earth.

It is not a surface and sandy foundation, and the work erected thereupon is not an unsubstantial air-castle, so often built in delusion upon the illusive and false foundation of mere religious fancy. The true hearer and doer of God's word is a solid builder upon a solid foundation, recognizing that there is no other name but Christ under heaven, given among men, whereby we can be saved—no other foundation which we can lay than that already laid, which is Christ. Mohammed, Confucius, Buddha, will not do for foundations; the law of Moses and the philosophy of Socrates will not do for saving creeds; the systems of Joseph Smith, Swedenborg, Sandeman, and others will not do for guides to eternal life.

> How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
> Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!

I always love to sing that splendid hymn, written by Edward Mote:

> My hope is built on nothing less
> Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.

On the other hand, the foolish builder erects his house upon the sand. He is a hearer of God's word, but he is a *doer not.* If he believes Christ, he takes him as a formal and theoretical Saviour; and in his

so-called belief of the truth he puts the sacraments before the blood of Christ and in order to the grace of God. The minister, the ordinance, the Church, are his saviors at last; and Jesus Christ is only a Mediator through the *im*mediators of human tradition and superstition thrust between God and the faith of the immortal soul. This is putting the signs of salvation before the salvation itself, and stopping, necessarily, at the sign—just as a man gets to a sign-board five miles from town, imagining that the sign-board is the town; and this is building on the sand, and not on the Rock, even in Christianity. These hear the word and do it *not* in God's way, nor according to God's will; and salvation by Christ must be immediately through faith in Christ, the building afterward and upon Christ. The blinded ritualist or formalist proposes to build before he gets to Christ, and this is building on the sandiest foundation of the most illusive delusion.

The rationalist builds upon an airy Christ and pays no attention to forms and ceremonies. The ritualist believes too much, the rationalist too little; and either might as well not believe at all; for proving too much is the same as proving too little, and going too far is the same as coming short. The poor rationalist hears God's word, knows of Christ, but he transforms him into a good man, a model and perfect character, an infallible teacher appointed of God, and salvation is without the atonement of blood and without the direct aid of the Holy Spirit. A man saves himself, under this system and model of a perfect pattern, by ethical culture; and this is but another sandy foundation upon which thousands build their hopes of eternal life. They are hearers, but do

ers *not* of the truth; and their house, like that of the ritualist, will fall in the flood of the great day, and great will be the fall of it, for it is apparently a very substantial and beautiful building. It looks grand to human eyes, but it is an air-castle in God's sight, and it has nothing but a quicksand foundation.

There are quite a number of others building on the sand who hear and do not the word of God. A dying Mason said recently, when asked about his soul: "It is all well with me; there is nothing too good in the gift of God for a good Mason." So speak thousands of Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Honor, moralists, Pharisees, and the like. They know of Jesus, that he died to save sinners, that he came to save the lost, that his word proves *all* to *be* lost; but these men find no need for a Redeemer, a Mediator, a Daysman, to stand between them and God.

Their good works, their moral characters, their fancied goodness, stand as Mediator and Saviour. No, indeed; they do not need salvation by grace. They are not lost at all. Heaven belongs to them of right. God is under obligations to *them;* and if they have ever done wrong, they keep a debit and credit account with the great God, in which their good deeds overbalance their bad deeds. This makes Jesus Christ unnecessary for them; and if he died for any body, he did not die for them. They know and recognize him as a Saviour, perhaps, for drunkards and blackguards; good for women and children too, but not worth a cent to a good Mason, Odd Fellow, moralist, or Pharisee. They never need even to pray, except to thank God and congratulate themselves that they are not as bad as other men, and that such good men as themselves are in the world

and will people heaven in company with the angels! The Bible is an old curiosity-shop to them, prayer and preaching and Churches are good moral institutions, but they need no Jesus as a Saviour and Redeemer. All this is building on the sinking sand; and of all the men who will go down darkest and deepest beneath the overwhelming flood of the last great day, it will be this self-deceived class of people. They build to themselves pretty houses, but they have no foundation; and in the day of judgment we shall want a foundation rather than the building erected upon it.

The wise man's house may not be so beautiful and unique, but its foundation will stand. He will be upon a Rock. He may have put some "wood, hay, stubble" into his building, the loss of which he will suffer by the fire—yea, he himself may be "saved so as by fire;" but he shall be saved, nevertheless, because his foundation shall stand. The foolish man may put some "gold, silver, precious stones," into his building—most excellent works within themselves; but even these he shall lose, because his building shall go with his false and unsubstantial foundation. Give me the good foundation and let my building be ever so humble and crude and worthless.

On what foundation do you build, neighbor,
Your hopes for the future fair?
Do your walls reach down to the rock below,
And rest securely there?

Alas! what folly 'tis to build, neighbor,
A mansion so fair, so grand,
With its costly walls and its lofty towers,
On sin's delusive sand!

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BIG I AND LITTLE YOU.

BIG "I" AND LITTLE "YOU."

BEFORE you is a picture which I think sufficiently suggests the subject for discussion. I need not stop to explain the illustration. We have all seen something of this character a thousand times in life—big "I" and little "you"—and if not sufficiently delineated and attitudinized, yet so apparent as to mean what our picture is intended to express. These big folks are looking down with contempt upon the little ones, and the little ones are looking up with mingled wonder and chagrin upon the big ones; and so it is and ever has been and will ever be until we reach the other world. There the picture in multitudes of instances will be changed, if not reversed, and in many an instance Dives will call for Lazarus, who used to lie, in poverty and full of sores, at the rich man's gate, feeding upon the rich man's crumbs and ministered to by the rich man's dogs. Whether in hell or heaven, however, nobody will have the big "I" or little "you," for, whatever the differences then, there will be too much of business on hand, whether of a happy or an unpleasant nature, to be looking at our distinction in weal or woe.

Not unfrequently we meet people on the street or in the social and collective gatherings of our fellow-

men who sway the lofty airs of self-importance and seem to imagine that the whole earth belongs to them, even in republican America; and they look down with sneering and snarling contempt upon every thing and everybody considered beneath their self-assumed dignity. We recognize repeatedly that some people have got the big "I" and the little "you," and "got it bad," if my polite and courteous friends will permit me to employ a little forcible and pungent slang—a thing I only do by permission, according to the demands of the subject which requires justice.

Of course there is a difference among men. All men are equal before God and in the light of liberty and law—at least, supposed to be—in this country. Intellectually, socially, and circumstantially, however, we all differ, as the trees, hills, and rivers differ, or as the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. We can't make all men wise and good alike, cultured and refined alike, rich and well circumstanced alike, high and honorable alike; and we have no right to force any man to choose his companions or partners in business or social relationships. Naturally "birds of a feather flock together." Learning and ignorance are not congenial, and so of wealth and poverty, refinement and boorishness, religion and iniquity, virtue and vice. Incongruities and opposites cannot be driven to the doctrine of social equality in the affairs and relationships of men Congeniality and the fitness of things constitute the fundamental law upon which all confidential and harmonious association among human beings or any other beings is based. Under no other condition could we be made to appreciate and enjoy each other's company on earth, in hell, or in heaven.

But while we are thus arbitrarily independent of

each other we are mutually and morally interdependent from every other stand-point in life, and no one human being can afford to look down upon another with contempt and disdain. We are to pity the fallen and lost even as Christ did, and so far as the circumstances or inherent differences among us are concerned we are ever to remember that it was God who made us to differ. Every man and woman, honest and upright, doing the best they can with what they have, is filling the sphere ordained of God; and whatever the differences between them and us, created by conditions and circumstances, we must feel that before God they are our equals in fidelity and merit. To whom much is given of him will much be required, and *vice versa*, and we shall find that for equal fidelity God will award equal honor, whatever the differences in gifts and talents. "Well done, good and faithful servant," will be the divine plaudit which will come to Mary, who did "what she could," as well as to Paul with his hundred talents utilized. God's lines of judgment, in this respect, cross all the lines of human decision, and our rules of reckoning and honor will have no weight at the judgment-seat of Christ.

We should remember that, upon this point of mutual and moral dependence, the man behind the plow-handles, "Paddy with his spade," the poor woman running the sewing-machine, the engineer and the fireman, the hod-carrier and the wood-cutter, are worth as much to society, business, government, education, and religion as the Governor, the Congressman, the preacher, the millionaire, and the gentleman and lady who live in stone fronts and ride in carriages driven by liveried flunkeys. Here and in the house of God "the rich and the poor meet together:

the Lord is the maker of them all." God did not make us all alike, nor in this world to occupy the same position; but according to his law of universal variety and diversity, threaded by the golden woof of unity and harmony, he has made us to differ, and yet to be dependent upon one another. The foot has no right to stump the toe, the hand no right to cut the finger, the eye to right to mock the lids, the nose no right to snub the lips, the lips no right to curl at the teeth. Every position or work in life is a trust from God, according to condition, and every man and woman, of whatever elevation, should look with a sense of profound honor and recognition upon the lowest man in the lowest calling doing his duty. The man or the woman below me who makes the bread I eat, the clothes I wear, the house I live in, the car I ride in, the street I walk on, is my best friend on earth. We are mutually dependent upon each other, and I should feel myself meaner than the brute to despise the boot-black who polishes my shoes, or to refuse recognition and courtesy to any honest and faithful human being in the humblest calling of this life.

More than this, we should remember that the whole world is akin, that the God who made us to differ is our common Father, and that Jesus Christ is our Elder Brother. This is especially true spiritually, and it is true naturally and in the flesh. For Christ's sake we are debtors to all the world "made of one blood," as the apostle spake of himself. To scorn one of my fellow-beings because of his lowly condition is to scorn God and Jesus Christ, especially so if I claim to be a Christian and profess to love God; and such a professor of the Christian religion is a hypocrite and a liar, according to the loving John. I tell you that the

gospel of divinity is a delusion held by the man who does not recognize and practice the gospel of humanity. It is this double gospel which creates the missionary and the evangelist and the philanthropist, and the grandest beings who ever lived were such men as Howard and Raikes and Judson, such women as Florence Nightingale. To such the hospital, the lazar-house, the heathen jungle, the poor children, the dens of vice and poverty, the hovels of misery have been welcome places, and such have reached the clearest and loftiest apprehension of divine and human relationships. Love is the genius of Christianity; those who have reached the loftiest heights and the deepest depths of this principle, however great in talent and position, have been the least and humblest at God's feet and at the feet of helpless and depraved humanity. Like their Master, they have washed the world's feet, and thus they have become the world's grand elevator, both in civilization and religion. They have remembered the pit from which God digged them, the rock from which he hewed them; and, recognizing our universal equality in sin, our common elevation to the salvation and glory of heaven, they have cast themselves at the feet of the lowly and lost millions in order to best honor God and best save the world. Such men and women have never known the big "I" and little "you" in any relationship of life.

But now let us be somewhat more explicit and illustrative. Let us classify a little and see something more tangibly put of those who have the big "I" disease, who look down upon those they think beneath them, and who scorn poverty, ignorance, and helplessness as execrable.

1. There is the intellectual pedant. He is a dab-

bler in learning, and has never learned what a fool he is in the light of wisdom. It is not every unlettered man who is a fool; for those who know how little they do know, and act with discretion and courtesy, are wise according to their degree of mind and culture. When the young man in college reaches "Sophomore" he generally "knows it all;" and I wish here to illustrate the difference between the pedant and the philosopher by a poetic application of mine to "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star:"

'Twas at the window stood the boy,
One beauteous, sparkling night;
His spirit glowed, enrapt with joy,
And filled with child's delight.
He viewed the skies bestud with gold,
In wild profusion laid,
And through the spangled dome of old
His childish fancy played.
He marked the gems of lustrous glow,
And fixed his pensive eyes,
And oft the mystic grandeur drew
The child's increased surprise:
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I *wonder* what you are!"

The boy had older grown to years,
With toils of studied lore,
Had mounted up through sweat and tears
From "Fresh" to "Sophomore."
He viewed again the sparkling dome,
Each star he knew by name;
And, wise above the ken of home,
His father put to shame.
About these wondrous orbs he knew
It all—their size and mold,
Their distance far, and people too,
Their composition told.
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Know *exactly* what you are!"

The boy had grown to manhood's prime,
To philosophic age,
Among the stars that brightest shine
An astronomic sage.
That sparkling dome he often swept
With telescopic eye,
To know it all he would have wept
With spectroscopic sigh.
He stood again at window old
As when the little boy,
And up the starry night and cold
He mused with childish joy;
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I WONDER what you are!"

So Webster felt when he graduated and, it is said, tore his diploma in two with the expression: "Gentlemen, you shall hear from me again." So Newton felt as like a little child picking up shells upon the shore, with the grand ocean of discovery still spread out before him. Great and wise men feel little, and know nothing of the "big head," the big "I" and little "you." The noble and learned man, unless wanting in common sense, is ever condescending and helpful to others. True wisdom is meek and lowly, the most simple and child-like thing in the world.

2. Notice the self-righteous swell. "I am holier than thou," and he is about as much affected with the big "I" disease as any other man in the universe. Witness the proud Pharisee and the poor publican in the temple. The one looked down with contempt and horror upon the other, thanked God that he did so much for good, and that he was not as other men were; while the other would not so much as lift his face to God, but smote upon his broken heart and said: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." The Pharisee thought God under obligations to him, and justified himself;

while the poor publican condemned himself, that he might be justified of God. Some of these "holiness" people, these perfectionists, show equal satisfaction with themselves, seem to feel that they are special pets of the Lord, and they look down and rail out upon those of us whom they consider only in the "border land" of religious ignorance. Worse than all this is that austere, ascetic, haughty, seclusive, and long-faced hypocrite, sometimes seen even in this democratic age of looseness or infidelity, who scorns every thing beneath him which he calls "common and unclean." People of other denominations are unfit to sit in his pew, and one-half of his own denomination is beneath his contempt. I heard a lady of a certain Church, a few years ago, when the people of another Church were mentioned, exclaim: "O the wretched things!" And she caught hold of her dress and shook it, in imitation, I suppose, of the ancient Pharisees when they clutched their garments and rent them at the sight of something desecrating and horrible. I thought she had a bad case of religious big "I" and little "you." Of all the places in the world I have often felt that no one should have this disease in religion; but there are only two places in the universe where people do not have the swell-head: one of them is heaven and the other is hell, as already suggested.

3. Observe the social snob. Great heavens, forbid! The peacock, in the airy realms of fancy and vanity, struts and spreads his tail and squawks in vain. The snob is seldom, if ever, a person of culture and refinement. This class generally belongs to the cod-fish, the shoddy, the galvanized aristocracy, which builds fine houses and has elegant furniture, and then purchases an imitation library. It is said that one of

them once bought a real set of fine and costly books, and when one row of them was too long for the shelf he ordered the carpenter to saw off the top of the books so as to fit the library! This was just as good luck as any to the owner, for the books were worthless to him, and only fit for show. However, he should have had taste enough for respectable display even in his useless library.

It is usually a little money, without brains or education, which makes the social snob; and, with the artificial and superficial maxims and customs of so-called society, he, she, or rather it, is turned into the biggest fool which stalks the earth. Walking the streets or riding in liveried phaeton or visiting the stores, where the clerks are required to pull down all the goods in the house, or at social gatherings or in the house of God—all the same and everywhere—the characteristic assumption of airs, the haughty bearing, the curled lip, the cynical sneer, the swing and swell of the body, tell you in unmistakable terms that the snob is abroad. Some of them belong to the Church; but Mrs. Burnett—now called Mrs. Bur*nette*—doesn't recognize old Deacon Thompson, who built her house, and old Mrs. Johnson, who made the dress she wears. She belongs to a "first-class Church," and she would be better satisfied if "those poor trash" were in the "second-class Church" over on Clabber Avenue. She expects to go to heaven, I suppose; but how in the name of common sense she expects to associate with her carpenter and dress-maker there must puzzle her social ideas terribly. It might be safe to say, however, that she need not trouble herself upon that subject if piety or humility or humanity in any form is to constitute one of the characteristic evi-

dences of Christianity. She wouldn't recognize Jesus and his Galilean fishermen at all if they should appear as they used to do in olden time.

Let me say that you never catch blooded and refined stock in this crowd, nor will you catch common sense and piety there. The Washingtons and the Lees and the Jeffersons would not let a negro outdo them in politeness, and it is said that the nobility of England are far more condescending and courteous than the snobbish middle classes. High-born manhood and womanhood, common sense, purity, and piety never strut nor swell nor play the pedant. The dude and the dudine never belong to these genuine common-sense and meritorious classes. The young man and woman who are ashamed of their plain old father and mother or of their "country cousins" may be very "tony" and reserved and superb to outward appearances, but within all is hollow or rotten. I like dignity, self-respect, noble bearing, cultivated and refined social life; but deliver me from the galvanized and shoddy sham of the big "I" and little "you" circle. I do not object to wealth or splendor or magnificence with a *soul* in it; and when it is adorned with culture and piety—not so often the case—it is just as useful and good as it is ornamental and attractive. We all admire grand and noble men and women, and whether socially or otherwise related to such, we do not feel disparaged or overshadowed by them. However big your "I" is, young people, however small my "you," never show that you know it. At farthest, don't let the swell-head go beyond your teens.

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THE DEVIL A-FISHING

THE DEVIL A-FISHING.

MY picture speaks for itself. His Satanic Majesty is sitting upon the bluffs of what may be called the "Devil's Lake"—a title very frequently given to certain bodies of water in this and perhaps in other countries. He has set out his fishing-rods, as is seen, all around the beach; and, with his hooks variously baited, he is angling for his game, according to his vocation. In the latter part of this sketch I will take up his fishing in detail as illustrated in the picture before you.

In order to appreciate the devil, it must not be forgotten that he is a person—not a mere ideal, and not the mere personification of evil. He is not a mere *influence* floating about in the air, nor cultivated in the heart. Every man is not, *per se*, his own devil, as some maintain. The world in which we live is not a devil, nor a multitude of devils. There are three distinct enemies of the soul—the world, the flesh, and the devil—in collusion and combination with each other, but one only of these enemies is the devil. He is an identical, intelligent, artful, subtle, and mighty being, and he is assisted by an innumerable company of devils, or demons, like himself. He is distinguished by the pronouns "he" and "him" and "his," and the Bible, from beginning to end, repre-

sents him personally, actively, and intelligently in the work of sin.

When we take the case of Job, or the Saviour's temptation, or when seen falling like lightning from heaven under the preaching of the disciples, or when entering a herd of swine, or when possessing and tearing a lunatic, Satan appears before us in all his individuality and personality. He is called "the prince of darkness," "the prince of the power of the air," "Satan," "adversary," "liar," "serpent," "dragon," and other names to distinguish his personality and character; and he is represented as going up and down, to and fro, in the earth—"going about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." He tempted Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, and this was the first time he went a-fishing—baiting his hook with the forbidden fruit. He disputed with the angel over the body of Moses, and among the last utterances of the Saviour was that Satan cometh and "findeth nothing" in him. He is called the "evil one"—not evil, nor an evil principle itself; and he is principally and emphatically the great "tempter" of mankind. From this idea we draw the picture of him a-fishing.

Let me say, right here, that the devil has a price upon the head of perhaps every human being, and this price is the bait he throws to every victim impaled upon his hook. Every man has one or more weak points in the fortress of his nature and character, and no one is any stronger against the assaults of the arch-fiend than at his weakest point. Every man has the weight of evil upon him and the "easily besetting," the well-circumstanced "sin;" and even the Christian has to lay these aside to run well and suc-

cessfully upon the race-course for eternal honors. Satan well knows our nature and all our weak points—sometimes infinitely better than we know them ourselves—and it is through the weak place that he thrusts his temptations or makes his assaults.

What would be a price upon one man's head would not be upon another. A very small bait catches some people. A trout seldom bites at an angle-worm, and a sucker never gets caught with a minnow. A mud-cat will take any thing, and a shark bites at larger bait. What is true of fishes is true of men, and it is seldom, if ever, that you will find one who will not bite, in a state of nature at least, at some time or other, if the circumstances are favorable and the right kind of bait is thrown to him. One man would not be tempted with hundreds of dollars, but the thousands would take him into the devil's net. Some men cannot be caught with money at all, but women or wine would lead to their ruin. Thousands are governed neither by lust nor appetite, but pride and ambition will bait them to destruction. There are those who have neither lust nor appetite, neither ambition nor pride, whom vanity and fancy and pleasure draw away into the airy realms of a frivolous and useless life, and who let slip the good of time and the glory of God for the butterfly bait of the devil's smallest gratifications.

Some of God's people sell out, for the time being, at Satan's price upon every human head. David and Samson and Solomon were baited and fell sadly into the devil's trap, and so of thousands before and since. Joseph was baited, but he didn't bite; neither did Daniel and the Hebrew children, when offered the king's meat and wine in the palace of Babylon.

There are but few of even the best of God's children who do not bite at something, some time or other, and in this country they occasionally go from the Church and the Sunday-school to the penitentiary for embezzling bank-funds under Satan's bait of speculation—one of the biggest and most tempting he ever offers to good people. It is said of Dr. Watts, the greatest of hymn-writers, that he was thought to be absolutely free from pride and vanity. A certain infidel had watched him and made his boasts that he could detect the weak place in Dr. Watts's character. He met him and tried often to tempt him with flattery. He told him of his splendid abilities, his fine character, his noble reputation, his popularity as a writer, the immortality of his productions, but he never could detect any change in the tone or countenance of the Doctor. At last one day he said to him: "Dr. Watts, you are the plainest man I ever saw, to be as great a man as you are." It is said that the Doctor's face crimsoned, and the infidel had at last touched his weak spot. His pride was his *plainness*, and upon this point he had reserved his weakness.

So it may be said of the best, perhaps, who ever lived that they have some soft place in their nature which, unguarded, will open the heart to the subtle approach of Satan. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." There are none safe away from the feet of Jesus and living out of the fear of God. If the best Christian of earth is in danger, what of the unconverted world? It is safe to say that there is not a man out of Christ who has not the devil's hook in his mouth. He may be honest, upright, moral, and perfect in all his external conduct before men, but if he is neglecting or rejecting sal-

vation, he has been baited with the delusion of his self-righteousness or of procrastination or of infidelity or something which will destroy his immortal soul. Satan has him angled and well in hand, and will hold him, if his line is not broken, just as effectually as the worst of sinners he has ever baited to ruin.

Let us now notice more closely the details of our picture.

1. There is the hook of *lust*, as seen in the wounded or broken heart held in the mouth of a well-dressed dude, wearing a stove-pipe hat and a three-story collar. This is the bait with which Satan catches multitudes of men and women, especially the young; and perhaps there is no sin so absolute and radical in its effects upon the heart. When conscience is not killed it often results in insanity; otherwise it petrifies every sensibility and putrefies every affection. Many a woman is dragged down to degradation and damnation by the "masher" and the seducer, the most infamous scoundrel that walks the face of the earth; and full many a young man is held in hell by his feet, clutched by a fallen woman, once the pride and joy of a happy home.

2. Notice the hook of the *bottle* in the mouth of a drunkard floating helpless upon the waves of the "Devil's Lake." About a million of these victims of the devil's hook die in the world every year; and there is no hook which holds so fast and fatal as this, once fixed in the mouth of a burning appetite. The bottle hook is almost universal, and it first catches our boys in their teens, as it is flung out in the tens of thousands of open saloons which flourish in this country—licensed and legalized by law and boldly and ably supported by the two great national politica

parties of America. Fishing is only allowed in certain waters at certain times of the year; but the devil is licensed by law and sustained by public sentiment to fish for the youths of America at all times and seasons of the year—in the saloons.

3. Then there is the "*almighty dollar*" hook. This is the hook of avarice, and there are thousands, perhaps millions of men, led by the nose to hell under the temptation to love money—"the root of all evil." Mammon is worshiped as the greatest of all the world gods; and already in free and independent America fifty thousand persons own seventy per cent. of the wealth of the country, while the laborer toils for a pittance and the consumer groans under a "robber tariff." The devil has not only hooked in his millions of men with this bait, but he has hooked in whole nations with pride and luxury, to the ruin of liberty and to the destruction of vital religion. Plutarchy is one of the perils of our country, as it has been the curse of other lands, and it would seem as if the devil was about to hook in the whole of North America.

4. Notice the *butterfly* hook. "Old Nick" has Miss Sallie well in hand under the bait of *vanity*. She thinks only of society—the dance, the theater, and progressive euchre—and she lives only a butterfly existence. Flounces and curls and paint and chalk and rings and bracelets and ribbons and feathers and flowers and chitchat and nonsense and giggling are worth more to her than all the glory of heaven and the life of eternity. I imagine the devil laughs fit to kill himself, or at least to split his sides, when he catches a thing so silly as to bite at a butterfly. It is such a cheap sell-out to the devil. It is such a

small price paid cut for fire and brimstone; and yet thousands of poor. silly, giddy, gay, and fashionable people are bartering their souls every year to the world, the flesh, and the devil for the cheap enjoyment of social dissipation and personal display.

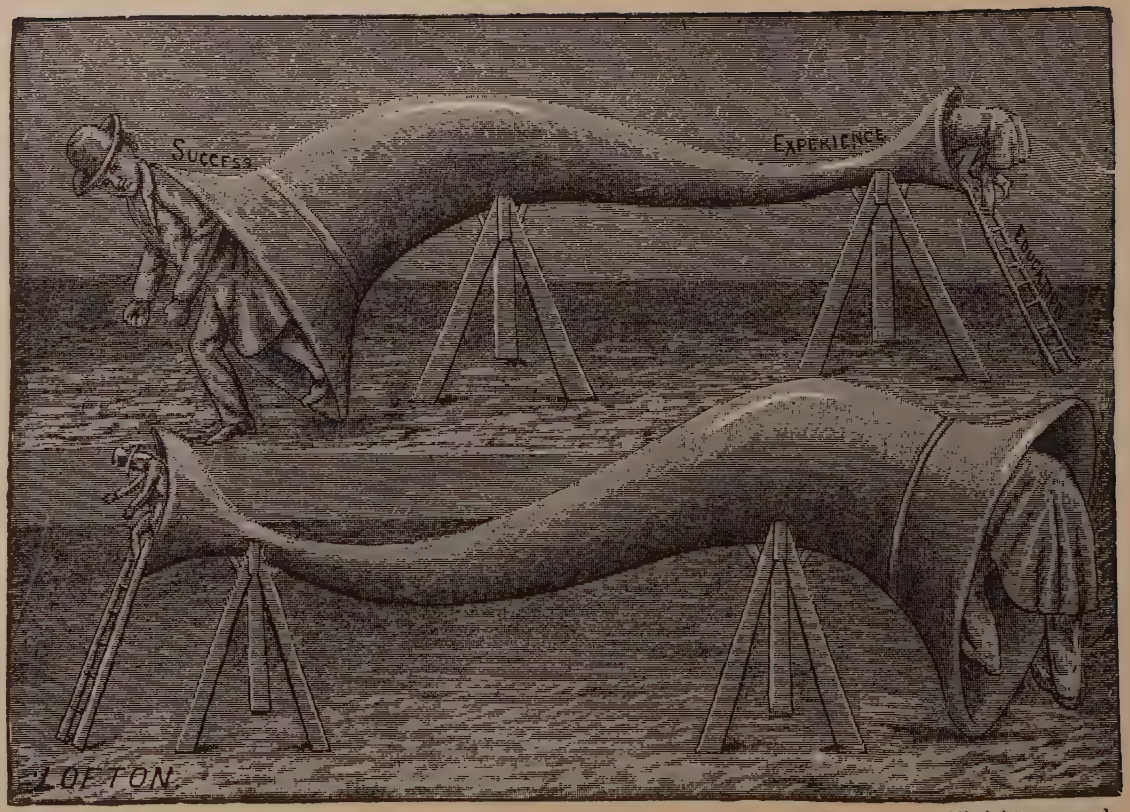
5. Please look at that old glutton who is hooked onto a ham of bacon. His god is his belly, and his only dream is of beefsteak and mutton, soups and stews, fish and oysters, ham and eggs, pies and puddings—things finer or coarser, according to the style of his *menu*, or bill of fare. If you want to get at his heart or his pocket-book, just appeal to his stomach. He has the dyspepsia and the gout and rheumatism and what not, but no doctor nor preacher can turn him from his gormandizing appetite, and the devil will get him at last through one of the beastliest temptations which ever entrapped a fool. Fortunately, this is not a universal sin, from the fact that but few, comparatively, are able to pay for it; but Satan will have, in the end, not a few of this kind whom he has fattened for the slaughter of death.

6. Again, notice that fellow who is caught with the pack of cards hook. He is the gambler, and under his head may be classed that whole fraternity who try to live by getting something for nothing upon the hazard of games and speculations. They do not live by the law of that labor which gains an honest living in the sweat of the honest face, as God commands. They "haste to be rich," many of them, and God says that they "shall not be innocent." The card-pack, the lottery-wheel, the pool, the craps, keno, the billiard-table—all of these are sweeping their thousands into sin, misfortune, and hell every day. Gambling has increased, it is said, over one hundred per

cent. in ten years in this country, and it would seem as if the devil were about to hook in the whole nation as one great, big, huge gambler.

7. I want you now to look at that man with a crooked and angry serpent hooked into his malicious mouth. He is the representative of scandal and slander and murder—the man who is jealous and envious, full of malignity and hate; ever ready to stab your character, injure your business, and take your life. The devil knows how to bait him, as well as all the balance; and this is the vilest worm he ever puts upon a hook. Every day we read of vituperation and revenge and murder, and our country has reached the point—especially in the South—when lynch and mob law dominate justice. Public sentiment is too corrupt and weak to sustain the judge on the bench, and a petit jury has become the shame and the disgrace of the age of civilization which gave it birth. There is but one set of laws now which seem capable of execution—those which protect your *pocket-book;* but when it comes to life and character, men generally conclude now that the shortest and surest way to justice is the revolver or the lyncher's rope. Alas that the serpent cannot be scotched according to law! but so it is in our sunny land.

There are other kinds of hooks baited for infidelity, self-righteousness, ritualism, hypocrisy, ambition, amusement, indecision, melancholy, lying—every sin of which human nature is tempted; but I have not time to discuss them in detail. May God bless this lecture to you all, and may you ever see my picture before you when the devil is baiting you to ruin with any of the temptations of life!



LITTLE AND BIG END OF LIFE'S HORN.

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Little and Big End of Life's Horn.

I HAVE drawn for this occasion two horns, representing the general course of successful and unsuccessful life; and this sketch is based upon one of the trite maxims which we so often hear: "*If you wish to come out at the big end of the horn, you must go in at the little end.*"

Into the little end of the upper horn you see a man going. He is of small stature, and is squeezing in. It is not much trouble, however, to get into the mouthpiece of the horn, for it is always larger than the neck. The great difficulty lies in squeezing through the neck into the gradual swell of the horn, which grows larger and larger until you reach the big end. The ladder which reaches up to the mouth is called *education*, and so this represents the early training essential to entrance upon the business of life. The neck of the horn is marked *experience*, and this is the difficult part and period through which every business of life is to pass. The big end of this horn is marked *success*, and this is the end reached when the finished man comes out. You will observe that the man comes out much enlarged in size—the same little fellow who was so small upon his entrance. He went in upon a small scale, he came through the difficult neck of experience, and he comes out successful and fully developed

according to capacity and according to the size of the horn his caliber adapted him to in the business of life.

In the second horn we see the rule of development and success reversed. A great big fellow, so to speak, goes in at the big end of the horn, and he comes out the little end all shriveled and battered and dilapidated. He started into business or profession full-handed, and without education or experience for his calling; and if he does not stay there, as a fellow sometimes does when he enters the little end, he goes on diminishing in size and importance until he gets into the neck of experience and comes out at the other and the little end. He gets his experience too late, or at the wrong end of the horn; and he comes out nobody or nothing, only to descend the ladder of education which the other man ascended before he entered the horn at the little end. This second man proves a failure, and his life is so far spent, his experience comes so late, his energies and ambition are so far exhausted, and so with his means and resources, that he never attempts to recover. The little fellow going in at the little end of the horn comes out with flying colors and of grand proportions, while the big fellow going in at the big end of the horn comes out shrunk and shriveled into a pigmy, learning too late the experience essential to begin with, if he learns it at all, and too old and discouraged perhaps, sometimes too proud and incapable, to try the little end of the horn by going the other way.

Let me say right here that the horn represents the natural course of development. We are born by nature into the little end of existence. We have to lie in the cradle before we can crawl, and crawl before we can walk, babble before we can talk. The man

comes from the baby, and thus we grow physically through the horn of life from the little to the big end. The same is true of our intellectual development, as we learn our alphabet before we spell, spell before we can read and write, and master grammar and arithmetic before rhetoric and logic. When education is finished, of whatever degree or character, we have come from the little to the big end of the horn—our horn being the size of our capacity, and some people, intellectually as well as physically, having a much larger horn of development than others.

What is true of the physical and mental is true of the moral and spiritual. We do not get to be angels and gods at once. However pure and holy a child's conception of right and wrong, his knowledge and experience are negative rather than positive; and it is only through a gradual course of development that truth and righteousness are vitally and practically comprehended or applied. The Christian himself is born a babe in Christ, and at first he must feed on milk instead of meat, grow in grace and knowledge, and come up by life-long culture to the stature of manhood in Christ. Paul himself did not claim the perfection of development at any period of life, though he boasted of justifying perfection in Christ at all times; and, forgetting always the things behind him, reaching forth unto the future before him, he ever pressed for the prize of God's high calling in Christ. It was only at the end of his career that he exulted that he had "finished his course"—not even then claiming perfection in the light of sanctifying grace.

These perfectionists—the "holiness" people—put me very much in mind of a man going into the big end of the horn first, or all at once; and my observation

has been that if they come out at all it is at the little end. Sanctification is evidently a growth in grace, a development from babyhood to manhood, not a single leap to this state by a "second blessing," of which the Scriptures seem to know nothing. Sanctification is the result of culture from the day of the new birth to the close of life: (1) by the study of God's word, (2) by communion with God's Spirit, (3) by the exercise of God's work; and if a man will pursue this culture from the little to the big end of the religious horn he will come out as big and as perfect a man as he can be made on this side of the grave. Paul went in at the little end, and he came out shouting and exulting at the big end, just about the biggest man Christ ever made in history. He kept the faith, fought a good fight, finished his course, and then he was ready to be "delivered."

The unnatural course of development is seen in the fellow going in at the big end and coming out at the little end of the horn; and the result of such a course is simply the reverse of development, or development backward or downward. Of this course we see many illustrations, as of the other and natural course. There's Jim and Sallie. He gets a pretty fair education by hard licks and by observing and studying the world around him, and she learns common sense as well as books and how to bake a hoe-cake, milk a cow, sweep the floor, and cut out a dress. Neither of them have much in the world, but they determine to marry. As the young fellow who had nothing said when he asked the old man for his daughter, "I've got nothing but two hands, and they are chuck full of day's work," both of them had energy, zeal, and industry. Jim and Sallie got married, and Jim determines to go

into business, while Sallie determines to run the plain little home which Jim and she are able to own. Their store is a small one, and their stock is meager, but it is paid for. They gradually accumulate and save by a rigid economy, and give what they can to their Church, which they never neglect. They have entered the mouth of the horn pretty easily, and they are now going through the little neck of experience, learning human nature and business by dint of hard licks, making mistakes here and getting deceived there, struggling against competition and avoiding extravagance, and in this little neck of difficulty and trial they stay for a few years. After awhile they begin to swell in growth, importance, wisdom, money, means, respectability, and honor. The business is increased, a new and larger store is bought and owned; and after awhile Jim and Sallie are rich and increased in goods. They come out in life's close from the big end of the horn, happy, honorable, useful, with a well-trained and industrious family, and leave a good name and a rich inheritance behind them.

Take another case. There is young George Gordon Reynolds and Miss Novella Evangeline Burlinghame. They are both rich and trained up to luxury and ease. George is fast and Novella is airy and fanciful, and both are extravagant. They get married, live in a stone front, hire servants, ride in a carriage with a driver in livery, have champagne suppers, and run a big social schedule. George wants to go into business, and he and Novella are worth fifty thousand dollars. There is an old merchant over the way who wants a partner, George having lots of money and he having lots of experience. They start up a big business, hoist a blazing sign, and move off with a flourish of

trumpets under the firm name of "Reynolds and Livingstone." All goes well for awhile, but George belongs to the club instead of the Church, runs to the theater and the german, drinks fine brandy, smokes Havanas, drives fast horses, and sports with fine dogs and stub-twist guns, keeps bad company and late hours, occasionally goes home to Novella late at night; and Novella doesn't care much, so George keeps the establishment in full blast. After a little the house gets in debt and fails. The books are in bad shape, but George doesn't know any thing about them. An assignment is made, and George comes out poor and ruined with the experience, and Mr. Livingstone with the cash hid away yonder somewhere under his hearth-stone. George Gordon and Novella Evangeline went in at the big end of the horn, and they came out at the little end. They are young enough yet to go in at the little end, but they are too proud for that; and besides this, they have not learned the experience of the little neck in the horn by going in the right way according to the true law of development.

Take two young men at law—Tom Jones and Alexander Huntingdon D'Antignac. Tom is not brilliant, but he sticks to his books, plods along with little cases, gains character and reputation by degrees, and gradually grows in means and position. Alexander is brilliant. He dashes off grandly and gets a big case. His eloquence and bearing are quite popular. He pops champagne bottles and eats oyster suppers with the boys. They run him for the Legislature, and he is elected. He goes to the capital, and makes a big speech, and gets drunk that night. He swells, and then frolics, and then drinks, and then gambles, and

then "plays out," and then goes home to resume his law practice, which Tom has gobbled up in his absence. Alexander goes down and Tom goes up, and Tom has gained such a reputation for honesty and integrity, for good sense and efficiency, that he is put up for Congress in a few years and elected. He finally goes to the Senate or gets on the Supreme Bench, while Alexander has gone to the dogs. Tom went in at the little end of the horn, staid in the little neck of experience until he began to mature and swell toward manhood and success, and he finally came out grand and flourishing at the big end. Alexander went in at the big end, gradually dwindled toward the neck of experience at the wrong end of life, and in spite of his fine talents and great abilities came out all shriveled and bedwarfed and ruined. This is a common matter of observation everywhere.

Take the preacher. How often a seminary student sails out of his class-room like an eagle and lights on the steeple of some big, rich church, only to fail and get down to humbler and still humbler work, until he dies perhaps unknown to his own denomination! He goes in at the big end, and comes out at the little end of the pastoral horn. How different with that boy who feels that he is called of God to preach, takes up his Bible, and goes to study, rolls up his sleeves, and goes into the backwoods, if necessary, and learns wisdom and experience among the people of God, among all classes, and in all conditions! How many of them have come up gradually to eminence and greatness by slow degrees, made by their own efforts and experience under God; and who have left behind them a work and a name immortal for time and eternity! Perhaps he worked his way to college and the

seminary, studied hard to be a preacher and a teacher for God's glory and his fellow-man's good, and when he went out into the great white harvest-fields of labor he was led of God from one step to another of development and position in the ministry until he reached the top. He commenced right, and was humble and willing to be any thing or nothing for Jesus; and this is about the best conception of entering into the little end in order to come out of the big end of the ministerial horn.

Look around and see the great and mighty men in all the businesses and professions of life. Nine times out of ten they went into the little end of the horn to come out of the big end; and if they entered the big end at all, and succeeded, it was simply the little end of a very big horn—as the young Vanderbilts and others have done, and who were trained to business and experience before they inherited their estates. Our great and successful merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors, preachers, railroad men, editors, writers, teachers—all of them, more or less, came from poverty and obscurity, from country or backwoods places; and by the aid of toil, tears, sweat, and experience have risen to position and honor. So of our inventors and discoverers, our scientists and philosophers—the Eadses, the Edisons, the Morses, the Franklins, the Spurgeons, the Talmages, and a host of others—they all came up, more or less, from nothing and nobody in the world.

My friends, do not be in a hurry about the future. Commence little and low, go straight and slow, and be sure to lay a good foundation before you build your house. Get an education first of all. This will enable you to get more easily into the mouth of the

horn. Do not seek to avoid the tribulation of the little neck of experience. Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and such a hope through such a development will bring you to the big end of the horn and not make you ashamed. It takes time to make a man or a business. A mushroom may grow up in a night, but a corn-stalk will only reach a big and ripened ear after months of rain and culture. You want to GROW by careful, patient, progressive, cumulative, solid development to the maturity of manhood and life-work.

In all ages the truly great men of the world have been those who came up the ladder of special training or education, and learned their business step by step, as they developed with it. They gained their most valuable knowledge in the cramped neck of experience. In squeezing themselves through by dint of persistent effort, they discovered their strong and weak points of character, and developed those faculties necessary to lead them to success.

On the other hand, the young man who begins his life-work on a large scale, without a proper foundation of education, preparation, and experience for the business undertaken, is almost sure to fail. It is not exaggerating the facts to say at least ninety-five per cent. of them will go backward, growing smaller instead of developing from the beginning; and, since growth is the primal law of nature, any business or any life that does not develop or become stronger is virtually a failure.

Parents are too much disposed to cultivate in their sons and daughters the belief that they, by virtue of their birth, education, position in society, or wealth, are exempted from the necessity of an apprenticeship

in the first principles of any business. They cannot bear to see their offspring struggling through the *neck of experience* in life's horn. They will not stand idly by with means of aid at their disposal while their promising boy is fighting with *old "Hard Times."* It would break his spirit and make him doubt his ability to cope with the world, they think, to allow him to be pressed by a creditor, or for one of his enterprises to suffer when they could relieve the conditions.

Indulgent parent, stop and think; let the boy fight his battles whenever and wherever he is able to do so, and it will strengthen him. Are you not about to help your boy or indulge your daughter where it would have ruined you in your young days to have been helped or indulged? Look back twenty or forty years, and you will, no doubt, if you have been successful in life, see yourself fighting severer battles; but you came out victorious, and you know now that your success in after life is due to the muscle, brawn, confidence, courage, and self-knowledge that you gained at that critical period.

Love your children, certainly, but you ought not to let that so direct you in your conduct or manifestations toward them as to obscure that divine fiat, "*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread*," or to lead them to believe that they should or *can* go through life on "flowery beds of ease." Impress them with the fact that there is no "royal road" to wealth, honor, or worthy fame, except as every individual digs it out and builds it for himself as he passes over it. Hang up for them in your homes the motto, "Every man is the architect of his own fortune," and impress them with the idea that whatever aid you may give them is but a lever for their use, and unless they are

prepared by strength and knowledge to use it, it will be like a brawny laborer's heavy crow-bar in the hands of a young and delicate child—a dangerous plaything.

I would that all the young might know that the majority of illustrious men and women have grown great in the neck of experience, and with whatever blast the big end of the horn may have heralded them to the world, the force and power of that blast was energized and concentrated in the little neck of experience. These eminent personages have left their "foot-prints in the sands of time" for your benefit. They all went in at the little end of the horn. Do not despise the day of small beginnings. Be patient in your training under old "Hard Times." He will treat you roughly and punish you severely now and then, but he will toughen and strengthen every muscle and faculty. He is a prince of trainers. Have courage, be brave and earnest, be patient and persevering, and when you shall have conquered him the world will recognize and honor you as an athlete in your calling.

Win your laurels before you wear them, and do not be in too much haste. The worst phase of "young America's" character is impatience. Ella Wheeler has truthfully said:

> The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
> To leap to heights that were made to climb;
> By a burst of strength, or a thought that is clever,
> We plan to outwit and forestall time.
>
> We scorn to wait for the things worth having;
> We want high noon at the day's dim dawn;
> We find no pleasure in toiling and saving,
> As our forefathers did in the good time gone.

We force our roses before their season
To bloom and blossom that we may wear,
And then we wonder and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

To covet the prize, yet shrink from the winning—
To thirst for glory, yet fear the fight—
Why, what can it lead to at last but sinning,
To mental languor and moral blight?

Better the old slow way of striving,
And counting small gains when the year is done,
Than to waste our forces all in contriving,
And to grasp for pleasures we have not won.

My young friends, read biography. Changing somewhat the poet's language—

Lives of great men best will teach us
How to make our lives sublime.

It is said that Alexander worshiped the memory of Achilles, making his life and deeds a constant study. He carried Homer's poems continually with him, that he might read, over and over, the description of his achievements. This made him the great warrior he was. Saul of Tarsus worshiped the Spirit of Jesus Christ, and carried his spotless moral character, his matchless words of wisdom, his towering philosophy, and his condescending kindness and sympathy, ever before his mind, his heart bursting with the experimental consciousness of the fact that he possessed a truth the knowledge of which would give every man who attained it not only joy and peace for time, but make him happy, the son of a King throughout all eternity. With such an example and with such a consciousness, is it any wonder that the proud Pharisee Saul became the humble Apostle Paul, the mighty soldier of the cross? Alexander's

model was imperfect, and the crown which he wore so gloriously was laid aside and placed by selfish hands upon ambitious and unworthy heads when, at the early age of thirty-three, he died in Babylon. Not so with Paul, who, when he came to die, recognized that he was just ready to enter upon his glory, and standing, as it were, upon the very apex of time, looked back over the track and viewed himself in the neck of experience. He saw the bloody lash with which he had been scourged, the cruel stocks in which he had been fastened, the angry sea upon which he had been wrecked, the stones with which he had been beaten, the chains with which he had been bound, the dungeons into which he had been cast, his perils before persecuting Gentile courts, and his dangers in the midst of hostile Jewish brethren; yet amid it all he had come out victorious. Is it any wonder he said: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith?" Then turning his face in the other direction, God let him see his reward—an eternal "*crown of righteousness*," that he should wear for ten thousand times ten thousand years. Alexander wore his crown about fifteen or seventeen years. What was all that compared to Paul's deathless and eternal honors?

My friends, life's horn, after all, is but the beginning of the great and infinite existence which lives forever; and I believe that man in heaven itself will continue to broaden and grow and develop and expand, reaching nearer and nearer continually to the perfection, wisdom, and likeness of his God. If this is so of heaven, the reverse must be true of hell.

May God direct and guide us to enter aright "life's horn," and bring us out like Paul in the end!

BEAUTY A DUTY.

IN consulting many authors we shall find that the definitions of beauty vary somewhat, according to taste, temperament, and vocation. Michael Angelo, the great artist, says: "Beauty is the purgation of superfluities." The too philosophic Socrates declared: "Beauty is a short-lived tyranny." The emotional Keats wrote: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." The pious Bailey called it "the fringe on the garment of the Lord." The musical Mendelssohn observed: "The essence of the beautiful is unity in variety." Halleck sadly said: "Beauty is the fading rainbow's pride." The corrupt Ovid called it "a frail good." "Beauty is truth, and truth is beauty," said another; and so we might multiply definitions.

Again, different minds have conceived differently of beauty's power. Pope says: "Beauty draws us with a single hair." "To make happy," wrote Steele, "is the empire of beauty." Shakespeare declares that "all orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;" and again he says that "beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold." Pascal observes: "If the nose of Cleopatra had been a little shorter, it would have changed the history of the world." Keats says: "It is the eternal law that first in beauty should be first

in might." Bartol declares that beauty is an "omnipresent deity." Schiller exquisitely writes: "It is only through the morning gate of the beautiful that you can penetrate into the realm of knowledge."

With such conceptions of the nature and efficacy of the beautiful, I feel free to lay down the proposition, "*Beauty is a duty;*" and I desire especially to apply the subject as the duty of woman—with such limitations, of course, as embrace the beautiful in the true and the good. Woman's charm is her beauty, whether physical, mental, or moral. The quality does not so appropriately apply to man. Personally he would despise to be called beautiful, pretty, or nice. He does not object to the handsome, the splendid, or the grand; but he never enjoys the caricature of feminine qualities or accomplishments. The rugged, the picturesque, the sublime and lofty, suit him better. The massive frame, the Websterian brow, the roughly-chiseled, yet classic, feature become him more; and what is physically true of him is indexical of his mental and moral mold. We prefer that sublimity and greatness in man which challenge our reverence, homage, and awe; but in woman that beauty and pathos which evoke our sympathy, admiration, and love. The peculiar characteristics in both have their peculiar enchantment; but, as in the objects of nature, we are moved by them differently. The towering peak, the storm-girt cloud, the hurtling thunder, the boundless prairie, the heaving ocean—all these inspire us with a wondrous awe, at a reverential distance. The sweetness of the opening rose, the melodies of woodland warblers, the gambols of innocent children—these excite within us the warmth and glow of the beautiful; and our hearts are affection-

ately drawn about such scenes with the rapture of a tender entrancement. So, respectively, are we moved by the grand or the beautiful in the person, life, and character of individuals. In man the sublime characteristically affects us with homage and awe; in woman the beautiful entwines about our hearts a hundred chords of sympathy and love.

In the very nature of things, then, my subject is applicable alone to woman. It is her singular province to be beautiful, and she has no right to be any thing else but the very impersonation of the beautiful. Corresponding with this first conception of my subject, I present here an ideal picture of a personally beautiful woman. She manifests the conscious mark of intellectual and moral strength clothing her well-proportioned and exquisitely chiseled features, which are also warmed and animated by a sweet and queenly expression. She has the air of independence and self-confidence, without immodesty or boldness; and she is not to be stigmatized with that doll-baby "*pretty*" which is so often confounded with the beautiful, and which is generally the sign of effeminacy and weakness, having no force of mind or character. Of course we all have our ideals of physical beauty, and, having my own, I have here given my conception from the stand-point of harmony between the physical, mental, and moral.

First of all, let me say that it is her duty to be *personally* beautiful. Every personal attraction excites the attention and interest of mankind, and such attraction should inspire its admiration and affection. This power of attraction is a force essential to woman's weakness, and it should be cultivated and utilized as an element for good. All beauty is power, especially personal beauty, and nothing but insensi-

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BEAUTY A DUTY—PERSONAL

bility can escape its influence; nothing but depravity can blight its charm. To some people the toad is as pretty as the rose, and to some beauty of person is but the lodestone to licentiousness. "Unto the pure all things are pure," and true love "thinketh no evil." To such only does the quality of the beautiful enhance and heighten the quality of the good, and hence there is nothing more effective for good in the individual than the power of sacred and consecrated beauty. Its moral effect in the pure penetrates into the sublime, and the fair form and the beautiful face of a spotless and holy woman, moving amid the circles and callings of social life—utilizing her powers and opportunities—is the most exquisite image of divine grace ever painted upon the vision of every true lover of nature and of nature's God. A sweet and lovely woman reminds us most of paradise and angels, and no mortal influence so educates and elevates us to the angelic and the heavenly as the godly life of a beautiful and fascinating woman. With her we are wont to associate the angel of purity, love, and mercy; and the only being upon earth entitled to the claim of the angelic is the good and the beautiful woman. We never call a man an angel—except when he resembles a Gabriel, a Michael, or a Lucifer—however splendid his form or majestic his mind; but beautiful and glorious woman always floats in our dreams and crosses our pathway, like one of that cherubic host which ministers humbly, but most sweetly, around the great white throne.

Personal beauty, therefore, is a possession, and may be an accomplishment of rare dignity and power; and it should be cultivated to the highest degree of perfection as an art. There is no sin in beautiful dress,

graceful figure and movement, elegant manner, the preservation of ruddy health, the cultivation of regular habit and rational exercise, the avoidance of every form of dissipation or life which depreciates and destroys beauty. Do every thing to acquire personal charm, consistent with virtue and modesty, and abstain from every thing which would detract from that God-given grace which none but a woman can hope or need to possess. If necessary to supply physical deficiencies, there is no great sin in the appliance of artifice—provided no one is defrauded by the ruse. Cosmetics, capillary appendages, and artificial dentistry are often valuable helps, when needed; and both young and old, good and bad, employ them to aid defective nature. It is our duty to help nature all we can, and were I a woman, I would try to be as beautiful as nature and art would enable me. We all have the faculty of taste, and we are all more or less conscious of the irresistible force of beauty. Upon this point, however, I wish to indulge in two important observations:

1. Personal beauty is sure to fade away. In this respect the homely have the decided advantage.

> Beauty's but skin deep,
> And ugly's to the bone;
> Beauty fades away,
> But ugly holds its own.

The rose and the lily must perish with each coming season, and their beauty and fragrance, however sweet, must vanish. Physical beauty, like all the fading glories of earth, is evanescent, and the only permanent effect of woman's fair young graces lies in that sweet odor of remembrance which a virtuous and pious beauty may leave behind it. Old age and

decay come on apace, and all the personal charms we used to have are faded into wrinkled faces, gray hairs, and tottering forms. Even then the virtuous cultivation of beauty, in the past, leaves its rich traceries, like the hand of art upon the crumbling column; and, like the dew of Gideon's fleece, the sweet perfume of beautiful young womanhood will remain when the fleece of your graces is gone. The growth of years is tempered to change and decay, and we need not grow old or unseemly with regret, if beauty of person has been blended into the beauty of a life which can never fade away. Time, hallowed and utilized by good, is the cure of all our young vanities, and, like the shock of corn with its withered leaves and faded verdure, we ripen to the harvest of life's golden summer, to bloom and fructuate again with immortal youth upon another shore. The time will come again when we shall exclaim, even of ourselves, if good:

> See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
> And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom;
> On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
> And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

True beauty shall live again. If good and true, we shall never mourn the past, and its losses of beauty and freshness are more than substituted by the ripened fruit and the amaranthine bloom which supplants the earthly flower.

> Cold in the grave the perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once can never die.

Nevertheless, take care of your body and your beauty while you can. God gave them to you, and he will require them at your hands. You have no right to mar or waste them. It is your duty to cultivate and preserve them for ornament and use—more so

than the roses in your garden. You are not to vainly idolize your personal beauty, nor lead others to do so, for it must die; and all idolatry is not only sin, but a sacrilegious perversion of the use of what we possess.

2. Not only does personal beauty fade away, but it is often a dangerous and deadly thing while it lives. "It is seldom," says Bacon, "that beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue." "That which is striking and beautiful," says another, "is not always good;" although the same author says, "That which is good is always beautiful." The Latin poet, Juvenal, likewise said: "Rare is the union of beauty and virtue." Beauty is a power for evil as well as for good. It may be the charm of the serpent, as of the angel; and it may be by the serpent charmed into deadly vanity and ruin. Nothing has ever fallen so often or so low as beauty; and nothing, once depraved and fallen, has ever been so vain, deceitful, and desperately wicked. Hence no beings are in so much danger nor so dangerous as the beautiful. God's noblest gifts and graces, abused, become the devil's subtlest snare and his deadliest ruin; and the unlawful pride of beauty is certain to fall somewhere. Absalom was unfortunately and fascinatingly beautiful, and with the wiles and arts of his graces he stole the hearts of the people and dethroned his father. His luxuriant head of hair—one of the chief objects of his personal vanity and attraction—finally helped to hold him, caught in the great oak on which he was killed upon the field of battle; and, like thousands before and since, the pet of his pride became the instrument of his destruction. Moses was beautiful, even in the sight of God; but his personal graces and the adu-

(441)

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BEAUTY A DUTY—INTELLECTUAL.

lation of his admirers never turned his great head nor changed his great heart. It is a most unfortunate thing, generally, for a man to be beautiful. It almost invariably turns him into a dude or a villain. Hence God made most men ugly, and he has not made many women very pretty. Beauty, like diamonds, is a jewel rarely found, and hence it is so highly appreciated when of the first water.

Beautiful people should be the best people in the world. The licentious are ever on the watch for unsuspecting beauty—like the bottled spider that weaves his web for the silly fly—and often behind a beautiful face there is nothing but an empty head and a soulless heart. There are those whose trade is to drag down angels, and there is nothing the lecherous vampire feasts upon so wolfishly as the blood of vanity. The fair and exquisite flowers which bloom and fade amid the gay and giddy gardens of fashionable and vicious society are oftenest plucked by the ruthless red hand of lust. Beauty is often a victimizer, but it is oftenest victimized. As an angel of light, it sometimes drags down the giant; but more frequently still the serpent blights its charms and poisons its fragrance, as it sleeps amid the perfumed rose-beds of vanity's dreamy indulgence. Cultivate your beauty, however beautiful, as a power for good; but remember that it is a power for evil and that it is the commonest snare to ruin.

We introduce as the illustration of intellectual beauty the Hon. Mrs. Norton, an English authoress, the writer of the celebrated poem, "Bingen on the Rhine." Her magnificent face and *physique*, together with the mark of her intellectual endowments, make her the model and symbol, *par excellence*, of in-

tellectual beauty, and I place her picture before the young reader, especially as the inspiration of our rising female genius in the South. But few of our intellectual women can ever hope to enjoy the personal splendor which Mrs. Norton's picture would indicate; but, letting the symbol and impersonation mirror the intellectual excellence of female genius, the model can be subjectively if not objectively imitated.

This brings us to another great consideration of this subject. Beauty is a duty from the stand-point of a higher and holier culture. Every woman is not personally beautiful. The purest and noblest of our female society are often but comely and passable—if not homely. Many of them are not personally beautiful at all, and it is often the case that nature cuts her greatest freaks in putting the most brilliant minds and noblest hearts in the roughest caskets. The finest blooded stock sometimes look ill-proportioned, diminutive, and bony. The best milker or trotter is not always, if ever, the handsomest animal, and the nightingale and the mocking-bird are not so beautiful as the oriole or the bird of paradise with its golden plumage. Handsome cattle are often kept for show—or worse, for shambles. The excellent and the useful are judged by their virtues, and not by their external beauty alone. Some things are created for use only, some alone for ornament, and some for both ornament and use. The latter is true of woman, and, however personally attractive, she is capable by culture of becoming just as beautiful as she is excellent and useful. With a polished brain, a pure heart, and a graceful demeanor, she may throw around herself and her life a thousand charms to which the untutored beauty of nature is a stranger; for many o'

the n[illegible]site natural beauties are render[illegible]d gracele[illegible] charmless for the want of common sense and[illegible] training. Trite but true—

Full [illegible]ny a flower is born to [illegible]been,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

People of true culture and taste are only attracted by refinement, and whatever is not refined or refinable will keep its lowly level, or seek it when raised above it. Unpolished, awkward, ill-mannered, senseless beauty—much more a vain and affected beauty—can only attract the vulgar or the base. Such charms go for naught, like a jewel in the pig's snout; and yet by culture every such beauty could become an irresistible attraction. It is said that "beauty unadorned is most adorned." This may be true so far as the artificial trappings and trumpery are concerned, but there is nothing so beautiful or sublime in us that culture cannot improve. It is the province of art to bring out, as well as imitate, nature—to erase its defects and to supply its deficiencies; and so the science of culture has developed the moss from the brier-rose, the luscious garden strawberry from its little sour sedge-field ancestor.

The province of education is, to those not possessed of physical graces, to take advantage of nature, and by culture make us forget personal defects in the fascinations of refinement. Brilliant brain, electric heart, elegant speech, graceful manner, modest deportment, spotless virtue, beautiful character, useful life—these cover a multitude of physical wants and personal defects; and many persons who at first appear uncomely to us grow beautiful by acquaintance and association. Intrinsic excellence, to be appreciated, must always grow by study—a fact not appli-

cable to the merely external. The diamonds in the necklace of purity grow more dazzling, the light of the intellectual eye becomes more sparkling, the alabaster of the modest face deepens to roseate, every feature and fashion of the noble spirit assumes more of the divine or the angelic, as we stand and study the forms of cultivated mental and moral beauty. What once seemed ugliness and deformity fades from the vision, and the developing beauty of the soul becomes the mysterious absorbent or dissipation of physical imperfection. Virtuous refinement cannot admire the beautiful gossip, the accomplished flirt, the finished butterfly, the silken flounce which covers an ounce of brains in a bushel of nonsense and useless attainments. Her mind, if she reads at all, is imbued only with novelty and romance; her fancy, if cultivated at all, floats alone amid the fictions of the play-house and the giddy dreams of the round dance; her tongue plays alone upon the chords of silly chatter, and her fair and exquisite form is decked and pampered off only for the senseless and useless display of a frivolous, fashionable, and dissipated life—all, perhaps, under the tutorship and encouragement of her foolish old mother, who has no higher conception of her daughter's destiny and dignity than to shine in so-called society! Her life is a phantom, and her hope is ashes. The beauty and glory of the belle oftenest diminish by study, as they fade into the thin air of an aimless and godless existence. It is the splendor of the soap-bubble and the froth and sparkle of the syllabub. God never created a beauty for such a purpose and such an end; and how noble it is to the credit of those who, without the advantages of a beautiful nature, like artists,

convert their blemishes into glories; who make us forget their defects by engrossing our admiration, and who by culture become the fascinating wonder of our study!

Two things are essential to beauty as an effect, natural or cultivated: magnetism of mind and force of character. These elements of beauty constitute the secret of power, and their absence, in the absence of natural graces or with them, puts us at a serious disadvantage, from every influential stand-point. These elements of power, added to natural beauty, make it an irresistible fascination; and in the absence of the external, combined with the culture of the beautiful, they obliterate a thousand defects. Refined and elevated, we cannot resist them if we would, and we would not if we could. How far these innate biological and moral forces are themselves subject to culture I know not, but they are the charm of the serpent in evil and the magnet of the angel in good. One of the most captivating women I ever knew possessed these forces. She had an ill-proportioned nose, high cheek-bones, and a sallow complexion; but she had an intellectual and impassioned eye, an eloquent and musical voice, a brilliant and cultivated address, a graceful and easy manner, a magnetic will, a polished education, and a pure heart. She loved the true, the beautiful, and the good, and she could hold you spell-bound in conversation. You felt as if you were in the atmosphere of flower-gardens, verdant lawns, and luxuriant groves—filled with music and refulgent with golden light and flitting with angelic visions. At first she seemed homely and ugly, but she grew handsomer and lovelier by increasing acquaintance and contact. She had me *en rapport* and

in rapture, and, after a little, she did not look ugly at all. The affections of those who studied and understood her best entwined about her as the ivy about the oak; and, by the way, this is the secret of so many happy and useful marriages among what we call ugly people. This lady illustrated the adage that "*beauty is as beauty does*," and what might be added, *as beauty thinks and beauty lives.* She was what you might call a *grand* woman! I heard her husband once thank God that he had married her, and that no other man had happened to the good fortune of thinking her as beautiful as he did. He was a man of great common sense and grand proportions.

Occasionally young ladies mourn that they are not beautiful. They are not courted and flattered as others are, and they are disposed to think hard of God and nature for not doing a better part by them. They feel that their chances for marriage and social position are not so great. They should remember that tastes vary, as there are "many men of many minds," and that men of sense are not governed by appearances simply. The ugliest people in the world get married, and the homeliest grace the finest circles of society. Elizabeth, the grandest of queens, was uncomely, and yet her mind—her magnetism and force of character—ruled with dignity and power the mightiest throne in Europe. In force and attraction she was infinitely superior to the beautiful and accomplished Mary, Queen of Scots. She possessed imperial majesty, but she was too masculine to be loved. She was, nevertheless, a fine illustration of that power and fascination of mind and character which rises superior to all the merely external graces and endowments of beauty. The world never loves

(450)

BEAUTY A DUTY—RELIGIOUS.

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the masculine in woman, but it admires queenly grace and power, and there never was a woman too ugly to win the hand and heart of the right man, if she had the elements of beauty and power in her soul, coupled with a fascinating culture and character. Most men are not anxious to marry many of our beauties—so-called. There is often too much reason to be afraid of them. The noblest men have been deceived, and the colossal and the Titanic have fallen prey to the deadly charms of voluptuous and deceitful beauty. David slew Goliath, but the beauty of Bathsheba put a stain upon his great character forever. Samson bore off the gates of Gaza, but Delilah bound him to ruin with a single hair of her head. Solomon's heart, it is said, was as deep as the sea, but woman found the bottom of it. Antony paid the glory of a world for the fascinations of Cleopatra. The beautiful but fickle Helen wrought the ruin of Priam's house and the desolation of classic Troy.

As the highest type of a beautiful character you now behold the mother leading her child—with the rose and the lily, symbols of Jesus—up the shining pathway to the cross. On the right is the broad downward way to destruction, and the old serpent lies at the entrance ready to bite the feet of the little one just stepping upon the arena of responsible life. On the left is the thorny, winding road to the temple of fame and glory, representing worldliness. The path to the cross lies between, and the loving mother directing the feet of her little one to Christ and the Church is, to my mind, the sublimest picture of the beautiful, religiously and spiritually illustrated. Here beauty and duty blend in the loftiest and noblest work of life—leading, first of all, our little lambs to Jesus and the cross.

Let me say, in the third and last place, therefore, that the cultivation of the beautiful in woman does not consist in pedantry and affectation. Dress parade and the assumption of airs, by a woman, are disgusting, however personally beautiful she may be. There is nothing like the blush of modesty, graceful address, gentle demeanor, the flash of intelligence, the radiant smile of virtue, the sparkling robe of character, the evidence of good breeding and culture. There must not be any thing shoddy in beauty. Thank God for what he has done for you, and then—like a sculptor with chisel in hand, with an angel vision, before his marble block—transform the crudities of nature into shapes of beauty about both soul and body. Make the most of your natural gifts and graces. Add to that which is good, subtract from that which is vicious, divide that which is superfluous, and multiply the talents of virtue. You are nothing without beauty; but beauty without education is nothing. Your glory consists in the life of beauty—that beauty which is founded in the true, the good, and the useful. Shakespeare truly says,

> O how much more does beauty beauteous seem,
> By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
> The rose is fair, but fairer we it deem
> For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

Ruffini has said: "Beauty is an exquisite flower, and its perfume is virtue." Indeed, Shakespeare sums up the whole truth of the subject when he says: "*Virtue is beauty.*" Be beautiful, therefore, as you are good and true, and remember that the most beautiful garment a woman ever wore is the robe of true religion. A godly woman is the brightest gem in the Saviour's crown, and no angels have ever so blessed and beau-

tified this blighted earth as the pious mothers and wives, daughters and sisters, who have spread their mantles of love and purity over the cradles of our childhood and over the struggles and sorrows of our manhood. No woman is truly beautiful without religion. Whatever her fascinations, an impious woman is an anomaly and a monster; and her every grace of nature and culture pales or blackens without the grace of God. The greatest women the world ever knew were the Marys and the Marthas, and somehow we always associate the beautiful and the good with their names. They are household titles, and there are more Marys and Marthas in the world than any other names. Rachel and Rebecca, Ruth and Esther, Phœbe and Dorcas have become more celebrated than Elizabeth or Josephine or Joan of Arc. Religion was their crown and glory, and the beauty of their history and of their lives sweetens the centuries with an imperishable perfume. Mary was not so great as Jesus, but superstition reverences her, even to-day, as the mother and queen of heaven.

Finally, young ladies, I leave my subject with you. Beauty is a duty. Cultivate it as a power for good. Without it, in its essential senses and forms, you are powerless for any of the objects of a good and glorious life. You cannot assume any characteristic or office of man and have the power of a woman. Men do not love men. Hence you can be and do nothing without being womanly, and you can wield no influence without womanly beauty. Lost to beauty, you are lost to that sympathy, admiration, and love essential to your usefulness and happiness. Nothing but beauty in woman can evoke love, and nothing but love can make you blessed or yield to your supremacy.

When you come to die, may you look back upon home and country and Church sweetened with your beautiful, loving, and useful existence—not wasted in the desert air of obscurity, nor poisoned by the atmosphere of an ill-spent career. Upon the tomb of each of you may there be written, with an angel's hand, the epitaph inscribed by Ben Jonson to a young lady:

Beneath this stone doth lie
As much of beauty as could die,
Which when alive did vigor give
As much of virtue as could live.